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OUR FUTURE KING.

From a Photo. by R. N. Speaight.



THE PEOPLE OF TENNYSON.
A SERIES OF SIX PICTURES
BY J. S. ELAND,
OF WHICH THIS IS THE FIRST.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

"And there a vision caught my eye,
The reflex of a beauteous form."

—See Editor's note on page 41.

OUR FUTURE KING

THE DAILY LIFE OF
PRINCE EDWARD
OF WALES, HIS
BROTHERS AND
SISTER.

BY
ALICE
STRONACH.



Prince Edward and
Princess Victoria.

Photo. R. N. Speaight.



HERE goes our future King," was a remark made by many of the King's loyal subjects on the route of the Coronation procession as a carriage passed with two small boys in white man-o'-war suits, leaning forward and looking with alert intelligence at the crowds, whose

loyal cheers they frequently acknowledged. The elder of the bright-faced boys was Prince Edward of Wales, who, from his earliest babyhood, has been a personage of great interest to Londoners, the more so during the last year since he became second in the direct line of succession to the throne of Great Britain. During the many Coronation gaieties and public appearances of royalty of the past season, perhaps none of the grown-up personages, except the King and Queen, have aroused more interest among Londoners and visitors from the Colonies and foreign lands than the little heir to the throne and his brothers and sister. Whenever the quartette of sturdy little royal children has appeared in public, with or without their parents, they have been greeted with enthusiasm, and their popularity, due less to their exalted position than to the charm of their childish

personality, has been increased by the careful way in which they have been taught to respond to the greetings of the people.

Their habit of saluting in military style, already adopted even by the baby Prince Henry, was a happy thought of their father, the Prince of Wales, who often assembles his little sons and puts them through a mimic drill. The passion of the royal children for all things military made them apt pupils, and even before he could speak or walk, Prince Edward would gravely salute the passers-by from his nurse's arms when driving in the London parks. This year the military ardour of our future King and his brothers has been gratified to the full, and at the many reviews of the troops, both the Queen's reviews on the Horse Guards and the King's farewell reviews at Buckingham Palace of the Indian and Colonial troops, there have been no spectators more eager than the two little Princes, who never failed to put in an appearance either with their parents or their tutor on such occasions. At the memorable reviews of the Indians and the Colonials by the Queen at Whitehall the royal children, with their bright intelligent faces, made a delightful group at the centre window on the Horse Guards, and little Prince Edward seemed to be keeping his tutor busily employed answering his eager questions about the representatives of all the British dominions who passed by. Most

of these shot a glance upward at the little grandchildren of the King and the Great White Queen whom they had come so far to see. Geography is one of Prince Edward's favourite lessons, and he could, no doubt, have given points to many of the older lookers-on about the places from which the different regiments hailed.

But, though soldiers and military toys were the first loves of Prince Edward and his brother, the royal children soon displayed a still keener love for the sea and the career of a sailor—a taste not to be wondered at in the children of England's "Sailor Prince." Nowhere are the children happier than aboard one of the royal yachts, and the terrors of sea-sickness are almost unknown to them. Only twice in his experiences as yachtsman has Prince Edward been known to suffer from sea-sickness, once in a very stormy crossing between Southampton and the Isle of Wight in one of the smaller royal yachts, and again on the return of the *Ophir* on a still more stormy day, when he went with the King and Queen on a pinnacle to the side of "Father's ship" on a sea that might have dismayed a much older sailor. So high were the waves that the King and Queen and their grandson could not board the vessel, and possibly childish grief and disappointment had their share in the sickness that overcame the little Prince, who, parted so long from his parents, had to be content to talk with them from the gunwale of the boat across stormy waves. So far, the longest voyage that Prince Edward has ever made has been to Denmark, where he accompanied his parents to celebrate the eightieth birthday of his great grandmother, the late Queen of Denmark.

Soldiers when in London or at Sandringham, sailors in the Isle of Wight, the little Princes, as soon as they set foot on Scottish soil, become true Highlanders, as befits children who may claim direct descent from the Stuart Kings of Scotland. Long visits to Balmoral, the Highland Castle of "Gan-Gan," as they used to call the late Queen, made the Royal children familiar at an early age with Highland scenery, Highland dress, and Highland music, and Queen Victoria's love for things and people Scotch has apparently been inherited by her great-grandchildren. Possibly, too, the older boys may owe something of this love to the influence of their Scotch nurse who, from the birth of Prince Edward until he was six years old, ruled supreme in the Royal nurseries. His Scotch "Nanna" still has a warm place in the affections of our future King.

When in London nothing delights Prince Edward more than to encounter a Highland

regiment, and hear the skirl of the bagpipes, and on Coronation Day all the glory of having been in Westminster Abbey to see his Royal grandfather crowned did not quite console His Royal Highness for having missed the music of the bagpipes that gave a Highland flavour to the scene in St. James's Street. At the entertainment given by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the orphan children at Marlborough House on the day originally fixed for the Coronation, none of the regiments of children appeared to rouse so much interest in the little Princes as the tartan-clad boys and girls of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, who marched round to the music of the bagpipes. Possibly in his heart Prince Edward was even boyishly envious of the fine little drum-major who strutted so proudly at the head of his fellows; but when they go to the Highlands, Prince Edward and his brothers have their opportunity of wearing the garb of Old Gaul, and very proud they seem to be of it when they make their appearance in the neighbourhood of Balmoral in all the glory of Royal Stuart tartan kilts, small editions of those worn by the King and the Prince of Wales.

Princes to the public, the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are, in their own home, the simplest, most natural, and most human of English children. The Princess of Wales, remembering her own free and happy childhood, has wisely resolved that her children should have their early years as little as possible spoiled by the accident of their exalted position. So simplicity of surroundings, of diet, of clothing—a simplicity that would astonish parents and children of some of our upper middle-classes—are the rule in the nurseries of Sandringham and York House. True, when in London, the little Princes and their sister have to submit to the four daily repetitions of the irksome process of being dressed; but when gardening at Sandringham, and when playing on the shingle at Osborne, they are not denied the supreme satisfaction of getting as dirty as all healthy children sometimes love to be. Then the spick-and-span man-o'-war suits of the little Princes are exchanged for suits of dark blue and white striped cotton; and the little Princess, gardening in her simple overall, would scarcely be recognised by Londoners who have seen her only as a dainty fairy in spotless white or delicate blue or pink silk and lace, who has made such a charming pendant to her mother at recent Coronation gaieties.

At York Cottage, Sandringham, which the Royal children regard as their real home, much of their time is spent out of doors, usually in the garden,



*Photos. Hughes
and Mullins,
Kyae.*

Prince Edward
of York at the
age of two.

though they are often to be met riding their ponies or bicycles in the country roads around. Their father's friend, Lord Farquhar, provided the little ones with endless amusement by his gifts of workman-like gardening tools and wheel-barrows, and, while the older Princes are digging and delving in the garden plots recently assigned to them, the little Princess and "Baby-Brother," as the two-year-old Prince is still called, sweep up the weeds and fallen leaves with as much industry as if their living depended on it.

Last spring Prince Edward and Prince Albert turned their attention to "the gentle craft," and spent long days angling in the lake opposite the windows of the nursery at York Cottage. It was a memorable evening in the Royal nursery when the little Princes returned with their first big catch of roach, and great was the excitement next morning when the fish made their appearance at breakfast, to be eaten with great gusto, the grown-ups, called upon to share the feast, being too considerate to mind the somewhat muddy flavour of the treat. While they were in Scotland, the two young Princes followed up their early fishing exploits by their first lessons in salmon

fishing. They were out with their parents all day long, fishing in the river Dee, near Abergeldie Castle, learning by example how to cast a salmon-fly, and sharing in the delight when "Father" captured a big fish.

Riding has always been a favourite amusement of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. When they were little more than babies the rocking-horse was superseded by a trusty Shetland pony called "Midget," on which each in turn of the Royal children has learned to ride, the little Princess having her first riding lesson when she was only four years old. With one of the young Princes on his back,

or later, drawing the little carriage in which they drove, the pony soon became a familiar figure in the country lanes round Sandringham. Of late years "Midget," now growing old and blind,

has been succeeded by "Beauty," a younger

and very handsome little Welsh pony, brown, with a white star on his breast, and even "Beauty" is likely soon to be relegated by another mount to a second place in the affections of Prince Edward, for he and Prince Albert are already graceful and expert riders, while the little Princess has become quite a daring horsewoman.

The bicycle, of course, appeals to these thoroughly English children. On his seventh birthday, the King presented his eldest



Prince
Albert of
York when
a baby.



Prince Edward stands up to be
photographed.

grandson with a fine bicycle, and soon Prince Edward was to be met riding through the countryside at Sandringham and Osborne. Already he has outgrown his gift, and it was characteristic of the King that even in the pain which we later knew he was suffering on the Monday before the Coronation, he should have been concerned to know whether the bigger bicycle which he had ordered for his grandson's eighth birthday had reached its delighted owner. The little Princess Victoria, who has shared most of the amusements of her older brothers, has not yet been promoted to a bicycle.

Prince Edward will, no doubt, develop the taste for motoring displayed by the King and Queen and many of his grown-up cousins, though he has not yet been known to announce the intention expressed by his cousin Princess Ena of Battenberg to possess a motor car of his very own. He seemed much to enjoy his first ride in the motor car of "Granny's" trusted secretary and friend, Miss Charlotte Knollys.

Though devoted to animals, and extremely kind to all living things, the little Princes and their sister have remarkably few pets. The first favourite next to the ponies is "Turi," a black Pomeranian, given them by the late Queen, the brother of which is owned by the young Princess Alice of Albany. A canary called "Vita" has a place in the Royal nursery at Sandringham. Of human playmates the children have few, most of their cousins being either too far off or too grown-up. There are, however, their cousins, the little Prince and two little Princesses of Teck, who are

frequent visitors at York House. A favourite playmate of the two older Princes is "Edgie" Knollys, the little son of Sir Francis Knollys, the contemporary and namesake of Prince Edward. To their relations and the inner circle of friends, by the way, the three children known to the public as Prince Edward, Prince Albert, and Princess Victoria, are simply "David," "Bertie," and "Mary." Indeed, until quite lately, Prince Albert strongly objected to his proper title, and when

introduced by his attendants as Prince Albert, would insist that he was "Bertie." The lack of young playmates has never been felt by the children, for their Royal grandmother, our Queen—"Grannie" as they call her, to distinguish her from the late Queen, who was "Gan-gan," and the late Duchess of Teck, who was "Grandmamma"—pays frequent visits to the nursery of Sandringham and York House, and spends hours playing with the children. The King, not so very long ago, might have been discovered enjoying a game of ball in the nursery, while Princess Victoria, who is devoted to

her nephews and small niece, is always glad to slip off the burden of her exalted position and enjoy a romp with them. Prime favourites, too, with these Royal children, are their handsome young uncles, Princes Francis and Alexander of Teck, the latter known to them as "Uncle Algy."

Since Prince Edward and Prince Albert have developed a truly English love for cricket and football, playmates of their own age and sex have been in requisition, and when the children are at Sandringham, not only the Vicar's son, but



Photo. Ralph, Senr., Dersingham.

Published by London Stereoscopic Co.

THE MOST RECENT GROUP OF THE ROYAL QUARTETTE.

Princess Victoria, Prince Albert, Prince Edward, and little Prince Henry in white.

on certain days, the boys of the village come to York Cottage to join the Princes in stirring matches of the national games. At his first visit to Lord's Prince Edward displayed a keen interest and profound knowledge of the game, and when colds prevented the Princes from attending a big match at the Oval, as they had been promised they should do, there was loud lamentation.

Though so far they have not visited Drury Lane or other pantomimes, the Princes and their sister have shown keen appreciation of the shadow-graphs and other amusements provided for them on such occasions as their birthdays. Already the famous Dan Leno numbers the young Princes among his warmest admirers since they witnessed his performance at Sandringham at the theatricals given in honour of Princess Charles's birthday.

Like all natural and spirited children, those of the Prince and Princess of Wales have their fits of temper, and rows royal are not unknown in the royal nurseries, and even out of them. The first display of temper made by Prince Edward occurred, rumour tells us, at the advent of Prince Albert, when he firmly refused to have anything to say to one whom he looked upon as a usurper. Fights for precedence between the two brothers sometimes occur, when it is a question of the seat of honour in the carriage, and on one occasion, quite a Trojan battle on the walls of Marlborough

House, facing St. James's Palace Yard, was witnessed by some of the audience at the regimental concert which always follows the trooping of the colours. On that occasion the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, and a party of their friends, assembled, as usual, on the garden wall, to listen to the band. The two little Princes with their nurses were present, and during the concert a dispute arose between them about the ownership of a toy sword. Prince Edward, very red in the face, insisted it was his, while his younger brother, with tears and even blows, resisted the attempt to part him from his treasure. In vain their nurse tried to conciliate them, and first their mother, then their grandmother, had to intervene and settle the vexed point. The ownership was decided in favour of Prince Edward, and the younger Prince, in floods of tears, was carried off the scene of warfare by his nurse. Buckling on the sword with a belt round his waist, Prince Edward, the victor, proceeded to march up and down in front of the Royal ladies, gravely saluting in military fashion every time he passed his Royal grandmother. Such disputes, less frequent now, have led to stormy scenes in the royal nurseries, and the Princess of Wales has sometimes been shocked to find her small sons pitching into one another in approved British boy fashion. "Let



Photo. Biograph Studio.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN PLAY AT SOLDIERS.

THE LITTLE PRINCES AT THE TOWER.

The little Princes and their sister were greatly interested in the block on which, in 1749, Lord Lovat was beheaded for high treason. The present Lord Lovat has recently returned from fighting for his King in South Africa.

them fight it out," the Prince of Wales is said to have remarked on one of these occasions, "they will be all the better friends for it later." So they fight it out, with the Princess's proviso that the line be drawn at sticks.

But though they are allowed the boyish privilege of fighting it out, the little Princes and their small sister are by no means used to having their own way, for the Princess of Wales insists on strict discipline and prompt obedience to the rules made for the inmates of nursery and the school-room. Early to bed and early to rise is one of these rules, and half-past seven to seven, or even earlier is the span of the healthy, happy days of the Royal children. Even the older boys have been only lately promoted to a slight extension of the hour for bedtime. There is plenty to fill the days, whether the children are at Sandringham, in the Highlands, or at York House. At Osborne, too, the days were always all too short, for there, more than anywhere else, the children have revelled in the glorious privilege of getting as dirty as they like, playing about all day long on the shingle when they were not in the water bathing and paddling. At Osborne, too, was the miniature fortress with a moat and movable guns, the fort big enough for one of the children or their nurses to crouch inside and be poked at with sticks and other weapons by the enemy outside, just as, in bygone days, the present King and his brothers, and in later years their sons, played at being imprisoned and storming that self-same fort.

The nurseries of the Royal children are, of course, well stocked with toys, and of these, some, often the simplest, are more prized than others. Horses, toy-soldiers, and flags were the first toys of the manly little Princes, and also of their sister,

who, even at the risk of becoming a little Miss Tomboy, was, until quite lately, permitted to share in all her brothers' games. This being so, dolls had but a secondary place in the little royal lady's affection, though recently she has shown them more favour. The youngest Prince, a charming and very intelligent baby of two years old, has shown a distinctly plebeian taste in playthings, for no toy has given him more pleasure than a small hearth-broom, which he wields

vigorously. A very favourite indoor toy is a miniature caravan, fitted with all manner of brushes and pots and pans; a complete compendium of the necessities for gipsy life, which is the ideal life even of royal children. Some toy waggons, made by the Boer prisoners, are also favourite toys, and some of the little sentry-boxes, made out of old cigar-boxes by old soldiers, which were bought by Queen Alexandra at the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition in the Albert Hall last June, give great delight to her son's children.

But toys are not allowed to accumulate in the nurseries of York Cottage or York House. Periodically, the Princess of Wales appears and makes a clean sweep of her children's playthings in the interests of the little

patients of the London hospitals. If now and then there is a protest and a plea for some treasure thus confiscated, Her Royal Highness reminds her little sons and daughter of the greater needs of the sick and poor children who will be gladdened by these gifts. Though naturally generous, the children are, of course, only like other children in hating to part with a favourite toy. Once the little Princess was called on to make such a sacrifice for a little visitor, and bitter tears were shed. "But you have so many



Photo. Ralph, Senr.

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PRINCE HENRY OF WALES SALUTES.

toys, and that little girl will be so pleased." "Couldn't we buy one for her just like this?" was the tearful query. But, when the sacrifice was insisted on, there was no sulking. With a self-mastery beyond her years, the baby Princess dried her tears, and, walking bravely into the next room, herself handed the treasured toy to the little guest, with a smiling face and bright words.

Prince Edward, too, is a willing and generous giver, and of his own accord sent to a namesake of his own years, of whom he had chanced to hear, a gift of one of his whips. Our future king is also tender-hearted to a degree, and cannot bear to see a dumb creature in pain. Once during the nursery tea a wounded thrush flew against the window-pane and sank, apparently dying, on the window-ledge. The little Prince wept bitterly, crying to those who tried to comfort him: "Don't let it die," and not until, to his great delight, the bird revived and flew away, could he be persuaded to return to the deserted tea-table. To all those in attendance on them and, indeed, all with whom they come in contact, the little Princes show the natural courtesy and consideration of true nobility, and with members of the Royal households, in their different homes, the manly little boys are immensely popular.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra are adored by their son's children. Every morning, when they are within calling distance, their first outing is the daily visit to their Majesties. During the King's recent illness, the little ones were much *en évidence*, driving every day, with childish concern on their faces, to Buckingham Palace to spend a few moments at his bedside, while, before he was well enough to see them, there were daily budgets of letters in childish handwriting for the dearly loved grandfather. For Queen Alexandra their love is unbounded, and her frequent visits at the hour of the nursery tea are occasions of great delight. One of Her Majesty's greatest joys is to preside at the bathing of her son's younger children, and on such occasions there is loud jubilation. It may easily be imagined that when the Prince and Princess started on their voyage round the world, the grief of their children at the parting was much diminished by the prospect of being the guests of their grandparents. The joy and excitement of the move from the somewhat cramped nurseries of York House to the spacious domain assigned them in Marlborough House and of sharing in many Court functions also counted for something in their consolation. But all the same, the parting was keenly felt, and they were four very happy little children who rushed into the arms of their parents when they were taken aboard

"Father's ship" at Portsmouth. For Prince Edward the journey through London was a great occasion, for did he not occupy a place of honour in the first carriage beside his father and the King? Altogether, it was a wildly exciting time for the little ones, what with the wonders of the ship, the meeting with their parents, the fine, flower-decorated engine "Empress," with even white-painted coal, that brought them back to Victoria, and the many presents brought them from far lands. Most of these were too rare and costly to be appreciated for a long time to come, but there were exceptions, for instance, the fine little cart, with harness, drawn by "Bouncer," a splendid Newfoundland, sent by the people of St. John's as a gift to Prince Edward and his brothers—a gift which caused Prince Edward to inquire almost with his first greeting: "Mother, where is my dog?" Alas! the pity of it! The eagerly awaited "Bouncer" had, by the rules of the Board of Agriculture, to which even Royalty must submit, to remain in quarantine for some time after his arrival. A contingent of Basuto-land ponies, which had arrived from South Africa before the *Ophir* did, was another gift from the Colonies to the Royal children, which gave great delight.

Though it is not usual for the Princes to accept gifts from their grandfather's subjects, two notable exceptions have been made during the past season: one in the case of a cart and pair of ponies presented by the Circus children, the other, a gold Coronation cup presented to Prince Edward on behalf of the children and teachers of twenty-eight elementary Schools in Paddington. The presentation of the cup was made in the grounds of Marlborough House on July 4, by Master John Renton Aird, grandson of Sir John Aird, Mayor of Paddington, in presence of a company of children, delegates from the schools. Prince Albert and Princess Victoria looked on with great interest, while the two little lads in white sailor suits, gravely and bashfully saluting one another, met, and Prince Edward received in his hands the beautiful gift—a copy in gold of the cup presented at the King's dinners to the poor, with the Prince's initials, the Crown, and embossed portraits of the King and Queen framed in blue enamel and diamonds.

But even for Royal children life cannot be all play and pleasure. The young Princes learned their first lessons from their nurses and later from Madame Bricka, the lady who was their mother's governess at White Lodge, and who now, living at her own home in London, goes daily to teach her former pupil's younger children. From their

earliest years the little Princes have been trained to speak foreign tongues. Already Prince Edward and Prince Albert speak French and German with almost as much ease as English, while Princess Victoria chatters fluently in German, that being the language spoken by one of her nurses. For some time French was the language spoken by the Princes at meal times, a nurse who spoke that language being engaged for the purpose, but by the late Queen's wish, German was after a time substituted as the language spoken at table, even grace being said in that tongue. Lunch or early dinner is, by the way, the one formal meal of the little Royalties. Often they go down to dessert after lunch to see their parents,

powers of memory which distinguished his Royal grandmother. He remembers names and events that occurred when he was a mere baby, and often astonishes those around him by his feats of memory. History is his favourite lesson, and already he knows the names of all the Kings of England, the dates, and the chief events of their reigns. Since he realised his own position, his interest in his predecessors has naturally increased. It was no doubt this interest that led to the two boys and their sister being taken one day about the middle of July on a visit to the Tower of London; an occasion on which they displayed a knowledge of the history of England which somewhat surprised General Millman, Governor of the Tower, and the



Photo. Art Reproduction Co.

The King. Princess Victoria of Wales. The Queen. Lord Roberts. The Princess of Wales. The Prince of Wales. Princes Edward and Albert.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT THE REVIEW OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL TROOPS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

and afternoon tea-time is a bright hour as well for these happy children, for then they are usually privileged to be with their parents. For nursery tea there are frequent visitors—Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria dropping in, whenever engagements permit, to share the simple fare of the children, the Princess declaring that no fare ever tastes so well as the thick bread-and-butter of the nursery tea.

Since Prince Edward and Prince Albert have been placed under the care of their tutor, Mr. Hansell, lessons have become a more serious affair, and kindergarten work and play lessons are now left to "the children," as the boys call their juniors. Both boys are remarkably intelligent, and Prince Edward inherits the extraordinary

warders who acted as guides. As the carriage passed the railed-off space where the wholesale beheading of former days took place, the younger children looked very serious as Prince Edward apparently dwelt on the associations of the place. The dungeons and the block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded awed the younger children into silence, but Prince Edward kept his tutor and General Millman busy answering eager and intelligent questions. In the dungeons, where the little Princess Victoria showed signs of childish terror, Prince Edward crossed to his sister's side, and in true elder brotherly fashion reassured her with a manly air of protection. The Regalia and Crown jewels were, of course, inspected with special interest by the little boy who will probably

one day wear the Crown. Little Princess Victoria asked eager questions about the ancient anointing spoon and the eagle for the oil with which her grandfather was a few weeks later anointed in the Abbey. In the Armoury the two boys took the greatest delight in the ancient weapons, and only the strict rules about not touching kept them from laying hands on some of these. Before leaving the Tower, Prince Edward, acting as spokesman for the party, with the quaint courtesy so characteristic of him, thanked the warders for their guidance.

Next to history, geography is perhaps the favourite lesson of the young Princes: arithmetic, that bugbear of boyhood, has its terrors for even our future King and his brother, and they, as well as many other clever children, have agreed that "Multiplication is vexation, and division is as bad." So far, none of the children, except the baby Henry, have displayed any special taste for music. The Princes, as behoves boys who may one day serve their apprenticeship as sailors, have been taught to sew, and their kindergarten efforts in needlework on perforated cardboard vie in neat-

ness with those of the little Princess. All three older children write a neat, firm, round hand, their efficiency in this respect being, no doubt, largely due to their frequent practice in letter-writing while their parents or grandparents were abroad; even "little Princess," as she is often called by her attendants, her hand guided by her nurse, used to contribute to the budget which by every mail found its way from the Royal nurseries to the *Ophir*.

Illness has scarcely visited the nurseries of these healthy little ones, and, except for a very slight attack of measles, they have been free from even the ordinary illnesses of childhood. The least sturdy of the healthy quartette is the second boy, Prince Albert, whose slight delicacy may perhaps be traced to his too rapid growth; but of any of the three boys, Rudyard Kipling's verses on the birth of the oldest, our future King and Emperor, might be quoted with truth:—

"He's a first-class sort of infant
And his equal we shan't see,
Though we search from Deal to Delhi,
Or from Kew to Kurrachee."



AFTER THE QUARREL.

SUSIE (with an effort at reconciliation): "Jackie, it says in my book that a cat may look at a king,"

JACK (with no effort at reconciliation): "Is that why you stare at me, eh?"

RE-ENTER RHODA.

BY
Mrs de Horne Vaizey.



A COMPLETE STORY.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.

MONSIEUR LE PROPRIETOR of the Hotel des Roses, at San Rémo, looked down the garden and beheld a group of young people sitting under the trees, chatting freely together after the manner of the Anglo-Saxon race. Miss Van Dusen the American *demoiselle*, who found herself in the room above the porch; Miss Bouverie who was making a recovery of the lungs; Monsieur Hervey who played "le tennis" until he seemed to expire, yet had the air of enjoying himself the while, and the so tall and distinguished Monsieur the Honourable Paget, who was no doubt a great personage in his own land, since he held his head aloft and looked about beneath his eyelids, as if despising his fellow creatures. The four young people made a picturesque group against the background of palms; and presently there arrived upon the scene the grand blue-coated band, which was engaged to give two daily performances in the grounds. At the sight of the band Monsieur rubbed his hands with much satisfaction.

"Behold the music! It is good. All will now march well!" he said to himself as he turned away and entered his bureau; but his visitors did not seem to appreciate the proximity of the musicians, and Mamie Van Dusen, hailing the conductor, issued her instructions in a shrill, self-confident voice.

"See here, Monsieur, go a little further off, do you

mind? Right there opposite to the piazza, where the ladies can hear you in the drawing-room."

She turned a laughing face towards her companions. "The old people just doat on that band, but I prefer the sound of my own voice! They say over at home that I'm the biggest talker in the State; but there was a girl fifty miles off who heard about it, and challenged me for the championship. We had her up to stay with us, and arranged an evening with judges and starters, and two elegant phonographs to speak into, so there could be no disputing results. We sat at opposite ends of the drawing-room—quite a good big room, with lots of space—and when the starter cried "Go!" we began right away, and talked straight on for half-an-hour. There was no set subject: the great thing was to get in as many words as possible, and if you want to know how difficult it is to keep on for thirty minutes, you'd best try how you get along for ten.

"The Newtown girl started right away telling the story of her life, but there hadn't much happened to her beyond having a good time, and she got through with it in eight minutes. Then she took up her travels, but I got even with her there for I'd been over to Europe, and seen

the Queen. It lasted quite a time describing how I'd seen her at the Jubilee, looking just as sweet and homely as my own old Granny, and all the folks who had been listening to Sadie hurried over to me. They kind of promenaded about all the time, and cheered us on, and every one said it was a real lively evening. We like something new as often as we can get it over at our side, and no one had been to a talking competition before. The newspaper gave a notice to it, and over at Newtown there was a heading an inch big, because when the words were counted their girl came out a hundred ahead. I was pretty mad, but Poppa said it was a relief to his mind. He felt there was another parent in the world who had even more to put up with than he had!"

"When I come over to America, you must introduce me to that girl," cried the jovial young Englishman, smiling. Mr. Paget made no remark, and stared before him with his usual impenetrable calm. He had come to San Remo to recruit after a bad attack of influenza, and though he took part in most of the amusements in the hotel, there was a certain aloofness in his manner which showed that he did so more from politeness than any keen personal pleasure. Mamie Van Dusen described him as "real English," which was not intended to be unmitigated praise; but all the same she cared more for his approval than that of any other man. It was annoying that another girl should have come to the hotel, and a good-looking girl too, according to the verdict of those who had seen her alight from the *vetturino* the day before. Why could she not have gone to another hotel and left the party at "Des Roses" without a disturbing new element?

"I suppose she will come poking in to the dance to-night, as if we were not short enough of partners before," said Mamie, impatiently to herself, and at that very moment the new-comer stepped out of one of the long French windows and came slowly down the path towards the spot where the little group was sitting.

She was tall and well-made, and walked with the fearless tread of the public-school girl, who had been an enthusiast at sports; but she was very dainty all the same, and there was a perfection of detail about her simple toilette which bespoke the hand of a skilful maid. She wore a white cloth dress and a white hat, the only two points of colour being a pair of quite remarkably shiny brown boots, and a mass of hair of a rich burnished tint, which looked red in the sun, and copper in the shade.

"Don't she think a lot of herself! Who *is* she, anyway?" enquired Mamie, with a depreciating

sniff, and Miss Bouverie answered the question in an undertone.

"Her name is Chester. They come from Norfolk—our county, but quite at the other end. Mr. Chester brought an introduction to mother from mutual friends, and we made their acquaintance this morning. The girl seems nice enough, but a trifle conceited."

"Trifle! She might be a duchess in her own right!" grumbled Mamie, staring disapprovingly at the erect, self-confident figure. Another girl would have been embarrassed at finding herself the cynosure of attention, would probably have turned down another path, but this Miss Chester kept straight on, and as she drew nearer, returned the scrutiny with fearless blue eyes. She was very handsome, "hatefully handsome!" Mamie called her, with clearly-cut features, and such a complexion of milk and roses as is the heritage of the healthy English girl. Her expression was, perhaps, a trifle self-confident for her age, but as she met Miss Bouverie's glance she smiled, and Percy Hervey whistled beneath his breath in surprised admiration.

"Good afternoon, Miss Chester! Won't you come and join us, until it is time for tea? It is so pleasant sitting out here!" said Miss Bouverie, cordially, whereupon the strange girl walked forward without hesitation, and seated herself on one of the vacant chairs.

"Thanks very much! I was just going a stroll round the grounds. We have been busy all morning, and I have not had time to come out before. It seems a delightful hotel."

"Yes, I think it is, and we have certainly a charming party. Let me introduce you . . ."

The different names were mentioned in turn, and the new-comer entered into the conversation with an utter absence of shyness or reserve. It appeared that with her parents she had been travelling for over six months, spending the summer in Switzerland and the Italian lakes, the earlier part of the winter in Paris, and thence journeying southward to Cannes and Nice. Her manner in speaking of her travels was a quaint mixture of *ennui* and schoolgirl enthusiasm, and Mamie noticed with dismay that Gerald Paget was distinctly amused by it, and stroked his moustache to hide an irrepressible smile. Now Mr. Paget was not given to smiling, and that being so it might be as well to break up the party before this tiresome, red-haired girl had a chance of making a further impression.

"I guess we'd better be making a move to the house! Tea will be coming in another ten minutes," she said, rising from her seat, and

waving her hand towards the hotel, but alas for Miss Mamie! the usual fate of schemers was her portion, for Mr. Paget immediately turned to the new-comer, and said:

"Would you care to walk round the gardens now? We should have time, and I should be delighted to show you the way!"

Rhoda Chester rose and walked down the path in blissful unconsciousness of the angry glances which were cast after her. When one is intensely interested in oneself and one's own doings there is little time or notice to be spared for others, and despite the lessons of her youth and many earnest struggles after unselfishness, Rhoda Chester was still the most interesting person in the world to Mr. Chester's daughter. This Mr. Paget appeared to be the most desirable of the visitors, and she immediately decided to adopt him as her special attendant. It was a good thing to tell off a special man for one's service, not to flirt with, of course, but to make himself useful in a hundred ways for which the dear old Dad was too fat and old!

Mr. Paget showed the way over the really beautiful grounds in showman-like fashion, pointing out rare trees and shrubs, and the seats from which the best views could be obtained, to which information Rhoda listened with politely-veiled boredom. She did not want to talk of stupid, instructive things like trees; she liked personal conversation, when he would tell her his own history, and wish to know hers in return. At the first opportunity she branched off into the desired track.

"Yes, they are charming grounds—for an hotel, but I am getting tired of hotel gardens, with their set borders, and flower beds, and stucco fountains and quiet paths, which are a thoroughfare for every one who comes and goes. After travelling about for six months one has moments of wild homesickness. I have an herbaceous border in Norfolk which is more to me than many palms, and I believe my mother would rather see her own kitchen than the finest cathedral in Europe."

Gerald Paget smiled again, and looked down at her with amused eyes, for, tall as she was, the top of her ruddy head barely reached his chin. "But surely the remedy is easy!" he said. "If you both long for England, why not . . . ?"

Rhoda shook her head decisively. "No, we can't go home! My eldest brother was married last autumn, and as we were to be away for a year at

least, father lent them the house until their own was built. They are perfect dears and devoted to us, but too newly married to hanker after our society yet awhile. Besides, I'm not sure that I want to go back yet! I found the six months between the time when I left school and came away on this tour very dull. If a girl has been working at high pressure she feels awfully slack when she has nothing to do but arrange flowers, and loll about the house. I had six months of it



"'TAKE MY ADVICE,' SAID PAGET, 'AND SEE AS LITTLE AS YOU CAN OF BAWTRY.'"—(p. 17.)

while we were waiting for my sister-in-law to get strong enough to be married after a bad accident, and as I was too young to come out formally, the only difference in being grown-up was that I did up my hair, and paid calls with mother. I hate paying calls! Middle-aged ladies are so deadly uninteresting!"

"It is not a particularly interesting stage to outsiders. I fancy, however, it is sufficiently engrossing to themselves." Mr. Paget stared at the girl with a curious, puzzled expression, the meaning of which she was, apparently, at no loss to understand.

"You are surprised to hear me talking of school! You thought I was ever so much older. Every one does, but I am barely nineteen, really. I suppose it's being an only daughter, and having had a good deal of trouble!" She sighed as she said the last word, but the next moment she was smiling again, pointing a complacent finger towards the Hotel. "There! that's my room with the turret window. I had such a fight to get it. The landlord declared it was being kept for another lady, but I wanted it, and I generally manage to get my own way. Who is the man with the dark hair and the grey-looking face, who has a room at the same end of the corridor?"

The question was put quickly, as at a sudden recollection, and Mr. Paget received it with an air of displeased surprise.

"Dark hair! grey face! You must mean Bawtry, I suppose, though I don't know where he sleeps. A young fellow of twenty-five or so, clean shaven, who looks very. . . ."

He hesitated for the right word, and Rhoda said quickly, "Delicate, yes! that's the one. I saw his breakfast being taken into his room this morning, and he was ever so late in getting up. I know, because he came out on his balcony in his dressing-gown to hang up his sponges at eleven o'clock, and he was sitting there afterwards, not reading or doing anything, but looking *so* tired!"

Gerald Paget stared into space with an immovable expression, and made no comment either of sympathy or the reverse, whereat Rhoda frowned and tapped her foot on the gravel.

"Well, what do you mean? Do you know him? Who is he? Is he nice?"

"Nice!" The young man repeated the word with a smile for the schoolgirl-like sound. "That is hardly the word I should choose to describe him. We were at Oxford together, Miss Chester, but have seen very little of each other since then. Some of the other men know him better than I do, and can tell you more about him."

Rhoda looked at him and nodded her head with shrewd understanding.

"That means that you detest him, but it's against your code to say so! I know exactly what you mean."

"Excuse me, you are mistaken. I don't detest him at all; I am very sorry for the poor fellow."

"Because he looks so ill and miserable?"

"He certainly does look miserable enough at times."

"Don't you like people who are miserable?"

"It depends a little on the cause of their misery, does it not?"

"No!" The girl's head was thrown back proudly, and the red lips curved into a bow. "Not a bit. They *are* miserable and that's the end of it. If it is their own fault, you ought to pity them all the more. It's fifty times worse when you have brought things on yourself. I suppose you mean something horrid about this Mr. Bawtry, and don't like to say it out because one man never speaks ill of another. It's just as bad, though, when they imply what they won't say!"

She looked up with sparkling eyes and met a glance of proud displeasure that chilled even her dauntless spirit. Never before had she seen such a mask-like coldness on a human face, or heard such icy, clean-cut tones.

"I regret that I have given you such an unfavourable impression. I know nothing worse of James Bawtry than you will hear for yourself before you have been many days in the Hotel, namely, that he is a gambler, and is employing his time here in throwing away the remainder of his fortune. I am not sufficiently intimate with him to know more."

"You think it the best way to help him—to give him the cold shoulder!" cried Rhoda, recklessly. She was angered by his frigid manner and the taunt was spoken on the impulse of the moment, but repentance came quickly on its heels. She swung round in the narrow path and cried quickly: "I beg your pardon, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be rude, but really and truly, when any one is doing wrong it seems rather hard for old friends to stand aside and not try to help!"

The eager face was very fair to look upon, and the young man's expression softened as he met the gaze of those full blue eyes. This stately young woman was little more than a schoolgirl at heart, and the outspoken, fervour of her appeal dispelled his lingering displeasure. Besides, was there not something in what she said? Was he not behaving shabbily to poor Bawtry in not making yet another effort to save him from ruin? He smiled back assurances of forgiveness, and said slowly:

"Gambling is a passion which is almost hopeless to combat when it once takes possession of a man. I am afraid it would take an angel from heaven to induce Bawtry to go home, or stay away from Monte Carlo. Certainly my powers of persuasion are wholly inadequate!"

Rhoda Chester stared thoughtfully before her, and her eyes flashed. Paget could almost see the birth of the thought, the dawning of the great ambition to play the part of good angel to this erring young man, and as he saw it he drew himself up with a shiver of distaste. He had all the

reverence which a good man feels for a good woman, and he knew well that Jim Bawtry was no fit companion for Rhoda's white youth.

"Miss Chester," he cried eagerly, "please take my advice and see as little as you can of Bawtry. You will probably be introduced to him—I don't see how you are to help it, but, believe me, it would be better not to get too intimate! I am not speaking unkindly—I should be only too happy to help him if I could—but it is not work for you. . . ."

"A woman's proper work is to help those who are in trouble," declared Miss Rhoda, sententiously, and Gerald Paget smiled in whimsical fashion, and looked her over with his deep-set eyes.

"Quite so!" he said, "but there are some cases which are hardly suitable for—for mature women of nineteen, Miss Chester!"

He was laughing at her, insinuating that she was still a child, which at that period was a deadly offence in Rhoda's estimation, yet somehow she was not angry, and the feeling which possessed her as she met his glance was as far as possible removed from humiliation. There are some things which do not need to be put into words, and she was agreeably conscious that this proud-looking man was interested in her, and found pleasure in her society. When the gong sounded for tea a few minutes later, she ran up to the yellow *salon* in a little flutter of excitement, and summoned her mother to accompany her downstairs.

"Mummie, darling, tea is being served in the *salon*—do be sociable and have it there instead of here! It's ever such a nice hotel, and the people so interesting. I believe I'm going to have a real good time!"

CHAPTER II.

By the time that Rhoda had spent three weeks at San Remo she had succeeded in growing fairly intimate with the haggard, unhappy-looking youth, who seemed in such need of help. He spent several hours a day in the hotel grounds, recruiting, as it seemed, after the excitements of the previous evening; but regularly as the afternoon approached, he took train for Monte Carlo, where, report said, he was losing more and more heavily.

"He is going the pace!" Percy Hervey declared disapprovingly, "has been going it, ever since he left college. Got into a bad set there, and seems possessed by the spirit of gambling. His old Dad has paid up for him time after time, and his sisters have suffered to pay for his follies. Mean thing that, when a fellow lets his woman-

kind go to the wall, instead of helping them on! I have heard that his Governor gave him a few hundreds as a last chance, and told him to go abroad and never show his face again until he had redeemed his character. First thing he does is to come here and set to work to lose it as fast as he can! Can't think what the next step will be. Suicide, I suppose! Hope he doesn't do it in this hotel!"

"How *horrid* of you! I think it is perfectly horrid the way all you men avoid him, and give him the cold shoulder. If I were a man I'd shadow him night and day and *make* him give it up!"

It was a relief to boast of what she would do under altered circumstances, for, truth to tell, Rhoda had found her influence as a girl of but little effect. She knew Bawtry fairly well by this time, for she never lost an opportunity of talking to him; indeed, she had exerted all her fascinations to keep him away from the fatal gambling-room. She organised picnics and besought him prettily to help her in the arrangements; she offered him dances for the evening, and invited him to private jollifications in the yellow *salon*, and in each case the result was the same. He accepted willingly, even gratefully, and the glance of the strained miserable-looking eyes seemed to show that he divined the motive underlying the requests, and was touched by her kindness. Yet invariably, when the hour arrived, when she was congratulating herself with complacent smiles, in would come a note of excuse, or he would appear himself—agitated, ashamed, with a pitiful shame, and plead another engagement—a meeting, an absolute inability to remain in San Remo! Alas! it was too true. The fatal passion possessed him, and until God in His mercy opened the blind eyes and showed him the pit by which he was standing, there was no hope of reform for poor James Bawtry.

"Why do you trouble yourself about him?" Percy Hervey would ask impatiently, and Gerald Paget made the same protest, not once, but a dozen times, and with ever-increasing resentment. But Rhoda had come to feel something almost like affection for the poor fellow, and not even the chilling of a friendship which was beginning to be the most interesting thing in life, could induce her to give up her efforts. On the last night when he appeared with his inevitable excuse, she looked at the bloodshot eyes, at the whole miserable wreck of what was meant to be a man in God's own image, and a passion of pity took the place of the usual indignation. As he shrunk abashed before her, she held out her hand to meet his, and said gently:

"I'm very, very sorry, but I've done my best and I can't do any more now. Think of me to-night at ten o'clock. I shall be saying my prayers, and asking God to help you, and bring you back safe, and early!"

He looked at her with a startled glance, and hurried from the room. All that evening Rhoda listened feverishly for the footsteps which were wont to pass her room in the early morning, footsteps which, alas, were not always as steady as they might have been. She heard the whistle of the returning train, and lay staring at the clock until all hope had passed, and when at last she fell asleep, her pillow was wet with tears.

Next afternoon a marvellous thing happened. James Bawtry neither went abroad nor left his room in the hotel, but any hopes which Rhoda might have entertained were destroyed by the news which came from Monte Carlo, where it was reported that Bawtry had lost his last Napoleon overnight, and had rushed from the rooms in a state of frenzy.

"The last scene in the drama approaches! Rosignoli is a cunning fellow and knew how the land lay, and I'm told has been insisting on payments in advance for the last month, but he won't keep Bawtry on now that he is cleaned out. Wonder what on earth the fellow will do, and how he will raise the money to do it!"

So pondered Mr. Hervey, and Rhoda pondered too, and longed for an opportunity of seeing James Bawtry for herself, and offering a helping hand. There was just a faint hope that he might come downstairs for dinner that evening, but one, two, three courses passed by and brought no sign of his appearance. Rhoda felt strung up to an unnatural pitch of excitement, and to make matters worse Mamie was absent for the evening, and had left her invalid mother in the Chesters' charge, so that it was necessary to keep up a pretence of attention to her incessant complainings. The food was wrong, the room was too warm, the waiters were inattentive, she had forgotten her fan and was convinced she would faint before the meal came to an end.

"Let me get it for you!" cried Rhoda, eagerly. She was thankful to snatch a respite from the strain of that unending meal, and sauntered slowly along the thickly-carpeted corridor on the second flight until she reached the door of Mrs. Van Dusen's room. She put out her hand to turn the handle, but the door opened of itself as if it had been on the latch, and to her amazement the electric light was burning at the further end.

Some one else was in the room, too—a man—bending over a case on the dressing-table; she had just had time to feel a thrill of fear in the discovery when he wheeled round suddenly and she saw his face—the face of James Bawtry, whom she had tried to befriend!

They stood staring at one another, the man and the girl, while one could have counted ten, perhaps, but moments seem long when they are charged with intense feeling, and then quite suddenly he crossed the room to her side. The first shock of discovery had left him covered with confusion, but under the steady gaze of Rhoda's eye a new spirit seemed to have entered into the young fellow. He drew himself erect, and shook back his shoulders with the action of one waking from a sleep; the wandering eyes met hers steadily for the first time in their acquaintance.

"I have stolen ten pounds from Mrs. Van Dusen's cash box!" he said quietly, and the extended hand opened and showed the notes lying crushed in his palm. That was all, yet there was something in the naked confession which was more eloquent than a thousand protestations. Thinking over the scene in later years Rhoda marvelled at her own composure; but at the time it seemed to come naturally to be quiet, and to answer in the same still accents:

"Put them back, please! Let me see you put them back," she said, and James Bawtry turned without a word, laid the notes in the box and replaced it in the drawer. Then he faced her, and spoke again.

"There is a bell over there by the door. You had better ring it, and give me in charge."

Rhoda looked at him silently, and as she did so from the other end of the corridor came the echo of a high-pitched, nasal voice. It was Mrs. Van Dusen's maid approaching her mistress's room. There was no need to ring the bell, for in another moment discovery would come of itself. James Bawtry's lips trembled, but he stood firm, and it was Rhoda who showed the only signs of agitation. Quick as thought she darted to the electric handle to switch off the light, and sauntering out of the doorway, met the woman face to face. Inside the room Bawtry could hear the clear voice raised to its usual pitch of command.

"Oh, it is you, Johnstone—did you see me going into Mrs. Van Dusen's room? She wanted her fan. Take it down to her quickly, please; she is feeling faint, and tell Mrs. Chester that I shall return in time for the ices."

The woman departed at once to do her bidding, and Rhoda heaved a sigh of relief and thanksgiving. The interruption had been providential after all, for

the girl's dislike to the long hotel dinners was well known, and her absence would therefore pass without remark. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour was still her own, and her heart formed a wordless prayer that she might do the right thing, say the right word in this crisis of another's fate. Looking into the darkened room from the corridor she

angel of light in one man's imagination, and the vision of her was as a beacon to lead him in the right way.

"You can come out now, it is quite safe! Our sitting-room is the second door round the corner. You know it. Will you go in there, and wait for me, please. I will join you in a moment."



"SOME ONE ELSE WAS IN THE ROOM, TOO—A MAN—BENDING OVER A CASE ON THE DRESSING-TABLE. RHODA SAW HIS FACE—THE FACE OF JAMES BAWTRY—WHOM SHE HAD TRIED TO BEFRIEND."
—(See p. 18.)

could see the outline of the black figure, still standing at attention, waiting his fate at her hand, and he could see her, too, tall and slim in her white evening dress, her hair gleaming gold in the light. Rhoda Chester had a hundred faults and shortcomings, but from this day forth she was an

She might have been about to summon the authorities, although she had spared him the humiliation of being discovered by a chattering maid, but he went without hesitation, and she found him standing waiting by the table on her return a few minutes later. There was something

in her hand—three narrow strips of paper, which she held towards him, with grave directness.

"Ten pounds would not be enough to take you home, and keep you until you find honest work. I have brought you twenty. You can return it some day if you are able to spare it. It is my own money, part of my dress allowance for the quarter. I shall like it better than anything in the world, if it gives you a fresh start!"

He looked at her, and his lips trembled.

"You trust me! After what you have just seen?"

"Yes, I trust you."

"You are not afraid that I shall go back to Monte Carlo, and lose this too?"

"Not if you promise me that you won't, and I think you will do that."

"No," he said roughly. "I will make no more promises. I have made and broken too many already, but there is one thing I want you to know. It was the first time! I never stole a penny-piece before this. Do you believe me?"

"Absolutely!" said Rhoda, indeed she would have been a poor judge of human nature if she had doubted that quiet statement. "Will you tell me as your friend, how you came to do it to-day?"

He put his hand to his head, and groaned in misery and self-abasement. "I think I was mad. There was nothing left, I dared not write home for more, and this woman is surfeited with riches, I thought she might well spare some crumbs for me. I must have been mad, for I felt like a man in a dream until I saw your face. That awoke me with a shock, and I saw how far I had fallen. . . . If anything could save a fellow it would be to be treated as you have treated me. I'll take your money since you trust me, and if I live you shall have it back. I'll find a way of letting you know what I'm doing. You may not see me again, but I shall never forget you, you may be sure of that!"

"I shall never forget you, either, and I shall expect to hear nothing but good. Now I must go, or my mother will be sending for me. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"Good-bye. Will you . . . you will never see me again, remember . . . will you shake hands with me, thief though I am?"

Rhoda held out her hand with a sob, and man and girl stood there gazing at each other in a long,

wordless farewell. Neither heard the approaching footsteps, nor the opening of the unlatched door. The cold, even tones of Gerald Paget's voice were the first intimation of his presence.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chester. Your mother was anxious for your return, and I promised to tell you on my way upstairs."

He bowed and withdrew, and Rhoda walked slowly downstairs, the agitation of the last quarter of an hour giving place to an uneasy dread. Mr. Paget had begged her so often, so earnestly, to shun James Bawtry's society, and now he had discovered them alone together, with clasped hands, and tear-filled eyes. What would he, what could he, think?

* * * * *

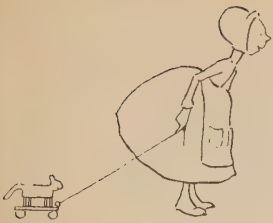
Next day James Bawtry left the Riviera and Rhoda lay in bed with a violent nervous headache. Two days later when she came downstairs her first duty was to bid farewell to Mr. Paget, who had suddenly resolved to join some friends in Cannes. He looked very stern and set, and Rhoda was unable to make any explanations to disarm his anger. The secret of that interview in the yellow *salon* could never be told by her lips, and if he had so little faith in her character as to believe her capable of making a private rendezvous with a man of the type of James Bawtry, he must be allowed to remain undeceived. The proud composure of her farewell more than equalled Paget's own, and she was at pains to be livelier than usual during the next few days, so that no one should suspect the blank made by his absence.

A month later a country newspaper was handed to Rhoda among her letters, in which she read the announcement that Mr. James Bawtry, "son of our respected townsman," had enlisted into the Natal Mounted Police, and was to sail at once for South Africa to take up his duties. Six months later came a cutting from South Africa referring in eulogistic terms to some duty cleverly performed by Bawtry. Rhoda treasured these cuttings among her most valued possessions, but there was a little sadness mingled with her rejoicings, for she had helped James Bawtry at the cost of a dearer friendship. Gerald Paget had vanished out of her life. She asked herself wonderingly if they would ever meet again!



"GUNPOWDER PLOT."

Written and Illustrated by SYBIL REID.

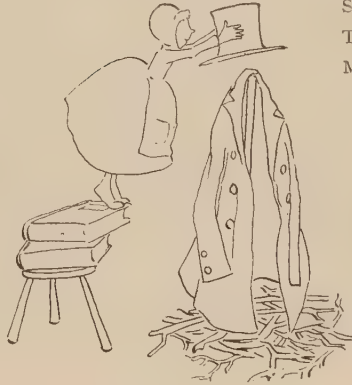


2

I tremble to think of the matches and wood
The children collected (and didn't have should),
And father's best jacket and hat.
They said, "We'll remember
The Fifth of November!"
Yes, Anna will recollect that

3

I tremble to think of the terrible badness
That caused them to dress up the broomstick
with gladness
(And father's best hat on the top).
Then Elizabeth snatches
Some Tandstickor matches
And Anna tips up and goes flop!



She will always remember
The Fifth of November,
My story is dreadfully sad.



4

I tremble to think of the flare and the
clatter,
The shrieks and the sparks and the terrified
chatter,

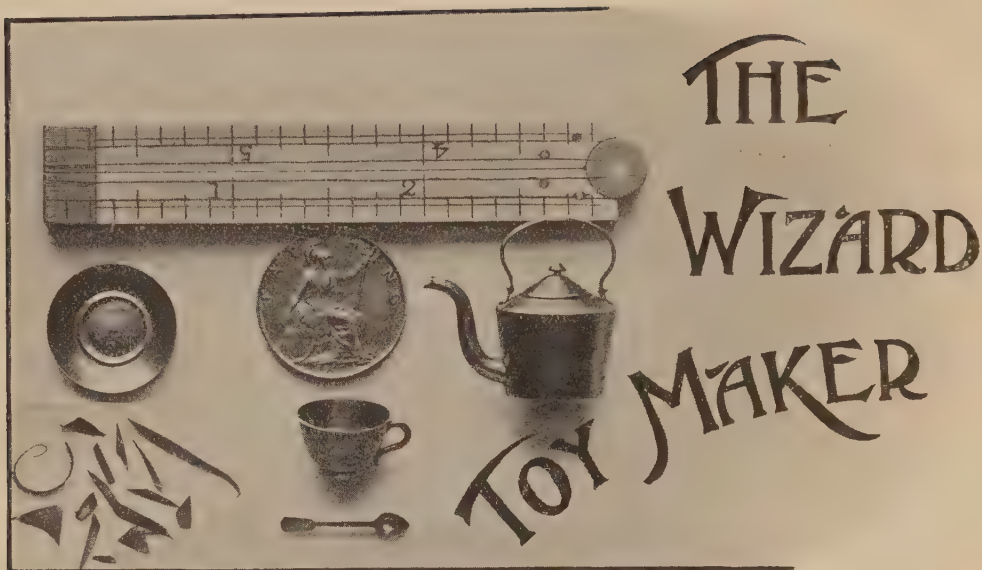
And Anna a *mantle* of
smoke!
Papa seized the water
To pour on his daughter,
And when she was *out* Papa
spoke.



5

I tremble to think of the sums, the dates,
The geography, history, measures and
weights,
They were learning with tears on the morrow.
They will always remember
The Fifth of November,
And remember it also with sorrow.





A KETTLE, A CUP, A SAUCER AND SPOON MADE FROM A FARTHING.

Complete, these articles weigh only forty grains.

SOME WONDERFUL MINIATURE MODELS.

By LENA SHEPSTONE

WILL you come and have tea with me out of one of the tiniest cups imaginable? The cup is small; indeed, it is the smallest ever made. It holds only a few drops. The two cups and saucers, spoons, teapot, milk-jug, sugar basin and tray were all fashioned out of a threepenny piece.

Of all our brothers' hobbies, I believe these miniature models interest girls most. I have seen girls go into ecstasy while watching a tiny clock-work toy, or a diminutive engine perform its evolutions. The smaller the model the greater its fascination for us.

Now let me describe to you the unique set of models which it was my privilege to inspect recently. First of all comes the tea-service of which I have already spoken. The service consists of a teapot, two cups and saucers, spoons, milk-jug, sugar-basin, and tray. Incredible though it may seem, all these articles were made out of one threepenny piece. So diminutive are they that you can drop them into a good-sized thimble

or carry them in an ordinary locket. Equally wonderful is the coffee-service and tray, made out of a threepenny piece. The service is made up of no less than seven distinct articles—three cups and saucers, with spoons, coffee pot, jug, sugar bowl and tray, the creation of a wizard indeed.

These models are the work of Mr. G. M. Sibbald, a foreman jeweller, of Leeds. He made them some years ago now, and how he came to construct them at all is an interesting story. He had already made a number of tiny models when he heard of a teapot that had been made out of a penny. Mr. Sibbald determined to equal, if not eclipse, this feat. After months of patient labour, he succeeded in producing



TWO TOY CARRIAGES IN GOLD:

The largest, which weighs 17 grains, is made of 85 pieces.

a tray out of one threepenny piece, and a service (consisting of three cups with their saucers and spoons, jug, basin and teapot) from another.

Mr. Sibbald, though he was successful in producing his tea-service out of two threepenny bits, was not satisfied. Reducing his available

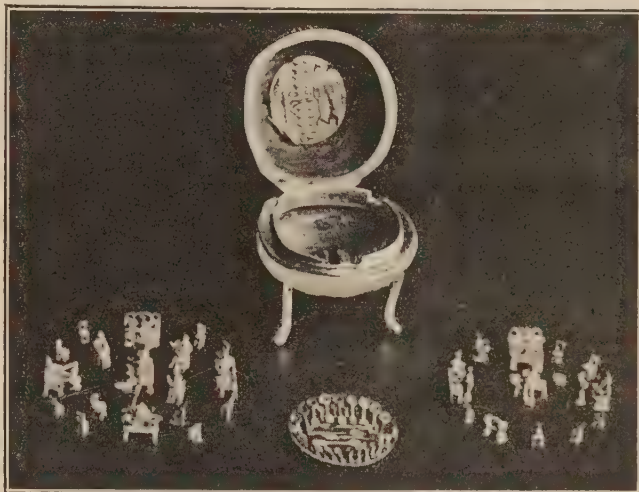
material one-half, he essayed a tea-service with tray all out of one threepenny piece, an effort in which he was entirely successful. This service and tray was exhibited at the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886. Here it attracted the notice of the late Queen Victoria, who asked if the owner was prepared to sell it.

At the close of the Exhibition Mr. Sibbald sent the Liliputian service to Windsor, with a request that Her Majesty would accept it from him as a present. Shortly after he received a Royal communication announcing that the Queen had been pleased to accept the present, and asked that Mr. Sibbald's other models be forwarded to Windsor, that she might have an opportunity of more closely inspecting them. This letter was accompanied by an order from the Royal House for two models of a gold carriage and a bicycle.

On the golden wedding day of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, in 1889, Mr. Sibbald sent him a tea-service, a *fac-simile*, but in gold, of that accepted by Queen Victoria.

Complete, it weighed fifteen grains, and included a tray, a teapot, sugar-basin, cream jug, three cups and saucers, three spoons and sugar tongs. The whole was enclosed in a little glass case. The great

statesman was delighted with the miniature service and the extreme skill it exhibited; in return he sent Mr. Sibbald a large photograph



THE MOST WONDERFUL ITEM OF THE WIZARD TOY-MAKER'S COLLECTION IS A BARCELONA NUT THAT CONTAINS NO LESS THAN 148 SEPARATE ARTICLES, ALL IN ONE HALF OF THE NUT—FURNITURE, PEOPLE, TEA-SERVICES, ETC.

of himself, together with one of his famous auto-graph post-cards.

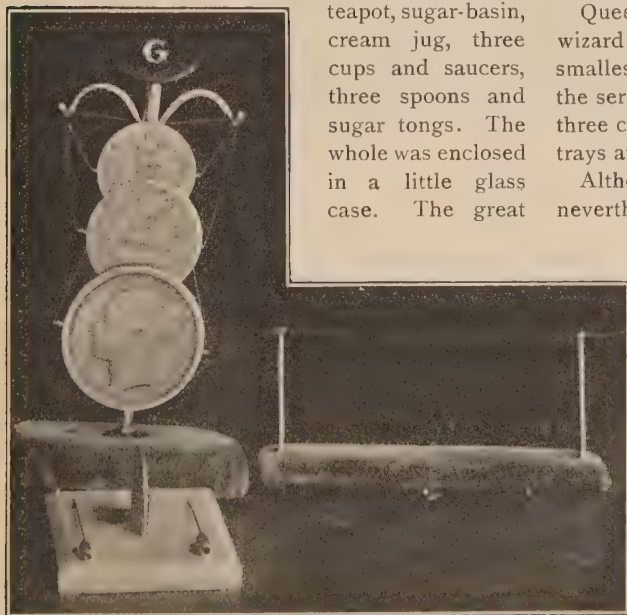
Queen Alexandra once purchased from this wizard of model-makers what is undoubtedly the smallest tea-service ever made. Her Majesty keeps the service in a cherry stone. In addition to the three cups and saucers, tea-pot, etc., there are two trays and no less than twenty-one spoons.

Although the models are so minute, they are nevertheless perfect in every respect. On one occasion Mr. Sibbald lost a spoon, and, although he searched for it with a powerful electric light, he failed to find it. The next day he discovered the missing article under his finger-nail, where it had remained all night.

A few years ago he made a tiny silver camel, so small that it could be passed through the eye of an ordinary sewing-needle. In every instance the models have been made by hand, without casting or the aid of a glass.

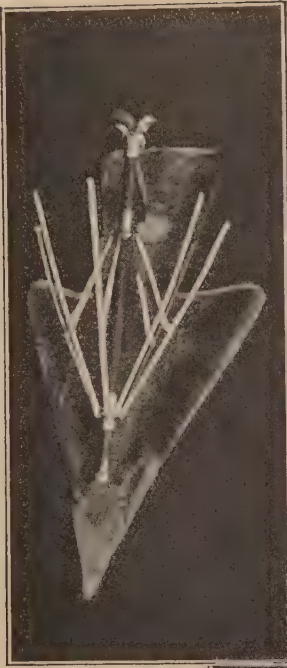
The collection which represents ten years of patient labour, has been made during spare time and with tools specially designed for the purpose.

Mr. Sibbald divides his collection



FROM THE LITTLE SILVER STAND A THREEPENNY PIECE, A SIXPENCE, AND A SHILLING HANG, ALL DRILLED EDGEWISE, SUSPENDED BY A HAIR

To the right is a novelty—a hair drilled and threaded with another hair.



A TOY UMBRELLA
FRAME.

*This frame is made
up of 43 pieces.*

out inconvenience, it is an exact model in every particular of a fully-equipped engine. An inspection of the model under a magnifying glass reveals the remarkable patience, accuracy and skill of the producer. The engine has actually been driven along its diminutive track. The engine itself is exactly one and a-half inches long, and stands half an inch high.

Special interest attaches to the little horizontal engine, marked E. It represents Mr. Sibbald's first attempt at model-making. One day a friend, who was a fitter, showed him a model of a horizontal engine, one foot long. This inspired Mr. Sibbald to attempt a silver model. In a few weeks he produced the "giant" referred to. It is a perfect Goliath compared to the other engines in the collection, in that it measures three inches in length. One to one and a-half inches is the outside measurement of

of models into twenty-six distinct sets. Many of them contain a dozen or more separate pieces. He letters them A to Z. First of all there is a miniature locomotive in silver which consists of 220 pieces. Although the model is so small that you can place it in the palm of your hand and close it with-

most of the other miniatures. The little engine, which contains 204 pieces, has actually been worked by steam.

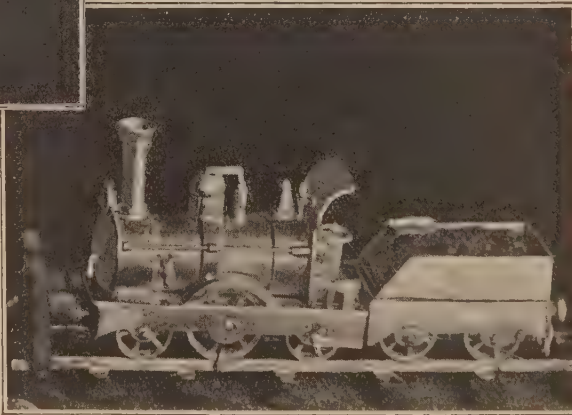
Mr. Sibbald keeps his models in a glass case, about fifteen inches long, and so arranged that they are all visible. Gazing on them, one cannot resist wondering what Gulliver would have thought of them. One can imagine tiny little dwarfs sipping tea from the miniature cups; driving in their silver and golden carriages, harnessed to flies; one can see the toilers among them working the powerful engines, the more sportive racing on their cycles.

Though some of these cycles weigh only half an ounce, they are in every respect perfect working cycles. Among them we notice the now obsolete ordinary. It is made of gold and stands one and three-quarter inches high. There are no less than 102 pieces in it. The late Queen purchased one

of these cycles. Mention must also be made of the gold tricycle, made of 343 pieces. One of the ordinary safety cycles is composed of no fewer than 300 pieces, 220 of which are contained in the chain alone. It weighs a quarter of an ounce.

In addition to tea-services, coffee-services, railway locomotive engines and bicycles already described, there are numerous other articles. One of the photographs given

here shows a doll's suite of furniture made out of



A FULLY-EQUIPPED RAILWAY ENGINE THAT MEASURES
BUT ONE AND A-HALF INCHES IN LENGTH, AND STANDS
HALF AN INCH HIGH.

This engine has actually been driven along its diminutive track.



ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS A COFFEE-SERVICE AND TRAY MADE FROM A THREEPENNY PIECE. NEXT, A TEA-SERVICE MADE FROM TWO THREEPENNY PIECES. LAST, A TEA-SERVICE MADE FROM ONE.

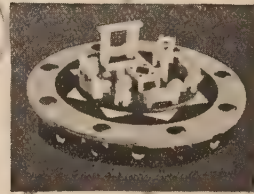


Toy bicycles, perfect in every part, in silver and gold.

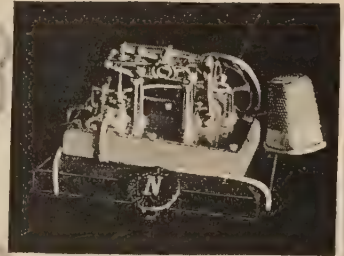
ivory. It comprises a fire-place, sofa, settee, chairs, side-board, table, and footstools. The suite was made from an ivory handle of the coffee pot presented to the 11th Hussars by the late Prince Consort, and is inlaid with ebony.

A curiosity is the little silver stand from which hang a threepenny piece, a sixpence and a shilling. Each coin is suspended by a human hair. A hole was drilled edgeways through the coin, a minute tube inserted, and the hair passed through. To the right of our illustration may be seen what is regarded as a wonderful novelty, a hair drilled and threaded with another hair. A very fine working model is the miniature lawn mower. If it were taken apart we should have no less than 384 distinct pieces, which would stretch across an ordinary table. In another of our illustrations is seen an umbrella frame, of forty-three pieces. Another curiosity is the horizontal engine, which boasts 189 pieces. The latter is only one of several such engines in the collection, the most marvellous and most ingenious probably being that marked N. Although only one inch in height, it is made of 336 pieces. All the microscopic parts have been fitted together with wonderful accuracy.

The two carriages wrought in gold deserve a special reference. The largest, which weighs seventeen grains, is made of eighty-five pieces. It could easily be drawn by a fly. There are guns and pistols so small that you could place a score of them in a watch pocket and not be troubled by their weight. The smallest article, probably, is a lock and key, the weight of which is under three-quarters of a grain. It is in twelve pieces. Some of the items, which boast of quite



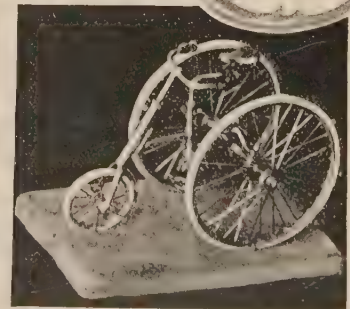
A doll's suite in ivory, made from the handle of a coffee pot.



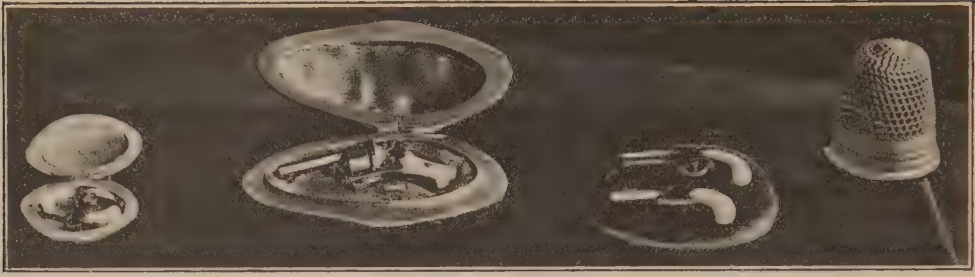
A silver beam-engine that is just one inch high.



A coffee service and tray, made from a threepenny piece.



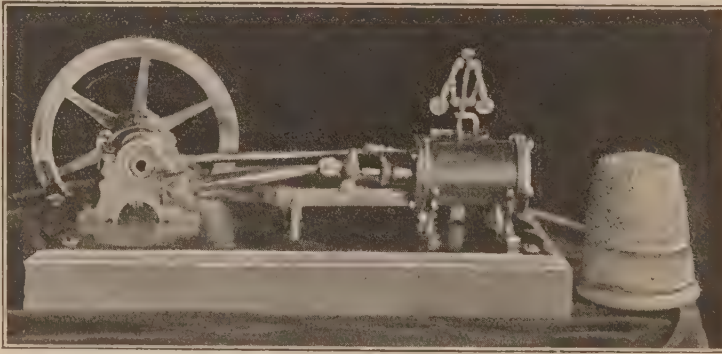
A gold and silver tricycle, made of 343 pieces.



HERE ARE DEADLY BREECH-LOADERS THAT CAN BE PUT INTO A PLUM-STONE.

In the centre is a six-chambered gold revolver, one inch long.

a number of pieces, are kept in such curious and minute receptacles as nuts and cherry-stones. In one of the latter there is a complete engine, in twenty-six pieces. It weighs five grains. In an almond-stone we find a deadly six-chambered gold revolver, one inch long. In a plum-stone there is a pair of gold breech-loading pistols. The nuts are of course mounted and hinged to receive the articles.



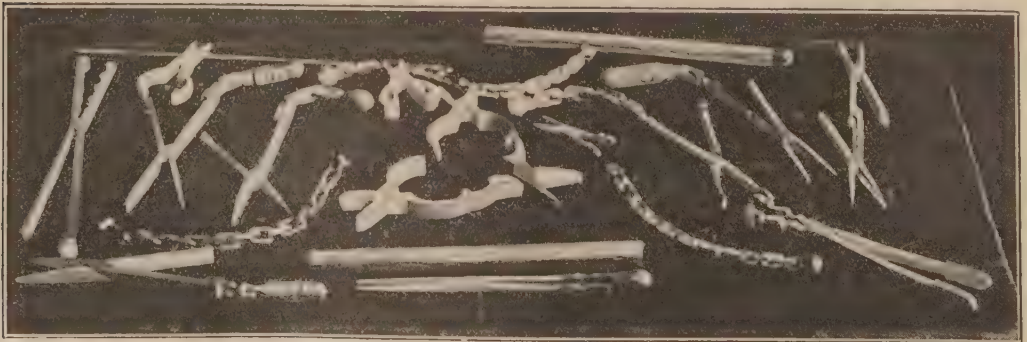
A HORIZONTAL ENGINE, IN SILVER, ONE FOOT LONG.

The engine, which contains 205 pieces, has actually been worked by steam. This was the H'itara Toy-maker's first attempt at toy-making.

The most wonderful item of all is a Barcelona nut containing furniture of all descriptions. Indeed, unless you have actually seen the nut and inspected the various pieces of furniture one by one, you can

hardly credit the statement. Here is a list of what the nut contains: A drawing-room suite of eight chairs, rocking and arm chairs, sideboard with three ornaments, lady on couch, piano and stool with lady playing, gentleman sitting on chair reading a book, lady on chair with tumbler in hand, waiter with tray and three tumblers, table with nine tumblers and decanter, table with tea service and footstool,

bed-room suite, bed and pillow, dressing table with two ornaments, lady dressing, washstand, jug and basin, gentleman washing, couch, two footstools, small table with tumbler and glass, six



SOME OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE WIZARD TOY-MAKER MAKES FROM A MATCH.



Photos, Bedford Lemere and Co.

**SOME BEAUTIFUL
SPECIMENS OF—**

chairs, towel rail, small table with bottle, fourteen tablespoons, fourteen teaspoons, knife and steel, and gravy spoon. All these items are contained in one half of the nut.

As Mr. Sibbald draws out each article from its receptacle with a pair of pliers, you can easily discern what it is meant to be, so faithfully is each modelled.

We have here a gold carriage, which turns the scale at two grains. Yet it is a perfect vehicle, and one can easily imagine a tiny fly drawing it across the table. Another item is a cherry-stone in which may be placed the tea-service that stands in front of it. The Barcelona nut with its wonderful contents have already been described. The last two items comprise an engine, which finds a resting-place in a cherry-stone, and the smallest lock and key in the world. The latter is made of twelve pieces. There are a few other little items in this collection of gold and silver models, such as a toast rack, cruet, trays, etc.

I must tell you, too, of some of the

wonderful things Mr. Sibbald makes from matches. From a single match he has made a chain of twenty-four links. He has also produced a pair of pincers with chain and ball attachment, as well as a pair of hair crimpers. Some of these articles, in addition to others, are shown in our photograph. One of the matches is hollowed out to form a case for one of the diminutive pairs of pliers. The only tool used for accomplishing this work was an ordinary needle, sharpened at the end to form a chisel or cutter. It is shown in our illustration on the opposite page.

What can you do with a farthing? An Irish mechanic has tried to show that the least valuable coin of the realm is by no means to be despised. Out of a farthing he has made a kettle, a cup and saucer, and a spoon. It is no ordinary kettle, for it boasts of a swing handle and a hinged lid. True it only holds thirty-five minims, but that is a point in its favour, as it would boil in a few

seconds. The four articles complete only weigh forty grains. The weight of a farthing is forty-eight grains, and the difference is explained in the clippings seen in our photograph. This interesting curiosity may be seen at the establishment of Mr.



—THE
MODEL
SILVER
SHIPS—



—COLLECTED BY THE LATE DUKE OF
SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

William Moore, 73, South Great-George's Street, Dublin. They were made by one of his mechanics, Mr. J. Rohn.

Our article on miniatures would not be complete without reference to the unique collection of model silver ships collected by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Special interest attaches to them just now, as it is rumoured in well-informed circles that the Duchess intends to present them to the British Museum as a gift to the nation. The collection of these picturesque and rare specimens of the silversmith's craft constituted the late Duke's principal hobby. At present they are resting in air-tight glass cases at Clarence House, London.

Some little time ago the writer was afforded an opportunity of inspecting these wonderful silver ships, or "nefs," as some call them. There are no less than forty-one examples in the collection, and it is declared that there are only sixty in existence. It appears that in the Middle Ages, when a sovereign desired to display his or her friendliness to another monarch, the gift invariably comprised a ship or nef. Consequently the demand for these curious examples of silver workmanship was strictly limited. Their rarity may be adequately comprehended from the fact that very few museums in Europe contain a single specimen. The Czar has a few which are jealously preserved in the Kremlin at Moscow, there is one at the Louvre, Paris, the remainder being distributed throughout the world in private collections.

An interesting specimen is that which was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his holding the post of Master to that Corporation. This ship measures twenty-eight inches in length and was made in Nuremberg in the year 1650. It is a trading ship with two masts, and has a large figure of Neptune seated in the stern, a draped female figure

forming the prow. All the ropes, rigging, sails, the various appliances on deck and the crew are all faithfully and delicately worked in the solid metal. One curious feature of this ship, noticeable also in several others, is that the captain is represented twice the size of a member of his crew, as if to assert his authority.

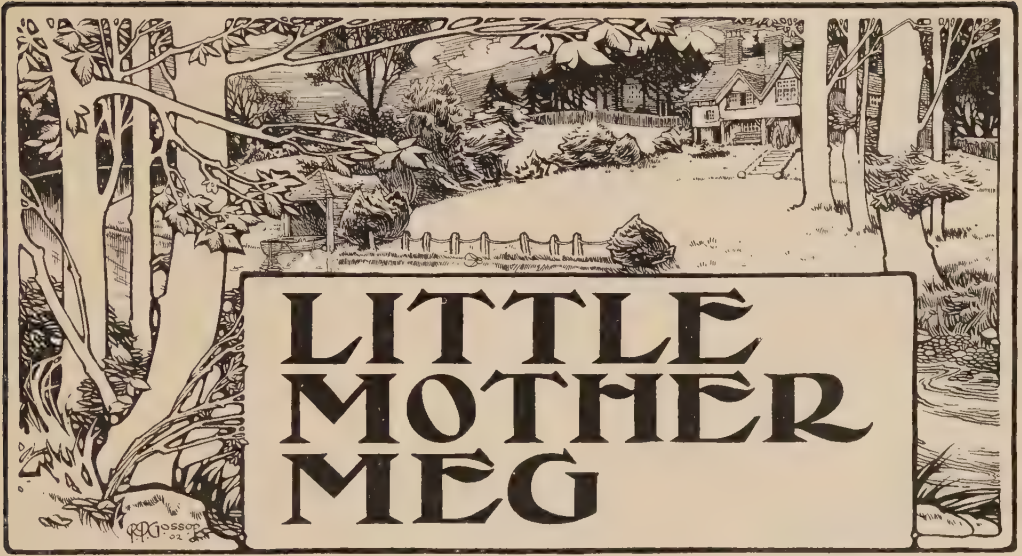
The little vessels were not designed solely for ornament, but to fulfil a useful purpose. In some, for instance, the decks are removable to allow the insertion of a bottle or other receptacle holding wine. In others the wine is poured direct into the hull and withdrawn through a small orifice in the bow of the craft. Many of the vessels, too, are designed for holding sweetmeats and other table delicacies. These ships, owing to their "immense" size and corresponding weight, are mounted upon small silver wheels, pierced and richly chased, to facilitate their movements upon the table. Could any one imagine more delightful or prettier table ornaments!

All kinds of ships are depicted in this wonderful collection. There is the three-masted vessel in full sail. The crew may be seen replete in their naval uniforms; from the port-holes project miniature guns, exact *fac-similes* of their prototypes, while small cannon are distributed about the deck with the gunners standing beside them. A fighting merchant vessel is represented. On the bridge of this ship the captain may be discerned in the act of shouting his commands to the crew. There is also a war vessel with the decks cleared for action. It has four masts, and the diminutive crew on the deck are carrying baskets of ammunition to the guns, while the gunners are standing with the sponges in their hands to clean the muzzles after a discharge. The captain is provided with a telescope with which he is scanning the horizon, and in the crow's nest are the sharpshooters or lookout men.



A MINIATURE LAWN-MOWER THAT CONTAINS 384 PIECES.

OUR readers will be interested to know that most of these marvellous models will be exhibited at the Guild Bazaar on December 3rd, by kind permission of the owners.



BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

BY ETHEL TURNER,

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbie," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"GOING TO MEG'S."

THERE was the freshness of early winter in the air. The river leaped and laughed in its old brown rocky bed, the autumn rains had washed the summer brown from the grassed banks and coloured them so sweetly green you would have thought that Spring herself had passed over them with twinkling feet.

Even the trees could not quite make up their minds as to the season. There stood a group with trunks so richly red and brown, that to a boat shooting round the river bend all the landscape directly in front seemed suffused with the royal autumn tints.

But here a tongue of land that ran out into the water was thick with young wattle bursting into leaves of spring-like greenness.

And if the eye looked ahead, far, far up the river where Misrule's paddocks ran down wild-haired to the waters, the tree-trunks there, as if to accentuate the irresolute note of nature, gleamed white as silver.

Down in the tumble-down boat-shed at the edge of the poppy paddock, John, otherwise "Bunty," was drying out the boat, and putting in the gay red cushions. He was working not cheerfully but of necessity.

It was Saturday afternoon, and after the early dinner customary to that day of the week, he had said he was going down to Meg's, and went off whistling across the grass. Peter came bursting down after him. "Wait for me, wait for me—I'm coming too," he shouted. Bunty was standing up in the boat and pushing off, but at the shout he steadied the little craft a second.

"Jump, then," he called out, and Peter leaped wildly after him, and landed in a pool in the bottom of the boat.

"Why didn't you bale her out?" the small youth said, his spirits a trifle saddened at the sight of his wet boots and the splashes on the clean cuffs of his sailor blouse; "Aren't you going to? There's a bucket of water there at least."

"You let it alone and it'll let you alone," quoth Bunty, laconically. "Stick your feet on the seat or sit on them or something, if they get in your way."

Over the grass came yet another flying figure—eager little Essie, five years old, with brown-gold curls streaming out behind her, and scarlet on her cheeks and sparkles in her round brown eyes.

"Stop, stop," she shouted, "you're to stop—do you hear! Stop at once—Nellie says."

"Oh, hang!" said Bunty, "now what's the matter?"

"We can't come back," shouted Peter; "go

away—go home at once, Essie; we can't take you, the boat's as wet as sop."

But Essie continued to shout and gesticulate so energetically that Bunty took an unwilling backstroke or two.

Nellie wanted to come—that was the substance of the message—Nellie herself intended to go down to Meg's this afternoon, and Bunty was please to see the boat was dry and fit to go in.

So Bunty came back and tied the boat up again, not over cheerfully, and baled out the water with an ox-tongue tin, and mopped the seats dry.

"Cut up to the house and get a rug, Jumbo," he said, "and the cushions are in the coach-house; I put them there because the shed leaks."

Peter went off to obey the mandate, and Essie insisted upon helping to bale out. She got a rusty pannikin from the picnic-hamper and baled vigorously, spilling the water naturally down the front of her muslin pinafore.

Then Poppet appeared—Poppet, aged twelve, bright and eager-eyed.

And last of all came Nell—Nell, just nineteen. Nell in a dress of deep heliotrope shade, with a black velvet picture-hat setting off her fresh young beauty.

But now what was to be done? The big boat was up, high and dry, waiting for repairs. This little dinghey Bunty had prepared was meant for two, but would hold three at a pinch. And five of them were there insisting that they must go!

"Essie and Peter must stay," Nellie said decisively. "Essie went yesterday with Esther, so there is no need for her to go again, and Peter can go one day next week—now stay like good chickens and play together nicely. Martha is going to make scones and gingerbread, and you could help her."

"I don't want to make scones and gingerbread," said Essie, "I want to go and see Meg." She jumped as she spoke, and Bunty, standing in the boat, had to catch her.

"Don't be naughty, Essie," said Nell. "Look, your pinafore is all wet, and Peter's boots are wet—neither of you could come like that. Be good, and run back with Peter. Put her out again, Bunty."

The little witch clung to Bunty.

"Dear Bunty, kind Bunty, I can go, can't I? I want to oar—nobody lets me go in boats, nobody lets me oar." The tears welled up.

"She wouldn't make any difference in the weight, Nell," said Bunty, vanquished; "she's only a feather."

"Only a feather," Essie repeated, looking agitatedly at Nell.

"And then poor old Jumbo would be left alone," Nell said; "you wouldn't be so selfish, would you, Essie?"

Essie was torn with conflicting emotions—there was Peter standing desolate on the bank, but on the other hand just across the river and down a little way was Meg.

"Oh," she said, and burst into tears, "I do want to yock Meg's little baby again."

"But you were rocking him yesterday, Esther said so," said Nellie; "Meg let you have him for a long time."

"I want him again," wept Essie; "I want to schtroke his little teeny feet."

But clearly some one had to stay; Pip, who was an authority, had said the dinghey could not safely hold more than three. Bunty must go to "oar" them; Poppet must go, she had not been for a fortnight, having been shut in the house with a cough; and she herself, Nellie, oh, she had countless things to consult Meg upon. Peter was making very little outcry at being left; he had said at first disappointedly that he "wanted to see the kid," but now he stood on the bank quite resigned.

"Put her out, Bunty," whispered Nell, and Bunty hopped on shore, his young sister clinging tightly to him.

"Hang on to her, Jum," he said, and Peter manfully pulled at Essie's waist while his elder brother disentangled himself from her frantic hands. The next second Bunty was on board again, and the gay little *'Possum* was twenty yards away.

"Go back to the house," cried Nellie, "run at once. Peter, take her back. I want to see you inside the white gate."

For the first few yards Peter had to drag his sister, but after that he evidently told her something consoling, for her sobs ceased, and the boatload saw the little pair walk hand-in-hand up through the rank grass, and disappear within the wicket-gate.

"What a good little fellow Peter is!" Nell said admiringly, and spread the rug comfortably over her knees and Poppet's. "Now pull away, Bunty, it must be half-past three."

"I don't think much of you, Nell, dolling up like this," Bunty said, plying his oars a little viciously; "if I were Meg I wouldn't like it."

"What nonsense you talk," Nell said indignantly; "Meg knows I have to get dresses sometimes, and I may as well get pretty ones. It wouldn't do her any good for me to get blacks or plain browns."

"I don't care—it looks like showing off; you could go to her in an old one, and keep these flaring ones for rich people," persisted the boy.

"I thought you needn't have come in your new hat," said Poppet; "poor Meg, she hasn't had a new hat for a dreadful time."

Nellie looked ready to cry. "I always like to ask Meg's opinion on my clothes," she said, "you know I wouldn't be so horrid, John. And it isn't a bit an expensive dress."

"It oughtn't to be, it's so precious ugly," John said; "you've as much taste as Flibberty-jibbet, Nell. There's your dress, puce——"

"Puce!" cried Nellie; "why it's the loveliest shade of deep Parma violet!"

"Puce," persisted Bunty; "and then you go and put red and purple all over your hat."

"Shows how much you know of colours," said Nellie; "that velvet is a lovely shade, just the pinky tinge that helps to make up heliotrope; and the purple is just a richer tone than the dress—I selected them most carefully, and I trimmed it myself."

"I'll believe you," said Bunty, showing his teeth in a grin. "I suppose you put it on the bottom knob of the banisters and went upstairs and dropped the trimming down on it any way."

"Oh," said Nell, "I just dropped my bag of ribbons on it, and then stitched on all that clung to it. But it wants something else as a finish, an

aigrette or something, that's why I wanted to consult Meg."

"Look here," said Bunty, "if you put another thing on it I'll give some kids a penny to throw bricks at it. Doesn't it look, Poppet, as if she'd put everything she's got on it?"

But Poppet's eye was a feminine one. "I think it's lovely," she said: "only I wish Meg had one too."

An hour's row took them across a long slant to the other bank of the river. They tied the boat to a pile of the small rough wharf that was any one's property now a big important wharf had been built to meet the wants of this rapidly growing suburb of Redbank. Down here, near the water, handsome houses nestled in extensive grounds, and the beautiful river frontage was held by the rich, as the bathing and boat-houses all along testified.

It was not there that the three stopped. They made their way up, up the River Hill to streets where quiet, modest cottages stood in small, neat allotments of land. One, a tiny pretty place, was running over with roses—they rioted over the fence, up the verandah pillars, peeped gaily into all windows.

Poppet stopped one little second at its gate and sighed. "If only Megsie lived *here*," she said.

They went on again—into the business street of



the suburb now. It was a dusty, unbeautiful street, built upon thickly on either side. Not a peep of the laughing river could be seen from here, not a tree tossed its free branches in all the length of it, hardly a blade of grass dare show. The bank was here, the Post Office, the stucco Town Hall of the district, two or three grocers, bootmakers, drapers, all the shops a spreading civilisation brings.

Half-way down it on one side a terrace stood, a terrace of tall, narrow, commonplace houses, and the middle one bore a brass plate, highly polished, with the name Dr. Courtney upon it. Bunty rang the bell, Poppet gazed expectantly at the ugly door in front of her, Nellie looked across the road with pained eyes—across to where the rival butchers of the district, separated only by the circulating library and a confectioner's, tried to cut each other's throats with the tickets on their mutton and beef. To eyes accustomed to the river's witcheries, the thousand greens of the trees, and the free skies round Misrule, the view of hanging carcasses and fly-spotted walls came unpleasantly. A very young maid came to the door, but her cap and apron left nothing to be desired. She beamed at the three, and they passed into the narrow hall. At the sound of their voices Alan came out of his empty consulting-room.

He looked ten years older than the day, three years ago, when he led Meg light-heartedly from a rose-strewn altar, in front of Nellie, Poppet, Essie, and his own little sister, all in fluttering bridesmaids' array. His face was sharper, thinner than the boy Alan's had been, and the always resolute mouth-lines were more pronounced. But the eyes looked out at you quite cheerfully.

"That you, young ones?" he said, pleasure on his face. "I'm glad you've come, it'll do Meg good to see you. Go straight up—she's trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear as usual—you can hear her hammer."

Nellie looked round.

"You are much straighter than I expected you would be," she said; "you know Poppet and I have not seen the house yet, though you have been here a fortnight."

"Ten days," he said. "Does it strike you as a very wretched hole?" His eyes looked round anxiously.

"Oh," Nell faltered, "it—it might be worse, Alan."

"Meg doesn't care a dump, I bet," Bunty said, with a gruffness that betrayed his sympathy.

Poppet rubbed her cheek against Alan's arm. "She won't care where she is now she's got little Baby," she said.

The anxiety died out of the young doctor's face, and he went back to the work he was doing in the consulting-room quite cheerfully.

Upstairs the three rushed, and found Meg mounted on steps, putting up curtains of a sunshiny yellow. She sprang down with a glad little cry when the door opened.

"Oh, I *am* glad," she said; "Nell, I thought you never were coming—Poppet, you darling—oh, more than one kiss, I haven't seen you for ages; Bunty, I've wanted you a dozen times since last you came—that shelf came down, we couldn't have put strong enough supports, and I have been dying to get on with the other dressing-table."

Bunty took off his coat in a most business-like fashion, and rolled up his sleeves.

"But where's the nipper?" he said; "we'll just have a look at him before we start."

They trooped into an adjacent bedroom, and found Meg's baby on the bed waving its aimless little legs and arms in the air.

"Why, he's awake, the darling, darling," said Nellie, and stooped over him to gather him up in her arms, the new look of tenderness making her face exquisite to see.

Poppet was caressing the warm, wee feet from which she had pulled the boots, putting her finger to be grasped by the fluttering, tiny hand, stroking the downy head.

"Why," she said, "oh, Meg, I'm *sure* his eyelashes have grown. Did you cut them? Florrie at our school—you know Florrie, with lovely, goldy curls and long eyelashes—well, she said the reason her lashes are so long her mother cut them when she was a baby."

"But they are as long as they can be, without cutting," Meg said proudly. "Mrs. Lindsay said, Nell, she never saw such long black lashes on so young a child. When I was on the boat yesterday there were quite six babies there, and not one of them had such lovely lashes as Little Boy."

"And I'm sure they hadn't such sweet little mouths," Poppet said stoutly.

"No, truly they hadn't," Meg said eagerly, "they just seemed to have plain, ordinary lips—none of them had a tiny little red bud of a mouth like Baby's."

"Had they more hair?" said Poppet, anxiously.

"Yes, one or two had," Meg admitted; "you see, I am not blinded, though I am a mother. I remember, Nell, I was a little disappointed that Baby hadn't a lot of golden curls when he came. But now I wouldn't change for worlds; they couldn't be half so sweet as this soft, brown, downy silk, could they?" and she put her lips down on the dear little head. "Those babies on

the boat who had a lot looked so ordinary. And I must say Little Boy's complexion put all of them in the shade; they were pasty-looking babies, and Boy was so rosy and fresh and smiling, every one was looking at him."

"Hello, Currant-Eye," said Bunty. "Hi, there, look at me—hi, hi, over here, you little donkey, you." He was waving his arms wildly and contorting his face, now stooping below the bed foot, and now springing up.

Little Boy continued to gaze calmly and serenely up at the top of the bed.

"Oh, he doesn't quite understand that sort of thing, Bunty," Meg said apologetically.

"Why, Meg," said Poppet indignantly, "you have no eyes—he smiled distinctly. Do it again, Bunty."

Bunty contorted his body violently again, and said, "Hi, there," and "Hullo," and "Here we are again."

And Baby, gazing about the room, blinked a moment, and shut and opened his hungry little mouth.

"There," said Poppet, triumphantly, "didn't I tell you—the darlingest little smile, wasn't it, Nell?"

"It certainly was," Nell said; "he really is astonishingly knowing for two months, Meg."

"Yes, I'm afraid he is," Meg said anxiously, "sometimes it frightens me a little; my book says babies with too active brains do not thrive as well as duller children. Please don't do it again, Bunty. And I think I'll put him to sleep if you'll all go out for a few minutes; this is too much excitement for him."

They all went obediently into the next room to await her leisure.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOUDS THAT CAME.

"Sail on nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee—are all with thee."



"THERE ENTERED TWO DRIPPING ATOMS, PETER WITH ESSIE HELD BY THE HAND."—(p. 36.)

THIS house in Burton's Terrace had only seen ten days of Meg's married life.

The first year of it had been passed in as lovely a home as ever bride need wish to be taken to. The young couple began on six hundred and fifty pounds a year—Alan's private income of three hundred, and three hundred and fifty from his post in a hospital. That pleasant sum gave

them a delightful home in the married quarters at the hospital, three well-trained servants who made the domestic wheels run with a smoothness very soothing to Meg after the jars and creaking of Misrule's wheels, pretty frocks, artistic furniture, plenty of margin for holiday trips, and the amusements that so pleasantly sprinkle the even road of life.

To go to "Meg's" had been the happiest of excursions to one and all at Misrule.

Major Woolcot himself had enjoyed the well-cooked dainty dinners of Meg's excellent cook after the haphazard arrangements at Misrule, Alan's good cigars, the pleasant company the young couple gathered around them. And Mrs. Woolcot, the children's stepmother, whom they called Esther, liked to go, though once or twice she had looked wistful. This bride was beginning her life on ways much softer to the tread than she, just as young, had done. There were no six harum-scarum children here to take to, no battered furniture, no wild grounds where the weeds grew on an unblushing equality with the flowers.

"You are a very lucky girl, Meg, dear," she said, when first she saw the beautiful home.

And Nellie, beauty-loving Nellie, it was deep happiness for her to bang the much-banged front door of Misrule behind her and go off, bag in hand, for a week in that dainty home. To be wakened at half-past seven—six was Misrule's usual hour—by a smiling maid with a silver tray and cup of chocolate; to breakfast at luxurious half-past eight in the cosy breakfast-room; to go shopping with Meg to the best shops, and come back laden with delicious trifles Meg had bought for her—a novel hat-pin, a purse, a lace scarf, a photograph-frame or such.

To help Meg with a lunch party—perhaps a Violet Lunch—and mass the delicate flowers and arrange the violet ribbons, and help paint violets on the menu cards, and touch all that might be touched with the sweet colour.

To go calling in the afternoon, or stay at home and be called upon. To "dress for dinner"—a pleasant vanity very dear to Nell's heart—and afterwards to be borne off by sister and brother-in-law, who well knew her tastes, to dress-circle seats at the most fashionable piece then running.

But "an end had come of pleasant places."

Six months after the marriage the failure of a mine that had seemed safer than any bank had suddenly deprived the young doctor of his private income of three hundred, and at the same time stricken so severe a blow at his father's—old Mr. Courtney's—fortune as to make it impossible for him to receive any help from that quarter.

Still, three hundred and fifty was quite enough to live upon. Meg curtailed her expenses, kept only a cook and laundress, one young housemaid, gave up the pretty pony and governess cart that Alan had bought her, and still found life flowed along a smooth and merry stream.

But then there gathered upon that early marriage sky storm-clouds, black as they had never thought to see.

Serious eye-trouble threatened Alan; more than one oculist friend had looked very grave after examining him.

He struggled on from month to month, refusing to believe anything serious could be the matter; the trouble would yield to mild treatment, he persisted. But every month saw the difficulty increase, his eyes began to blur and fail him at moments critical to his patients. There came a day when, his scalpel at work over a delicate operation, he had almost gone a hairbreadth out of his course and lost the life they were trusting him to patch up.

Then he went home and stared this blank ruin that threatened his life squarely in the face, Meg's hand in his. After the first dark hour passed it was Meg who made the move. They would go to Germany, she said. There were men there who often performed the one operation that the oculists here were agreed upon might be successful in this case, though few of them seemed to care or dare to venture to do the thing themselves.

The hospital appointment was given up, the pretty home sold, money borrowed, and the young couple fared forth.

Letters came to Misrule from an inexpensive *pension* in a suburb out of Heidelberg. The great doctors gave little hope; even they shrank from the exceeding risk of the great operation, from which one rose either completely blind or with full vision. Alan, left alone, they said, would at all events be able to keep some dim sort of sight for the rest of his life.

The months went on, and the shadows fell heavier and heavier; Meg's letters to Misrule grew thinner every mail—her heavy pen refused to fill the pages.

Then came a postscript to one; a new doctor had been found, full of enthusiasm for the operation; she, Meg, trembled now at the thought of it, but Alan was full of eagerness. A week went past, and another half-sheet came. The operation was to be performed in three days.

And the folk at Misrule walked about, and sat and worked with thoughts and hearts away all the time across the cruel hundreds of miles.

"Meg, Meg—oh, don't let it be; God, don't let

it be," came bursting softly from Poppet's wet pillow in the little pink and white peaceful bedroom that had been Meg's all her girlhood.

And Nellie, moving away in the darkness, had looked up from the window at the same quiet stars that had seen so often Meg's happy eyes up-raised to them, and had whispered passionately, "Oh, God, help her, help her—look where she is now, and help her!" There were no other letters for two mails, and Misrule's heart, quickened before by the immediate anxiety, began to beat heavily, wearily again. Then a blotted, wild line or two telling of success, success beyond even the enthusiastic doctor's expectation. And Misrule flung up its cap, and danced and shouted, and found its river lovely once again, and its skies and stars more glorious than ever, and its world full of kindness.

"Let's let the dogs out," cried Peter, and rushed off to the stables.

"Let's have a picnic in the boats," said Poppet.

The months danced along now for both. Time had to be given for the restored eyes to get back their tone again, but who minded anything now? Meg and Alan laughed and frolicked about in sober Germany for all the world like children out of school. Life that has escaped tragedy by a hairbreadth, becomes for the time a picnic.

Back they came at last to their own land, and Misrule had work to keep itself from plunging in the harbour and swimming out to meet the unemotional ship, instead of waiting decorously on the wharf.

The pair were absolutely ruined financially; the hospital appointment had long since passed into other hands, and none other was vacant; they were six hundred pounds in debt, for the travelling and such doctoring had been ruinous; there was a baby of nine weeks to tie Meg's hands.

But they only laughed at things like these, now that the great clouds were gone.

"As long as I can see what I'm fighting," said Alan, as he got into harness again, "I rather enjoy the feeling of having to hit out. Only I'd like things to have been soft for you."

"As long as you can see what you're fighting," said Meg, stoutly, "I don't care a straw if things are hard as nails—so long as we can keep a soft cushion for Baby."

But it hurt Misrule and the Courtneys, and the old friends of the family to see them struggling. Many advised that they should go still deeper into debt, and start straight away in a good house, entertain and live generally in the style one expects from a successful doctor.

But that terrible six hundred pound debt made

them shrink from more; four hundred old Mr. Courtney had lent, and was in somewhat straitened circumstances for want of it; two hundred Major Woolcot had advanced, and would be very glad to have back again in those ever-gaping coffers of his.

There could be no question, therefore, of buying a practice; the little money in hand, apart from the hoped-for fees, would have to see them over more than one cold year perhaps. But in that untempting house in that long, monotonous terrace at Redbank a doctor—of a kind—had long lived, and though he had sold his practice when he left, and the buyer had set up in a handsome house on the heights of the hill, still, some one starting in the same place might gather, perhaps, a trifle of practice in a neighbourhood which was growing in such a way as to make it reasonable to suppose that there would be practice enough for an additional doctor.

They bought nothing but the absolutely necessary articles of furniture for the rooms—just some plain equipments for the consulting-room, and chairs, tables and beds for their own use.

"There's the first note of the battle," Alan said, when, the second day after their arrival, the clang of a hammer reached them to tell that the highly-polished brass-plate was being fastened to the front door.

"Hasn't it got a triumphant sound?" Meg answered.

CHAPTER III.

A DOCTRINE OF COLOUR.

"Well, and if none of these good things came, What did the failure prove?"

SOMETHING seemed sticking in Nell's throat this afternoon as she looked round the brave little home Meg had already contrived, and noticed the lack of even the most ordinary necessities. The front up-stairs room was half drawing-room, half study.

"You see, people may call," Meg said gravely, "so I have had to sacrifice some conveniences to covenances. I could have had it shabbier and more comfortable if I had been certain no one would come."

"It looks very comfortable," Nellie faltered, and fell to praising some bookshelves Alan had made.

The velvet carpet of the first drawing-room was only a memory now; this floor was merely painted a dull shade of green, and varnished as Meg had often seen the floors in Denmark and Germany. A rug or two took off the chilly effect. There

were a few comfortable rush chairs, a little table or two, and the other furnishings of the room were books and photographs and some of Misrule's royalty of flowers.

In the bedrooms it was the same; of ordinary furniture there was absolutely nothing but the bedsteads. Packing-cases, concealed beneath pretty frilled covers, answered the purposes of dressing-tables, washstands, clothes-cupboards.

The dining-room was in the basement, so cheerless a place on first view that even Meg's spirits had received a check. But that floor she painted dull red, and put some bold gleams of colour about, and with a picture or two, a bowl of warm-coloured chrysanthemums, photographs and oddments, the effect was no longer depressing.

"Colour *is* so much, isn't it?" she said, noting Nellie's eye that only looked at the things it might approve of, and seemed not to see the spaces where furniture should be. "And the drabber life promises to be, the more we want of it. I'm sure our mutton chops taste better with those bits of red and gold and blue to catch our eyes when we look up from our plates."

"I'm quite sure they do," Nell said. "I think it was sweet of you to think of it, Meg. Some girls would have been so miserable at seeing all their pretty things sold, they would not have troubled like you have done."

"Oh," said Meg, "that sort of thing has become quite a creed with me. Some day I shall go into the highways—meaning by that all the most depressing, wretched little streets I can find—and preach a doctrine of colour to the women and girls."

"They would only apply it to their hats," said Pip, who had just come in and bestowed a greeting kiss on the top of Meg's fair head.

"Poor things," Meg said; "I never condemn the most dreadful hats I see on public holidays. I always feel there must be such a terrible amount of grey and drab in the background of the picture to have induced the little burst of brilliance. But I should tackle the middle-aged women chiefly with my colour-scheme, and the young mothers—more especially the young mothers."

"I'll come with you and preach some saving clauses about cleanliness," laughed Pip. "Your women would run riot, carried away by your ideas, and rush home and hang red art muslin over the dirty patches on the wall that need a scrubbing-brush more than anything."

"Well, perhaps I'll take you with me," Meg said; "there might be that danger. I do know

I'd rather bring brightness and cleanliness into the dun-coloured homes of our own country, than undertake almost any other mission."

Pip pushed a chair forward. "Up you get," he said; "the orator is worthy of his stump. I suppose the infant is the cause of all this eloquence?"

Meg laughed and sat down comfortably on the proffered stump. "Forgive me," she said; "yes, I suppose it *is* Baby. Somehow, when you have children you get a feeling of an odd sort of responsibility for the poor old world. What *have* you got there, Youth?"

Pip was taking the wrappings off a brightly-coloured picture-book, a Noah's Ark, and a little horse on wheels.

"For the kid," he said; "I saw them in a window as I came along, and thought the little chap could amuse himself with them when you were busy."

A tear sprang to Meg's eye, though her mouth worked with a laugh. Pip was serving his articles in a solicitor's office, and had the smallest of salaries in the meantime, yet he had never paid her a visit without bringing "something for the kid."

(His first gift, sent when perhaps the child was six weeks old, was a box of soldiers and a tin train.)

"But you dear, ridiculous old fellow," Meg said, "Little Boy could as easily play with the moon as these things. You mustn't waste your money on him till he is older and gets a spine and thumbs. He can't even pick anything up yet."

"Oh," said Pip, "you give him the chance. I bet you he'll start to pull the horse about as soon as he sees it, and stand the animals in twos. Well, I'll go down and have a smoke with Alan. I told him I'd be back in a second."

But before he could turn away the door opened, and there entered two dripping wet atoms, Peter, with Essie held by the hand, and Alan behind.

"What on earth—!" began Meg, with startled eyes.

Peter and Essie only looked at each other and giggled.

"Peter!" cried Meg. "Essie! What is the matter, what have you been doing?"

"Peter!" cried Nellie. "Essie! Oh, I will never trust you again, never."

"I told Lizzie to light the water-heater," Alan said. "Get their clothes off, Meg, and see what's happened when they've had a hot bath and a drink."

The story came out during the process.

Bunty was building a canoe in the Misrule boat-shed; true, it was not by any means finished,

and he would have thought twice before he had gone a hundred yards in it himself at its present stage, but in this craft the two children had actually voyaged across the river. The current had been favourable, and Peter had been able to make a certain amount of way with the short paddle, but the passage took some time.

"We were as right as rain," said Peter, "and

we'd got right up to that white wharf, the one before this one, and then what must that little idiot Essie do but tip out into the water."

Essie buried her nose in Meg's shoulder.

"I was just letting Mussie put her footies in the water, and I let go of her," she whispered.

And the excuse had to be taken. "Mussie" was a purple and pink cow, perhaps four inches



"'I WAS JUST LETTING MUSSIE PUT HER FOOTIES IN THE WATER,' WHISPERED ESSIE,
'AND I LET GO OF HER.'"

long, that the child had kept and loved devotedly since she was three. She took it to bed with her, it was in her pocket in school hours, it stood patiently beside her plate at every meal; there had even been a Sunday when Nellie, looking up at church from her prayers to shake her head at Peter, who was giggling audibly, had been forced to smile herself, for there was Mussie on a spare hassock beside little kneeling Essie, Mussie reared up in a devotional attitude, with his purple head resting piously on an opened prayer-book.

And Mussie, being lost overboard, what wonder the distracted Essie leaned recklessly over the side, and finally "tipped out"?

Peter, a ridiculous object, with Baby's shawl around him, was having his head well scrubbed with a bath towel.

"Of course I had to get in after the young idiot," he said.

"You neederent," said Essie; "I can swim's well as you."

"Well, you squealed hard enough," Peter said.

"My newest frock was getting wet," said Essie, with dignity.

Peter giggled. "Wasn't it a lark with the gentleman," he said.

Essie giggled. "As if we'd get drowned when we was close to the wharf like that."

It seemed a gentleman, who had been smoking in one of the gardens that ran down to the water, had heard Essie's first shriek and had rushed headlong down to their assistance. When he arrived on the wharf, however, both the children had swum to the side, and he had nothing to do but give them a hand up. Their presence of mind and excellent swimming impressed him, however; when they refused to come up to the house and be dried, alleging that they could run to their sister's as quickly, he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a sovereign for each of them.

"That's because you've learnt to swim," he said; "you have really saved me a great deal of trouble. I should have felt obliged to jump in after you, and then rub you both to life again if you hadn't swum in so well."

Nothing could show the children the wrongfulness of their act. They kept gazing at their gold with lustrous eyes; in all their lives before they had never been presented with anything of greater value than half-a-crown.

"We can get our tricycles now," Peter chuckled, "and we've waited a simply awful time for them."

Essie's thoughts traversed back, too, over

the months they had longed ardently for these things.

"What a pity we never tipped over before," she said regretfully.

CHAPTER IV.

MISRULE ON WHEELS.

PIP's was the first bicycle in the family, and Major Woolcot had never grudged the twenty pounds he paid for it.

For as he grew to man's estate Pip seemed to forget the stable had been built and stocked expressly for his father's benefit. He had a genial way of saddling Mazeppa or Mopoke and going off for a long ride early on a holiday morning, returning at dinner-time, flushed with the exercise, and saying, "You really ought to have gone out, governor—it was a perfect morning."

"I should have gone," the Major would return coldly, "only you had taken Mopoke."

And the next time Pip would take Mazeppa, and then it would fall out that the Major had intended to use that steed. Moreover, all the time the boy was out the Major would fume and fret about the place. He knew how it would be—the young beggar would bring the poor brute home lame. He knew what it would be—Mopoke would be in a lather when she came back, and would get another chill. He knew what it would be—that boy would force Mazeppa at a fence he could not take, and would bring him back with broken knees. None of these things ever happened, but the Major was prepared for them each time, and Esther and the household were the sufferers for every ride.

Then Alan invested in a bicycle for his rounds, being quite unable to keep a horse and buggy. And Andrew, his brother, followed suit, and Pip learned to ride the latter's machine and occasionally borrowed it.

"By Jove," he said one day, when he and his father were looking at the horses, "Mopoke's eating her head off; I'll have to take it out of her."

"She's all right," said his father, jealously; "I don't want her ridden to death. Work off your spirits on that bicycle you were trying the other day."

"It's Andrew Courteney's," Pip said gloomily. "He's going off on a tour with some other fellows. Lucky dog!"

The Major looked at him narrowly. "You don't mean to tell me you'd rather ride a bicycle than a horse?" he said.

"Wouldn't I, though!" said Pip, who had been

used to horses always, and was full of the newer craze.

The Major could hardly credit his ears. "You mean to say if you had a bicycle of your own you wouldn't want to use my horses?" he said.

"Not I," said Pip, scenting a victory he had never thought of fighting for. "If I could have afforded a bike when Andrew got his, Mopoke wouldn't have felt my weight all these days that she has done."

"How much are these bicycles?" said the Major, cautiously.

Pip flicked at a fly that was haunting Mazeppa's nose. "Andy gave twenty-five pounds for his," he said, "but that's rather stiff. Alan's was twelve pounds, but his tyres were a good way from new. Still, it's easy to pick up a good second-hand one if you know your way about."

The Major rubbed Mopoke's pleasant nose thoughtfully. Of late the worry he had felt about Pip riding his horses had almost determined him to buy him a mount of his own. He would never realise that this son of his was grown up and beyond his schoolboy tricks; indeed, he never got over an uneasy feeling that if left unwatched his eldest son might "shy a cricket ball" and lame a horse, as Bunty had done on one memorable occasion.

He had even, with an eye to providing the boy with something that would keep him off the backs of Mopoke and Mazeppa, looked at a horse a brother officer wanted to sell for twenty pounds. But then the stables would need enlarging, and the feed bill was already a very serious one. Pip's bicycle enthusiasm seemed a marvellous solving of the problem.

"Are you sure you wouldn't be tired of it in a week and want to go back to the horses?" he said. He had a curious contempt and distrust for bicycles himself.

"Tired of it!" said Pip; "you just try me."

So the Major handed over a cheque for twenty pounds, and Pip haunted all the bicycle shops in town, and brought home piles of catalogues, and was heard to speak of nothing for a fortnight but gears and sprockets and tyres, free-wheels and chainless machines. Finally a selection was made; a glittering "Swallow" came home to Misrule, and one person in the world was perfectly happy.

Then Bunty caught the fever.

Pip was not particularly selfish, but it was too severe a strain on his patience to see a young brother clumsily handling his tenderly-cared-for machine, and making wild essays to ride it round the paths.

High words were heard several times between them, Pip having discovered almost invisible scratches on the enamel or the nickel, and Bunty contending that they were far more likely caused by Pip, who had ridden it forty miles the day before, than he, Bunty, who had merely taken a turn round the lawn.

"And smashed into a fence once and a tree twice on the way," Pip would say scathingly. "Look at the handle-bars; they're twisted, I'm certain."

One morning as his father was just riding off to barracks, Bunty touched his elbow and presented a sheet of paper. On it was a column of careful figures. The first entry had to do with the enormous and extortionate charge of the quarterly boat ticket, and the additional tram fares necessitated by the distance between Misrule and the college where Bunty was supposed to be preparing for the University.

The document, to be precise, ran as follows:—

Moneys obtained by extortion from Major Woolcot for the school travelling of his son John—

To one quarter's boat ticket by the slow old river tub which wastes no end of valuable time that should be given to Euclid and the classics . . . £1 19s. 0d.
(And it'll be more soon, for, I can't get a school ticket when I start to the University.)

To one quarter's tram tickets . . . 13s. 0d.
(And this may be much more any day for the tram is so crowded I always have to hang on to the platform, and so make you run the risk of paying a doctor's bill for me.)

Total drain for the quarter on Major Woolcot's pocket, exclusive of risks . . . £2 12s. 0d.

Or for five years the enormous sum of . . . £52 0s. 0d.



"'THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE LEARNT TO SWIM,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN, 'YOU HAVE REALLY SAVED ME A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.'"—(p. 38.)

AGAINST THIS

Set the following facts.

Down at Hewitt's, the bicycle mender's, there's a first-rate little machine going for the ridiculous sum of £9 os. od.
Thus in five years, after the one outlay, the sum left over in Major Woolcot's pocket for investment at 7 per cent. (if he can get it) will be . . . £43 os. od.

ADVANTAGES.

Splendid, healthy exercise every day, instead of being mowed up in a dirty old boat and a stuffy tram.

N.B.—(Giles, our drill sergeant, says I need more exercise.)

Machine always at hand if you want a message taken into town, or Esther needs anything in a hurry from the grocer's, or the children are taken dangerously ill in the night.

The document departed in its last line from its business-like character. It said, "Go on, pater," and the very black writing of the three words gave them such an urgent look that the Major "went on."

Bunty, coming home for tea that same evening found on his plate an envelope in his father's writing.

He tore it open, trembling, and a cheque for nine pounds burnt his hand and made his head swim. On the envelope flap was written, "With thanks for your unusual and considerate interest in my expenditure, J. Woolcot.—P.S. Get Pip or some one to go and have a look at it."

Pip went, distrustful of such a price. But saw and was conquered. "A remarkably good little machine for the money, and very little used," was his verdict, and Bunty tossed on his narrow bed all night, and could hardly wait for Saturday's dawn to come and set him free to rush down to the shop, cheque in hand, and wrest the machine from the man's possession.

Martha gave him a plate of porridge and some toast in the kitchen, seeing he would not hear of waiting until orthodox breakfast-time.

"But look you here," she said, "and be warned in time—if you go and take my tea-towels and glass-cloths to

clean the nasty dirty thing like Mr. Philip does, I'll smash it with the axe, or my name's not Martha Tomlinson."

Bunty was quite willing to promise. "Anything will do for me," he said, "your afternoon aprons, or a nice soft blouse—I'm not particular, bless your soul!"

"And just let me see you setting your greasy oil-can down on my clean dresser like Mr. Philip did—just let me see it, that's all," cautioned Martha.

"Just let me see you using my bottle of oil for your old salad dressings, that's all," said Bunty.

"And boiling his dirty old keroseny chain in the little milk-sauce-pan, the new enamel double saucepan. 'An' it'll wash, keep your hair on,' sez he. And didn't I scrub and scour with sandstone and carbolic for a week, and then the first time I put the milk in again didn't the master tear and rage round the table and ask had I emptied a lamp over the porridge? An' isn't it standing there in the scullery still, no good to no one?"

"That's a throw in," said Bunty. "I shall want something to boil my chain in."

Then Poppet came bursting in, struggling with the buttoning behind of her clean holland frock as she came. Of course she was to go with Bunty to "help choose," but equally of course he had appropriated first bath and she had been unable to catch up till now.

"Late as usual," he said, buttering himself a fresh slice of toast; "never saw such things as girls. Here, come here, what are you trying to do—does it go in this button? Well, stand still. There, see what you've made me do now."

He had reached carelessly over the table to get

at the buttoning, and his cup of cocoa went to make a flood on the clean kitchen table.

Martha, always somewhat

"Surly through getting up early!

And tempers are short in the morning,"

came down upon them heavily. "Two breakfasts being



"ONE MORNING, AS MAJOR WOOLCOT WAS RIDING OFF TO BARRACKS, BUNTY PRESENTED HIM WITH A PAPER."—(p. 39.)

got ready, one in the nurs'ry and one in the breakfast-room, and here two of you come worriting me for another. No, you can just clear out of this, Miss Poppet; I'm not going to have you dirtying up my table; you can just wait till the proper time."

"Oh, Martha, dear Martha—just a scrap of porridge—I *must* go with Bunty," entreated Poppet.

"Not a scrap," said Martha; "serve you both just right to have to wait—look at that table."

Bridget, filling the hot-water cans, proffered consolation.

"Why the shop won't be open, Master John," she said. "Why can't you both wait and have your breakfasts comfortable, and go off quietly after?"

"And let another fellow get there first and take my machine! I see myself!" said Bunty. "Once people get a scent of what a bargain it is the traffic will be stopped with every one rushing to buy it."

"Faith, its my experience there's always a better bargain still round the corner," said

Bridget, departing with her cans, for Pip's voice could be heard from the stair-top demanding his shaving-water.

"What's Malcolm doing down at the stables as early as this?" said Bunty.

"Malcolm!" cried the amazed Martha. "Why he was to have gone to that new place this morning—what can it mean?"

She put down the bacon she was cutting, and knife in hand stalked off to demand of her lover why he was missing such a chance.

"Here, you'll have to look sharp—where's a plate?" said Bunty. "Is that enough, or can you eat more?"

"Heaps," said Poppet, and seized the plateful of porridge he had ladled from the saucepan on the stove, poured milk upon it, and swallowed it in choking haste.

"Take a drink." Bunty proffered an enamelled mug, and Poppet drank a scalding mouthful or two. "We can eat our toast as we go—come on; we'd better cut at once, here she is coming back and she'll want to throw the saucepans at us."

TO BE

CONTINUED.



OUR TENNYSON DRAWING:

"THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER," which forms our Frontispiece this month.

"HAVE I not found a happy earth?"—this is the refrain that echoes in the poem to the music of the old mill wheel and its rushing waters. The contented heart looking back over youth and middle age reviews the tender passages of courtship in simple country scenes, the happy bridal, and the "settled bliss and comfort" of wedded life, without a tinge of regret, save for the dark days when the Angel of Death "had brought us pain," and even then—

"That loss but made us love the more."

The poet opens the portal to a scene of characteristic English quietude, one of those backwaters of life not the less peaceful for the busy noise of the wheel: he shows us

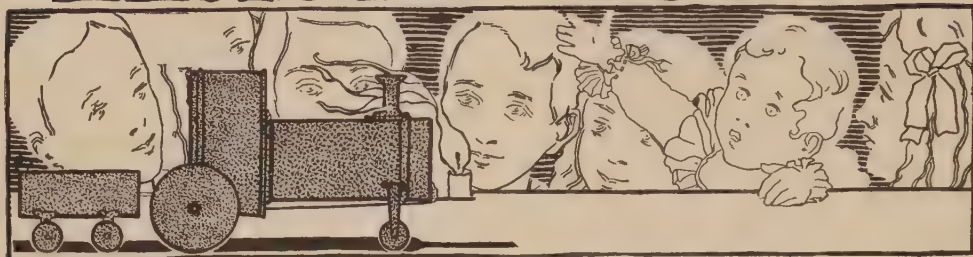
"The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,"

and its leafy setting, changing only with the seasons, which fly lightly by the happy pair, leaving them, too, unharmed.

Here, in our picture, the water is flecked with the foam after its recent industrious career, and now it tumultuously circles "the range of stepping-stones" and their guardian "tall flag-flowers." Beside the stream the "Miller's Daughter" bountifully dispenses the last meal of the day to her poultry. The chestnuts near, woven so intimately into the fabric of the old man's vision, have tossed a garland of leaves at her feet, as she stands on the simple stones leading to her cottage door, the object of the interested gaze of

"The long and listless boy,
Late-left the orphan of the squire."

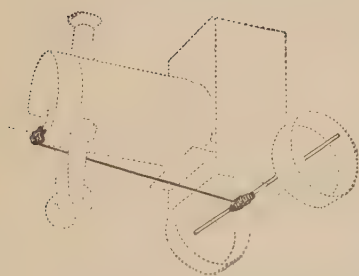
ELASTIC TOYS



AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

By MEREDITH NUGENT.

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR and VICTOR J. SMEDLEY.



A DIAGRAM OF LOCOMOTIVE.

is an oblong tin box, the smokestack is a spool, and the forward wheel another spool. Cut along the lower edge of the tin-box cab, and turn up the tin for three-fourths of an inch and at right angles to the plane of the box. Bore two holes in the sides of the cab for the knitting-needle axle. Bore a hole in the centre of wheels, slip the axle through the holes in the cab, slide the wheels over the ends of this, and fasten securely to the axle. Fasten the boiler to the cab, resting the back of it on the turned-up tin. Fasten two pieces of cardboard to the forward part of the boiler, and bore a hole through the lower ends of these. Plug the holes of the spool to be used as the front wheels with wood, place between the cardboard strips, and stick ordinary pins through the holes in the strips and in the centre of the plugs for axles. The headlight is supported on a square of cardboard fastened to the boiler. Carefully fasten a piece of elastic in position as follows: Tie one end around the centre of the axle inside the cab, pass the loose end through

the long narrow opening in the lower part of the cab, and fasten it with sealing-wax to the front end of the boiler; the diagram shows how to arrange the elastic. This should be as long as from the front of the boiler to the axle. To set the locomotive in motion, turn the tin wheels backward until a lot of the elastic is wound up on the axle, then holding the wheels firmly, set the

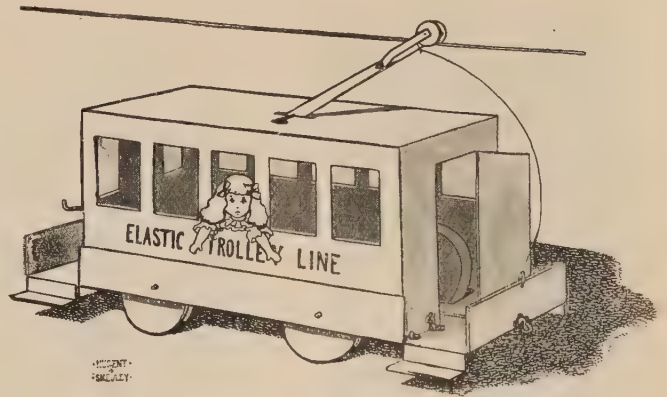
ELASTIC
BICYCLE-
RIDERS.



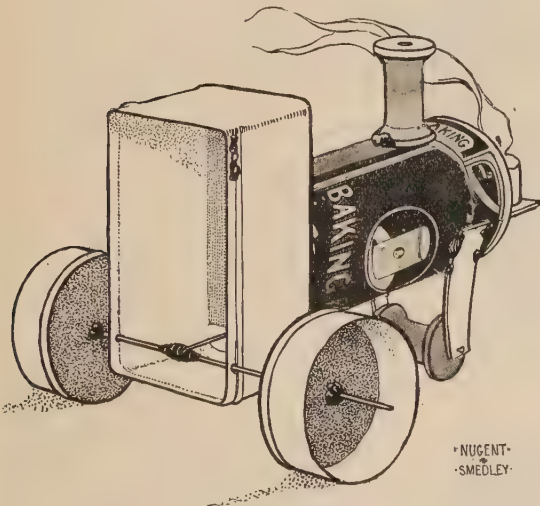
•NUGENT•
•SMEDLEY•

locomotive on the floor, when it will travel for a distance of some twenty-five feet. The carriages are made of match-boxes.

The upper part of the trolley-car is an inverted box of light cardboard, ten inches in length, with windows and doors cut in it. The wheels are of cardboard or pill-boxes, two and one-half inches in diameter, set inside the car. Holes are bored in the sides of the car through which to pass the knitting-needle axles. The wheels inside should be fastened firmly to the axles with sealing-wax. Take a box-cover of the same width as the box, but four inches longer. Cut holes in it through which to pass the wheels, and punch holes in its sides for axles. Then tie a piece of elastic eight



THE PULLMAN CAR.

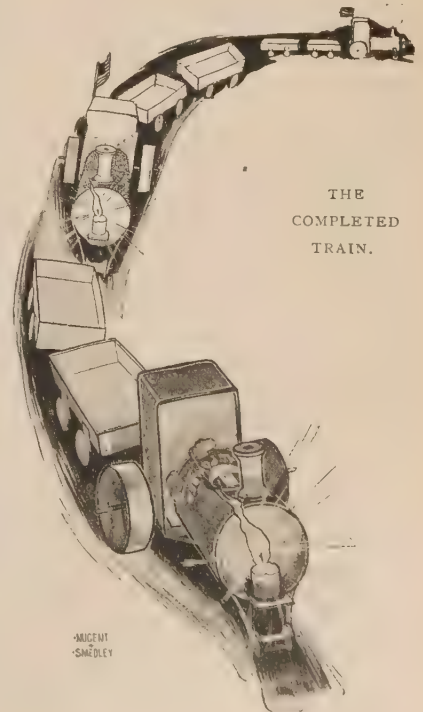


THE LOCOMOTIVE.

inches long to the centre of the front axle. Place the inverted box in the cover, allowing the tips of the axles to pass through the holes in the sides of this, and fasten together with sealing-wax. Bend the sides of the cover projecting beyond the front and the rear of the car-body to form steps. Pass the loose end of the elastic under the rear axle, and fasten to the extreme rear of the car; see the black spot on the rear dash-board. The trolley is of cardboard. The trolley-wheel is a slice of cork, with cardboard disks of larger diameter fastened to it. Use an ordinary pin for the axle of the trolley-wheel. Place the lower end of the trolley through a slit in the top of the car, and stick a pin through it crosswise, so that it rests there. Fasten the pin down with sealing-wax. The trolley-line is of thread passed under the trolley-wheel. To make the car go, wind up the elastic on the front axle by turning the wheels backward.

The bicycles and their riders are of stiff cardboard. The illustration shows how these are made. The diameter of the large wheels is five inches. The uprights on each side of the large wheels are three inches in length. The upper ends of these are fastened to narrow curved strips of cardboard seven inches in length, on the lower ends of which small wheels are placed. The wire axles through the large wheels are three inches in length, and bent as shown. First fasten the body of the bicyclists in position on the cardboard uprights, and then loosely attach the joints with pins. Fasten the bicyclists to the tips of a slender eighteen-inch stick, as shown.

The elastic power to run the bicyclists is in a cardboard box between the two. A knitting-needle is stuck through the box, one end of a piece of elastic is fastened to it, and the other end to the box. To make the bicyclists go, hold them and turn the box round and round, which will wind up the elastic.



THE COMPLETED TRAIN.



MISS LUCAS.

This year's Badminton Champion.



MISS THOMSON.

Who has twice won the Badminton Championship.



MISS SHREIBER.

Another fine Badminton Player.

GIRLS WHO EXCEL IN SPORTS.

BY KATHLEEN WALDRON.

IF a census could be taken among girls as to the most popular sport or pastime, it is probable that hockey would come first, and lawn tennis second. Cricket would, perhaps, take a third place, or might rank evenly with lawn tennis. Yet in hockey alone there is much opportunity for a girl to gain fame outside her own immediate club or school. And of this opportunity girls have most certainly taken advantage. Season after season finds places in the crack club teams, in county teams, and in the international teams, given to the younger exponents of the game, and so easily and naturally do many young girls reach the highest standard of skill that many places in the field are almost the acknowledged perquisites of youth. Cricket, of course, does not at present provide many opportunities for big successes. The game is almost confined to schools and colleges, so that it attracts comparatively little outside interest.

Of the many girls who have won prominent reputations in the hockey field, Miss Gwendoline Parr and Miss Carrie Shore, members of last season's victorious Irish International eleven, will

be known to all those who follow the history of the game. Miss Parr is one of the best players in the North of Ireland, and represents the Ulster branch of the Irish Ladies' Hockey Union. Her club, the Holywood L.H.C., is the strongest of the Ulster clubs, and has on tour held its own with the big clubs of the Leinster Branch whose fame is of longer standing. Having proved herself one of the best forwards in Ireland, Miss Parr has well deserved her election to the last three Irish International teams.

Miss Shore played for Ireland last season for the first time. It will be remembered that until this season Ireland had for many years been defeated by England. After winning the first regular international match between the two countries in 1896, and drawing the second match in 1897, Ireland had lost the four succeeding annual

contests; it seemed as though England could not be beaten. But this year, to the immense surprise of all English players, Ireland won by a larger margin of points than that by which any international match between the two countries had ever been won before. New-comers in the Irish team



MISS WILLES.

Who was this year in the semi-finals for the cricket championship. Her fine play secured her a Silver Medal.

cannot fail, therefore, to be especially interesting, because, however fallacious such ideas sometimes are, it is possible that the new blood in the team may have had something to do with the result. Certainly in Miss Shore's case we have no hesitation in saying that her promptness in the circle, and her clean shooting, were characteristics of which Ireland has been long in want. When a team has the upper hand it is, of course, more than possible to over-estimate the capacities of its forwards, but, having seen all previous Irish teams since 1897, we were struck in last season's team with the evidence of a far stronger and more effective style among the forwards than the teams of previous seasons have shown.

Miss Shore, although she had not been elected a member of any big picked team until she played for Leinster last season against Ulster, has for several seasons been a member of the first eleven of the Merton L.H.C.—the strongest club in Leinster. She is an advocate for hockey among quite young girls, provided that they are strong enough, remarking that their success as forwards, due often to pace, is possibly not unconnected with the shortness of their skirts. Almost all Miss Shore's coaching she owes to Miss Boyd, the Captain of the Merton L.H.C., and a well-known Irish international player. Although fond of almost all games ("with the exception of ping-pong!") and of gymnastics, Miss Shore gives her preference to hockey, considering that there is no exercise like it. Possibly it is because lawn tennis, walking, cycling, and living a great deal in the open air would always make special training for hockey less necessary, that Miss Shore can do without it. She thinks, however, that in England training is more regular than in Ireland. In comparing the

differences of style between English and Irish teams, she would give England credit for the more correct and scientific game. Their forwards pass more, possibly a little too much, when in front of goal. The Irish forwards, however, are better at "rushes," both combined and individual.

Speaking as a forward playing in the last match and against the English backs of last season, who, it will be remembered were, through alterations in the English team, not the backs originally intended, Miss Shore gained the impression that these Irish rushes were unexpected, and that they nonplussed the English defence. More than once the English backs seemed to hesitate, as though they expected a pass across the ground, when, instead, one of the Irish forwards took the ball on herself, and got through. Characteristics such as these are well-known methods in Irish football teams, and, provided that hard individual work is judicious and does not degenerate into mere selfishness, it cannot be doubted that Irishwomen are likely to derive a benefit from similar tactics in hockey.

Miss Shore, besides her Merton matches, plays in a good many mixed teams. These are often very pleasant, especially when they involve travelling to play country matches. As regards the real game, however, mixed matches, she thinks, are not to be compared with the regular club matches between ladies' elevens. But mixed matches help to keep one in training if club matches are not sufficiently numerous, and may possibly help to improve the pace.

We have often felt surprised that, although lawn tennis is so generally played by girls and so widely popular with them, it should remain a game in which young girls gain so few tournament distinctions. There is no doubt,



MISS D.D.

Who, when quite a child, won the Ladies' Lawn Tennis Championship three years in succession.



MISS GWENDOLINE
PARR.

*For three years a member
of the Irish International
Hockey Team.*

MISS CARRIE
SHORE.

*Also an Irish International.
Miss Shore plays a brilliant
forward game.*



MISS ANGELA BLACK.

Who is a promising young croquet player. Miss Black, playing with her father, has distinguished herself in doubles this season.

world. Since Miss Dod, when quite a child, gained her first very notable success in the game, no quite young girl has stepped into the very first rank. Miss C. M. Wilson, whose photograph we gave when, as a child, she first began her lawn-tennis career, and whose photograph was given last year as winner of the Felixstowe bowl, remains at the present time the best among the younger generation of players, and continues to improve her game. Miss Greene, and other girls whose promise we have before mentioned, continue to make progress in the game, but the past year has added no noteworthy recruits to the "coming players."

Badminton, a game in which quickness of eye and quickness in getting about are valuable qualities, is a game which is fast gaining in popularity, and one which ought to appeal to girls. At present, however, there are few young girls who play. Perhaps when large schools realise some of the advantages of the game it will be played more generally. Among these advantages are the small space taken up by the courts, and the short duration of the games, so that a very large number of people can obtain exercise and amusement in a few hours and in a room which need not be larger than many class-rooms, though for pleasure it should

however, that, whether because girls have not sufficient time to enter for open tournaments, or whether the game is, after all, one that is not so easy for quite young girls as it is in later life, there are very few girls well known in the present lawn-tennis

be lofty. We give a portrait of Miss Lucas, who won the Championship of the Badminton Association at the Crystal Palace this spring. In the final she had to play Miss Thomson, whose portrait we also give, and the match was especially interesting from the fact that Miss Thomson had already won the championship twice, and would have taken the challenge trophy for her own if she had again won this year. She had never, however, played against Miss Lucas before, and after an exciting match, Miss Lucas won. As it so often happens in games, Miss Lucas had had rather better luck than her opponent in escaping so many hard games before the final was played. Those who have not played badminton will easily realise

that, as the shuttle never bounces, but must always be taken on the volley, it is necessary to turn about more quickly than in lawn tennis, so that although the court is smaller, it is a more tiring game. Both Miss Lucas and Miss Thomson are good lawn-tennis players, Miss Thomson notably so. Miss Shreiber, who is another fine badminton player, is also a good all-round athlete. She plays hockey very energetically, and besides lawn tennis, plays a good deal of croquet in the summer.

Croquet, which seems at first sight to be very inferior to more



MISS JAMESON.

Who has also distinguished herself in the croquet world this year. At Sheen House Club she was in the semi-finals.

active games as far as girls are concerned, gains favour as its attractions become better known. It is still a game played for the most part by their elders, but quite a number of young girls have shown promise, or have actually accomplished a great deal in the past season. It will be



MISS MAGGIE PARK.

Who, in the semi-finals for the English Golf Championship this year, set Miss May Heales a hard task to win.

remembered that last year the ladies' gold medal—the blue ribbon of the Croquet Association—was won by Miss Bramwell, one of the younger competitors, who had not until then gained a big reputation. Curiously enough in the same event this season another young player, also from Cheltenham, Miss Willes, did so well that victory was predicted for her. But after beating several of the best-known ladies, she was beaten in the semi-final. She left the meeting, however, with the reputation of being a very fine player, and after another season's experience we should not be surprised to see her win the Gold Medal next year. Like Miss Bramwell, Miss Willes has played in few large tournaments. But at the Cheltenham meeting, this year, she won the first-class singles handicap, and also won her Silver Medal by getting into the semi-finals of the ladies' open singles. In this event she was ultimately beaten by Miss Gower, the greatest croquet player of the day, but by only five points. In small tournaments Miss Willes has also won prizes, and at the Cheltenham Croquet Club she has won the ladies' challenge bowl. She is an ardent croquet enthusiast, thinking that croquet is the best of all games.

In this respect she agrees with another young croquet player, Miss Angela Black, who, both in singles and when playing with her father, the Rev. A. E. Black, in doubles, has shown great promise. One of the chief advantages of croquet, in Miss Black's opinion, is that it is the one game in which ladies can compete easily with men, and have an equal chance of distinction. Another advantage in croquet as a girls' game is that no great exertion is needed.

Although at present, too, Miss Black shares with other girls the love of games that are more active than croquet, she recognises that it is a game in which she will be able to take pleasure when running may not retain its fascination.

Miss Jameson, whose portrait we also give, is

yet another girl who has already done well in the croquet world. Her very first success was indeed an early one, for two seasons ago she won a fourth prize in the handicap singles at Eastbourne, there being sixty-four competitors in the event. This year, at Sheen House, she got into the semi-finals of the third of the scratch cup events.

To complete our review of the successes gained by girls during the past year, there remain those in golf and skating. In golf Miss Maggie Park got into the semi-final of the Ladies' Golf Championship, when she was beaten by Miss May Hezlet, the ultimate winner, by six and five. Miss Maggie Park is undoubtedly a very promising golfer, and quite deserved her place in the Scottish international team this spring. Miss May Hezlet, who won the Ladies' Golf Union Championship, for the second time, this spring, should be especially interesting to girls because her first win was at a very youthful age, and she has now proved that her early success was no solitary instance of spasmodic brilliance. Miss Hezlet's sisters are some of the finest of Irish players already, and win many prizes at the Royal Portrush Club.

Miss Phyllis Squire, whose excellence in skating has so often been mentioned in these articles, was the only lady who competed for the Challenge Cup in the English style of figure-skating at the big National Skating Association meeting last winter, and, against the best exponents of the art, she was placed second. There are numerous small girls who skate very well at the rinks, but none who rival the performances of Miss Janet Tooth and Miss Phyllis Squire.

Each year, as the series of these articles continues, it becomes more and more evident that young girls, even in games and pastimes where they have to be directly compared with those who have had time for far more practice and opportunity for greater experience, can more than hold their own.

TO OUR MUSICAL READERS.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR THE BEST SONG.

ALICIA ADELAÏDE NEEDHAM has kindly consented to decide for us in this Competition.

Owing to the great success of the last Song Competition, we have arranged another Musical Competition for the encouragement of our numerous readers who are interested in music, but find it difficult to get recognition for their work. The competition is open to every girl, without distinction, under the age of twenty-five. The competitors are to take a song, the choice of which is left entirely to their discretion—grave or gay, martial or domestic—and to set it to music. The fact that Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, the celebrated composer of "Ballads for the Bairns," "Little Orphant Annie" has consented to be the judge, will make the award of very great importance.

There will be one Prize of the value of FIVE GUINEAS, and five Diplomas signed by Mrs. Needham will be awarded. The songs are to reach the office, THE GIRL'S REALM, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C., not later than February 20th, 1903 (this date giving time for our colonial and foreign girls to enter).

Perhaps our readers will kindly bring the matter to the notice of any girl they may know who has the gift of composition?

The copyright of the successful song will become the property of the Proprietors of THE GIRL'S REALM.

OUR PRIZE SONG.

"THE WASTREL ROSE."

By ETHEL M. BRIGSTOCK (aged 19).

WE have much pleasure in publishing here the song which gained the Prize of Five Guineas in our recent competition; the judge being Madame LIZA LEHMANN, the celebrated composer of "In a Persian Garden" and "The Daisy Chain." A full account of the competition appeared in our August Number.

Permission to sing "The Wastrel Rose" in public will be given by the Editor on application.

Not too slow. WORDS BY WILLIAM TOYNEEE.

VOICE. 1. The rose I res-cued
2. Oh! rose, my rose of

PIANO. p

Ped. Ped. sempre Ped.

from the waste, And took un-to my breast, . . . And
rich de-light, To whom I gave my trust, . . . How

there - in .. good - ly shel - ter placed, And tend - ed .. and ca -
can I .. crush thy pet - als bright, And cast them in the

cres. p *cres. p*

rit. *mp a tempo.* *accel.*

- ressed.
dust? My dream by .. night, my thought by day, My
Un - chid - den, un - reproached by me, With .

rit. *a tempo.* *accel.*

Ped.

rit.

be - ing's ve - ry part, . . . With cru - el .. thorns that
in my bo - som lie; . . . Could meet - er .. re - tri -

rit.

pp *1st verse.* *2nd verse.*

co - vert lay, Has pon - iard - ed my heart!
bu - tion be, Than in its dearth to die! . .

Than in its dearth to die!

cres. *dim.* *rit.* *pp*

THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD—VI.



From a drawing by F. Y. CORY.

THE BREAKING-UP PARTY: SHE FORGETS HER PIECE.



THE DORMOUSE HOPES HE MAY BE MISTAKEN FOR A SQUIRREL.

By R. B. LODGE.

THE beautiful hedgerows of Old England always seem to me to be the characteristic feature of English scenery, from whence comes its greatest and most distinctive charm, and this in spite of the seeming contradiction that some of the loveliest and most picturesque parts of the country are entirely hedgeless.

There may be other countries where this form of division is found, but I can only say that I have never seen or even heard of anything approaching to it anywhere else. Wooden fences are very unsatisfactory substitutes, and the cactus and aloe divisions as used in warmer countries, after the first feeling of novelty has evaporated, are monotonous, and soon become unutterably wearisome.

Nowhere is there such a wealth of luxuriance and superabundance of life as in an old-fashioned English hedgerow, whatever the time of year.

Each season has its charm and peculiar glory, from the time when the crinkly green leaves and pale yellow blossom of the primrose first push their upward way through the layer of last year's leaves and testify that spring-tide has once more arrived. Primroses and violets, in their turn, are swallowed up and overwhelmed by the ranker and more robust luxuriance of summer.

Then comes the sere and yellow autumn, when the banks are thickly covered with the fallen leaves of the hedges and hedgerow trees. The first touch of frost one night, and the fresh morning wind brings them rustling down to fill the hollow places, and strew the ground below with rich colours. Here the pale golden yellow of the ash, and there the rich copper of beech or oak thickly cover the greensward, among which the pheasant, in his search for acorns, appears in his burnished plumage, the incarnation of autumnal colouring.

Then the beauties of winter! who can aspire to describe the fairy spectacle of the hoar-frost on the hedge bank, when each blade of grass and each common weed and twig is glorified by its delicate icy covering until the scene transcends in its short-lived splendour all the bygone beauties of the year; or to paint in commonplace words the dainty grace of the pure white covering of freshly fallen snow, which gives such a fresh aspect of unfamiliar beauty to some ordinary spot as to make us pause astounded.

Even the dusty tangle of nettles and brambles, entwined with bryony and travellers' joy, which clothes the roadside hedge, is full of loveliness. A loveliness which is seen by



THE GARDEN WARBLER,
WHOSE OTHER NAME
IS SYLVIA HORTENSES.



THE CHAFFINCH PITIES
OTHER BIRDS WHO
HAVE NOT SO HAPPY
A HOME AS HER OWN.



THE BLACKCAP FEELS GRATEFUL FOR HER
COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

few and appreciated by fewer still. And how full of life they are!—life in its more humble form, which shuns observation and only seeks to escape notice.

The full wealth of life is only revealed to him who really seeks to see it, and is content to potter about slowly and, above all, quietly and alone. The sound of a rough and hasty footstep approaching is sufficient warning to all the living inhabitants of the hedgerow and its banks to withdraw themselves into their several holes and hiding-places, or even by merely remaining quiescent and motionless to become invisible to all unseeing eyes.

If you will burrow into the very midst of a thick hedge and sit there half a day, or even a whole day, it will not by any means be wasted time, if you want to see and observe the wild life of the surrounding fields. You may easily make yourself very comfortable. You will see more and at much closer quarters if you cover up your face and hands—a dirty old pair of dog-skin gloves will enable you to move your hands and to raise a field-glass to the eyes without attracting nearly so much attention as when the hands are bare; and for the face a loose greenish hood is very useful to pull on over the head and draw up over the face, only leaving the eyes.

Probably before you have well settled yourself in position, a gentle rustling will announce that a field-mouse is taking his walks abroad, and after a while one of these little animals will, perhaps, sniff at

your boots, as if it wondered what such great awkward-looking things could possibly be. They are pretty little bright-eyed beasts, with dainty, quaint ways. They do not show themselves over-much, for excellent reasons of their own, but rummage about in covered ways among the leaves and grasses. The long-tailed field-mouse is, perhaps, the prettiest. In some localities the dormouse is common, and may be seen climbing among the branches of the hedge, or sitting outside his globular nest, in attitude very squirrel-like. Both they and squirrels are accustomed to remove their young if they have been discovered and handled, so that if you visit them a second time the nest is invariably empty.

Then a blackbird, perhaps, will fly in and settle just over you, but recognising your dangerous propinquity, will dash off with such an outcry as to startle every living thing within hearing. For all his bold and impudent appearance the blackbird is a great coward, except when any danger threatens its young, when it can be brave enough; and being



A RABBIT-HOLE ON A
FROSTY MORNING.

nervous itself, it constantly communicates its nervousness to others with its loud, rattling alarm note. That shiny black head bobbing about in the grass belongs to a starling; see, there are three or four more of them running restlessly about and threading their way amid the long grass stalks. A couple of partridges presently approach, but though invisible these wary birds scent a hidden danger and hurry past your hiding place on nimble feet; then with whirr of wings they top the hedge and skim across the next field.

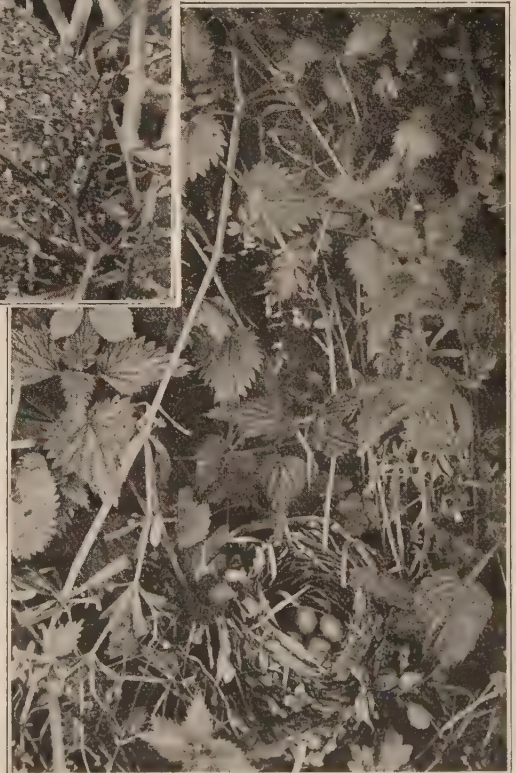
It is very amusing sometimes to note with what jealousy some birds, while nesting, regard the approach of their feathered neighbours, though of perfectly innocent and respectable character. I have seen a sitting thrush indignantly drive away a nightjar, which also had its two eggs in the ditch-bottom close at hand, until the latter has settled at my very feet and crouched there for ten minutes or more, taking

me for a post or a trunk of tree, while Mrs. Thrush has scolded and threatened and used bad language from the top of an adjoining spray. Another time I was diverted by a pair of lapwings, which had a nest of four eggs in a fallow field, and attempted to drive away a pair of partridges which had approached their treasures too closely. The cock lapwing harried and bullied them, swooping over them again and again so persistently, that the partridges, after a while, took themselves off.

With far better reason they will buffet and drive off any passing crow and jackdaw. These birds are constantly hunting about for the eggs of ground-nesting birds, and if the lapwings did not keep good watch and ward they would not be able to rear any eggs at all.



A SUBURBAN BIRD:
THE NEST OF THE
LONG-TAILED TIT.



A NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

In the midst of a thick bed of nettles the nightingale builds up a home for her young.

Before now I have seen a stoat hunting over a field by having my attention attracted to it by the behaviour of the lapwings.

Tragedies in hedgerow life are of daily and nightly occurrence. Passing along one day, the piteous screams of a thrush plainly showed that some villainy was afoot, and hurrying up, I found a pair of miscreants—jackdaws—in the act of eating piecemeal the topmost member of the thrush's half-fledged family, in spite of the vain but heroic endeavours of the mother-bird to drive away the murderers. The victim was so terribly lacerated that I put it out of its pain, and proceeded on my way. Returning the same way at the end of the day, I stopped to see how the family were getting on, and found to my indignation that the villainous jackdaws had returned, as soon as my back was turned, and polished off the rest of the brood,



A PAINTED LADY
BUTTERFLY.

Settled on a wild rose.

leaving the empty blood-stained nest a mute witness of the tragedy.

The thick growth of nettles and similar herbage which covers the ditch banks affords

a favourite site for the nightingale's nest, especially if the hedge is of the old-fashioned kind, covering a liberal, not to say extravagant, area. Here at the foot of some sapling quite on the ground, or simply in the midst of a thick bed of nettles, the nightingale will build its unique nest of dead oak leaves, in which the five olive brown eggs harmonize so completely, satisfying one's sense of fitness in an entirely satisfactory manner. The young birds, the future songsters of the next year are very like young robins, with their spotted breasts and long legs.

Comparisons are odious, and it is difficult—nay impossible—to determine which is the premier among feathered songsters. Suffice it to say that the nightingale, the thrush, blackbird, lark and blackcap are all musicians of the highest order. All of them, save the skylark, are frequenters of the hedge-row, and either in hedge or bank build their nests and rear their callow young.

The blackcap's home is of the slightest and flimsiest style of bird architecture, slung rather high up as a rule in the prickliest part of the hedge, Mr. Blackcap and Mrs. Brownbonnet taking turn and turn about in incubating their eggs, which very much resemble in colour and markings those of the garden warbler. This latter bird is of a more humble and



THE BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH HEDGEROW IS MOST
APPARENT IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.



In a hollow among roots the Hedgehog sleeps away the winter months.

The Hare is a frequenter of the hedgerow.



modest character, and generally builds in a lowlier situation, where the nest is screened by the overarching bramble leaves; in much the same kind of place as that chosen by the greater whitethroat, the shyest and most retiring of the family. *Sylvia cinerea* never seems so happy as when hidden in the thickest tangle of vegetation it can find, into which, if it does show itself in the open for a moment, it dives again at the slightest alarm.

A perky Whitethroat.



The gems of bird architecture are the nests of long-tailed tit and chaffinch. The former bird, called by country boys "bottle tit," builds in the almost bare hedges of early spring, before the hedges are fully clothed with tender green, and seems partial to the bare twigs of blackthorn. How the long-tailed family, which rivals in numbers that of the old woman who lived in a shoe, contrives to exist in this curious bottle-like abode is a mystery. Unlike other birds which disperse and scatter as soon as they are able to get their own living, the family affection of the long-tailed tits survives the summer and winter until the pairing time; the succeeding spring. On the coldest winter's day, when the wind whistles shrill through the leafless branches, and whirls the snow-drifts higher and higher, a tiny *zi-zi-zi* proclaims the presence of a

The Rat is not to be caught napping.



The long-tailed Field Mouse is unaware that he is being photographed.



family party of long-pods, by which name they are familiarly known among their friends. Always in a hurry, they explore the twigs of each bush and tree on their way with acrobatic agility, each member of the party constantly uttering its call-note to proclaim its where-

abouts to the rest as they keep up the game of "follow-my-leader."

In addition to all the bird and animal life there are the thousand-and-one representatives of the great insect world. Strange, and grotesquely-formed caterpillars devour the several hedge-row plants; beetles have their own haunts and hiding-places, and brilliant butterflies flit from spray to spray attracted by the many flowers and sweet blossoms. Big, burly, velvet-banded bumble bees buzz heavily around, and in the sunshine, poised on gauzy wings, are flies of many and various kinds, each playing its individual part in the great and universal struggle for existence.

Now the summer visitors have departed to warmer climes after enlivening our fields and meadows with their graceful forms and sweet melody; other arrivals take their place. Like Box and Cox, no sooner does one go than the other arrives.

From Scandinavian fells come every winter large flocks of fieldfares and redwings, before whose inroads, helped by the native thrushes, missel thrushes and blackbirds, the store of ripe berries so plentifully provided soon vanishes. From the same country also comes some years, strange to say, incredible numbers of minute



THE RABBIT, VENTURING FORTH FROM HIS UNDERGROUND HOME FOR AN EVENING RUN,
WAS CAUGHT THUS BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE.

golden-crested wrens. Too small and feeble a folk, one would think, for such a long sea passage over the boisterous North Sea in winter time. But come they do, thronging the East Coast hedges and bushes with myriads of weary voyagers. Strange tales could the fishermen and lighthouse keepers tell of thousands of birds clustering like swarms of bees on mast, and rigging and lantern. Of the thousands which perish by the way no record is kept, and no eye beholds them fall exhausted into the grey and raging waves.

After the winds and frosts of winter have stripped the hedges of leaves, and the rich summer vegetation has died away, then the holes and runs of animals become more apparent. Rabbits honeycomb the sandy banks, and their runs can be traced for a long distance. Towards evening they venture forth, gradually, if the place be quiet, growing bolder and bolder, and wandering farther and farther away from their subterranean homes. Any incautious movement on the part of the observer will be notified by some old doe, which will sit up and stamp twice with her hind feet, a signal well understood by all the other bunnies, big and little, for in a twinkling they have all vanished into their holes.

The rabbit here shown coming out of its burrow was watched going in. Then the camera was rigged up and focussed on the spot, and the waiting for its re-appearance commenced. But not until four and a-half hours had gone by did it venture forth again.

In a hollow among the roots, well packed up with dried leaves and grass, the hedgehog will sleep away the cold months in his winter retreat.

They are curious little beasts, not much favoured by game-keepers. In this respect I think they are not so unjust as in some other cases when they condemn on no evidence whatever but their own prejudice and ignorance, for if there be one thing especially favoured by the hedge-pig as an article of diet it is a fresh egg.

Now, too, that the leafy screen which has so well guarded the secrets of those who have trusted to its concealment has died away, many nests become exposed to view for the first time. Although their feathered inhabitants have gone they are not altogether tenantless. The mass of pips and seeds found in them is brought thither by field mice, which use them as dining-rooms in which to sit and nibble the scarlet hips and the other fruits of the hedgerow.



A NEST OF YOUNG THRUSHES.





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CHARACTERS.

PRINCESS FADEAWAY.

GREENING } *Ladies to the Princess.*
SWEETING }

THE KITCHENMAID.

THE COOKLET.

RED PEPPER [*The scullion, Prince Fairasday*]

HEAD COOK.

FRIP

TIP

SNIP

PIP

Brownies.

Chorus of Cooks and Brownies, if desired.

TIME. Christmas Eve.

Opening Chorus.

BROWNIES. [*Air, "Whist, whist, whist, here comes the Bogie Man!"*]

Whist, whist, whist!

Here comes the Brownie man!

The Christmas pie is made to-night!

We'll steal it if we can.

Whist, whist, whist!

The scullions will be fled!

Oh what a time we'll have to-night

When everyone's in bed.

FRIP. Whist! [*Enter FRIP dramatically L.*]

BROWNIES. Frup! [*All prostrate themselves, touching ground with their foreheads.*]

FRIP. The deed is done! The scullions all are packing!

BROWNIES. Oh, noble Frup!

TIP. How did you manage it?

FRIP. [*Seating himself on arm of chair. BROWNIES sit on floor centre, facing him, sideface to audience.*] I bellowed so—Oooooooh!!!! [*groans*] and tweaked their ugly noses—and whispered through the keyhole, "Wait till you guard the Christmas Pie to-night!" until they all fled shivering to the Cook, to give him notice! And now none will be left to guard the Pie!

BROWNIES. 'Tis ours! 'Tis ours! [*BROWNIES rub themselves delightedly.*]

FRIP. Hush! Now the Kitchenmaid and Cooklet come, to make all ready for his Highness the Head Cook! We must leave them in peace until the pie is made! But then—

BROWNIES. We'll steal it! [*singing*].

Whist, whist, whist!

Here comes the Brownie man,

The Christmas Pie is made to-night

We'll steal it if we can!

Whist, whist, whist!

SCENE.—THE KITCHEN IN THE CASTLE OF PRINCESS FADEAWAY.

Open fireplace down R. in which the fire burns, and casts a red light on the scene. Dresser against wall L. on which stands a pile of dirty plates, tin basin and soap; various culinary utensils, and a huge pepper-pot. Door up back L. Table centre, which is spread with white cloth, bordered with a quaint design. An old-fashioned wooden armchair R. of fireplace. Door up R. Stool by dresser. Chair behind table. As the curtain rises, the stage is quite dark, lit by a faint gleam from fireplace. Mysterious music, which resolves itself into the air of "Whist, whist, whist, here comes the Bogie Man." The BROWNIES heard singing behind the scenes. They dance in one by one mysteriously round stage, in follow-my-leader fashion, over chair and stool, and crawl under table, round and round room as they sing.

The scullions will be fled!
Oh! what a time we'll have to-night
When every one's in bed!

[*They dance off R.*

[*Music changes to a bright march. Enter the KITCHENMAID and COOKLET.*]

[*The KITCHENMAID is a short, fat, rosy, brisk little girl. The COOKLET is a lanky, lazy, sentimental-looking girl. The KITCHENMAID carries pasteboard, with pie-dish, rolling-pin, basin of pastry, mincemeat, etc., and enters staggering under her burden. The COOKLET carries a small basin with three apples and a knife, and eats apples as she peels them.*]

KITCHEN. Oh, my eye and Betty Martin! What a pie we're going to make to-night! Now look sharp, Cooklet, and peel the apples, for the Head Cook will be here in half a minute, and the Princess, too, to give the

were allowed to see them, but she'll never do that, if her ladies have a word in the matter!

[*Furious talking outside.*

KITCHEN. Oh dearie, dearie, dearie dear! If it isn't the Head Cook! And oh, my stars, what's happened?

[*Enter HEAD COOK angrily. KITCHENMAID and COOKLET both stand trembling with fright.*

HEAD COOK. Nevaire did I hear such impertinonce—Who has gone, do you sink? Who has packed up their traps and left me to-night—to-night of all nights! Ze night I make ze Christmas pie! Ze night ze Princess comes with all her ladies to give ze final stir-about! Who! Vat! Ven! Vy? Vy? Vy???

COOKLET and KITCHEN [*falling on their knees, clasping their hands entreatingly*]. Oh, sir, pray calm yourself!



BROWNIES: "'THE CHRISTMAS PIE IS MADE TO-NIGHT! WE'LL STEAL IT IF WE CAN.'"—(p. 58.)

final stir-about; and if things aren't ready for her, we shall have our heads chopped off. Oh dearie, dearie, dearie, dear!

[*Takes apples from COOKLET and peels them briskly.*]

COOKLET [*sitting on stool, yawning*]. Ah, it's all very well for the Princess! Nothing to do but eat and sleep all day. I wish I were she!

KITCHEN. My word! I thank my stars I'm not! There she sits all day with those stuck-up ladies, who rule her and fool her and manage her and bully her till she can't call her soul her own! And all the nice young Princes who come riding to the castle are sent away without getting so much as a peep at her, because her ladies are so afraid she'd marry one, and then their turned-up noses would be out of joint!

COOKLET. They tell the Princes that the Princess is too weary to be troubled with them!

KITCHEN. Trouble, indeed! She'd find it no trouble to choose a sweetheart from those nice young men if she

HEAD COOK [*dancing about with rage, and shouting*]. Calm! I am nevaire so perfectly calm in my life! My scullions have gone! Zey vill not vatch ze pie! Because zey fear ze Brownies!

KITCHEN. The scullions gone?

COOKLET. Then who's to guard it?

HEAD COOK. You—of course—you—earthworms!

BOTH. Oh, dear, kind cook, we daren't.

[*They grovel with fear.*

HEAD COOK [*thunderously*]. Daren't!

COOKLET. We're afraid of the dark!

KITCHEN. And oh, we're afraid of the Brownies!

HEAD COOK. Afraid—afraid—but vat is zere to be afraid? If ze Brownies come, you have only to sprinkle zem with ze magical red pepper!

COOKLET. I should faint directly I saw them!

KITCHEN. Oh, dear, good, handsome, gentle cook, please don't leave us alone down here to-night!

HEAD COOK [*almost speechless with rage*]. But vat

you vant? Do you mean to say—you—vant—Me—so grrreat—so grrrand—so mightful—Me—Chief Head Cook—you vant zat I should keep my eyes awake all night—ven I have a kitchennaid and cooklet to suffaire for me! Is zat vat you mean, heh?

COOKLET [*they nod sheepishly*]. You're a man!

HEAD COOK. Me—a man! Vat nonsense! I am cook! You have ze most enormous cheek I've ever hit upon! Bah! [*Hits them with rolling-pin.*] Get up—you crrrrowing caterpillars!

[*Knock at door—they scream.*]

HEAD COOK. Vat, now you make a noise, you squeaking beetles!

KITCHEN. There's some one at the door.

[*They stand trembling.*]

COOKLET. Oh—it sounds like a man!

HEAD COOK [*excitedly*]. A man—my scullions—they have returnned to me!

COOKLET. The scullions! Saved!

[*Runs to door R—opens it.*]

KITCHEN. Oh—it's only a beggar. Be off!

[*About to shut door.*]

PRINCE [*outside*]. Nay, mistress, I come in search of work!

[*Enter PRINCE FAIRASDAY, disguised in ragged tunic. He is red-haired, and very handsome.*]

COOKLET. Work! Oh, sir, here is a scullion for you!

HEAD COOK. Tut, tut, tut! zat is for me to say, impertinence! You may come in, young man! [*PRINCE comes down stage. COOK seats himself importantly at table.*] Now! why have you come so late to ask for work?

PRINCE. I lost my way in the forest.

COOK. Sir! . . . Say Sir, ven you spik to me if you do not say "Most Royal sir,"—vatever you like—but do be respectful.

PRINCE [*furiously*]. Sir!!!!

HEAD COOK. Zat is better—

PRINCE. Nay—sir—I—meant—

HEAD COOK. It does not matter vat you mean so long as you say sir. Now answer—if you wish for a place here! You do—eh?

PRINCE. Why—why, yes!

HEAD COOK. Ver' good—zen vere is your last place?

PRINCE. I lived in the castle of Prince Fairasday—
[*COOK raps on table annoyed*] Eh?—

HEAD COOK [*Shouting furiously*]. Sir!

PRINCE. Oh—oh, yes, I beg your pardon [*humbly, laughing*], sir.

HEAD COOK. Vell, zen, I must know vy you leave?

PRINCE. Why—sir—my master has fallen in love with the Princess Fadeaway—and so I thought I would come and see what sort of a princess she was—for my master in his love-sick fever, is sad company for any one.

HEAD COOK. But, if he is so in lof, vy does not your master come to woo the Princess?

PRINCE. Why, sir [*bowing*], he had heard of too many who had been denied admittance, and as my master is proud and determined, he made up his mind he would

not risk being turned away like the others. But, sir, if you will let me stay and work for you, in whatever post, however humble, I promise you if my answers do not satisfy, my service shall.

HEAD COOK. You are villing—ah, but zey all say that. H'm—let me see what you can do. Vash up these.

[*Points to dirty plates.*]

PRINCE. Those! Why, that is scullion's work!

HEAD COOK. Yes, and there is a scullion's place all ready.

PRINCE [*indignantly*]. A scullion! I had meant a place with horses in the garden—where I might work out-of-doors.

KITCHEN. Oh, dear, kind young man, pray, pray do not speak like that.

COOKLET. Oh, we beseech you, take the place!

[*Both fall on knees before him.*]

PRINCE. Why, what's the matter?

KITCHEN. If there's no scullion here we have to guard the Christmas Pie, and if we guard the Pie we d-d-die!

PRINCE. What danger threatens you?

BOTH. The Brownies!

PRINCE. Brownies! What are Brownies?

HEAD COOK. Vy, vat sort of kitchen have you lived in, if you have never seen ze Brownies?

PRINCE. Oh, I was more like a friend than a page to my master, sir, and the fact is, I've never been in a kitch n before. Er—what are Brownies?

[*BROWNIES cackle with laughter outside.*]

HEAD COOK. Zey are ze evilest leetle beasts in all ze world! Venever you sink you are rid of zem, zere zey are at your elbow. [*BROWNIES laugh again.*] Zey steal, zey pinch, zey poke, zey pry, and at night ven all ze house is still zey come out, and if you do not keep your eyes ver' wide awake zey vill pinch you till you die—zat is, ven you guard the Christmas Pie.

PRINCE. I? Oh, this pleasant little job is meant for me—me? I thank you, sir.

[*Indignantly takes up his cap, preparing to go.*]

HEAD COOK. Not so fast, young man. Zey will come, yes; zey vill try to steal, yes—but zere is vun sing zat vill send them away quick slick—like zat. It is—RED PEPPER!

PRINCE. Red Pepper! How dare you call me that!

HEAD COOK. Eh?

PRINCE. Who told you I was called Red Pepper?

HEAD COOK. You?

PRINCE. Why, yes. Did you not mean me?

HEAD COOK. Why, no. I mean red pepper, from the pepper-pot.

[*Taking it off shelf.*]

PRINCE. Strange—for that's the name by which I'm known among my people—Why—sir—how can red pepper help me against the Brownies!

Duet (COOK and PRINCE).

Air, "There lived a King, as I've been told."

—The Gondoliers.

COOK. Now very hard it is to make

A Brownie his bad ways forsake,

For it's a fact he takes the cake,
If he can't find the candy!
And if you clap your hands and shoo,
He'll only make a face at you;
There's only one thing you can do!
Just keep the pepper handy!
For as a Brownie hates to sneeze
Or blow his nose, if it should tease,
Or any wholesome act's like these,
He can't abide Red Pepper!!!

PRINCE. Yet that's the name that's given me,
For, as you all can plainly see,
My hair is red as red can be—
In fact it's fiery scarlet!
And as my hair, my temper is;
So if a page my hair should quiz,
I waste no time, but straight pull his,
And thrash the saucy varlet!
So that is why the name I've got,
And as, when I am waxing hot
I frequently dismiss the lot,
They can't abide Red Pepper!
[A dance can be arranged here with PRINCE,
COOK, KITCHENMAID and COOKLET.]

KITCHEN. Ah, sir, you will be brave and take the place?

COOKLET. Oh, yes, dear, brave, kind handsome man!
Say yes and calm our fluttering hearts!

KITCHEN. For if we saw a Brownie we should only scream!

COOKLET. And die!

PRINCE. Why, then, if there's no choice save between myself and you poor maids, why—I must do it—so, sir—I'll guard your pie to-night!

COOKLET. Oh dear, good kind young man!

KITCHEN. Oh, noble, bold young man. [Both kneel gratefully.]

HEAD COOK. Get up, I say, get up! You kneel to me not to zis beggar fellow! And you, sir, get these dishes washed quick, slick, for here ze Princess Fadeaway is coming with her adies!

PRINCE. The Princess coming. [He is agitated.]

HEAD COOK. Yes. Every Christmas night, she comes to pat ze crust wiz her own fair fingers!

PRINCE. Then I shall see her!

HEAD COOK. Yes—but you need not let zat discompose you—she vill not notice you—it is only to me she vill spik! Because I am Head Cook!!! I am like Royalty—only more

so. She comes—she comes—let each be in your place! Now bow, all bow!

[A graceful march played. Enter PRINCESS FADEAWAY, attended by GREENING and SWEETING. The PRINCESS is a sweet-voiced, gentle little girl. Her ladies are gorgeously attired, and walk and talk in a disagreeable affected manner.]

HEAD COOK. Welcome, Princess, the Pie awaits your pleasure!

PRINCESS. Good! [She comes to the table, sees PRINCE, who starts and drops dishes. He stands staring at her; does not pick dishes up.]

PRINCESS. Why—who is this strange gentleman—

HEAD COOK [shocked]. Hush—hush—your Highness, it is only the new scullion!

PRINCESS [amazed]. Scullion!

GREENING. Oh, Princess—how could you take that ragged creature for a gentleman?

SWEETING. I think he looks too fierce for safety. Look how the Jacknape eyes your Highness!

PRINCESS. He is, indeed, in sorry plight—

PRINCE. Sorry, indeed, if my rags offend your Highness—

GREENING. Address yourself to us, fellow. 'Tis not for such as you to speak to the Princess!

PRINCE. Nay, I am in her service, ladies, and it is her I answer if she desires to question me!

GREENING. Insolent! I'd have him put in the stocks.

SWEETING. Or whipped at the whipping-post!

PRINCESS. Peace, ladies! I would hear him. How is it you are not in my livery, if you are in my service?

PRINCE. I have but just this moment reached the castle—I have been travelling in the forest—where the wolves and brambles alike delayed me!



HEAD COOK: "VAT, NOW YOU MAKE A NOISE, YOU SQUEAKING BEETLES!"—(p. 60.)

PRINCESS. The wolves? Oh, they have hurt you—
LADIES [*trying to stop her*]. Your Highness!

PRINCESS. But see—his wrist is bleeding—I am sure it hurts you! Let me bind it for you. [*To PRINCE.*]

GREENING. Princess! how can you stoop to touch a scullion?

SWEETING. Your Highness is strangely forgetting yourself!

PRINCESS. Nay, ladies, it is you who forget yourselves!

Duet (PRINCESS and PRINCE).

Air, "When we are Married."—Belle of New York.

PRINCESS. You should be thinking what you can do
To help the people who live to serve you!
Though I'm a Princess, plainly I see
I must act kindly to those who serve me!

PRINCE. Long was my journey, I'm weary and sore,
But such a Princess I've ne'er seen before!
Nothing I ask for, save only to be,
Here in the castle, my Princess to see!

PRINCESS. Though I am a Princess, plainly I see,
I must act kindly to those who serve me!

PRINCE. Nothing I ask for, save only to be,
Here in the castle, my Princess to see!

[*The PRINCESS binds up his wrist up stage.*]

GREENING [*furiously to HEAD COOK*]. How did you come to engage such a scurvy-looking fellow?

HEAD COOK. Of a truth, madame, I would not have done so, madame, but my scullions have all gone, and I had none to guard ze Christmas pie to-night!

SWEETING. The Christmas pie!

HEAD COOK. Yes, madame, from ze Brownies—he has consent—now I have told him of ze pepper-pot!

GREENING. The pepper-pot! You may go, fellow!

[*The COOK retires up back, annoyed; bullies KITCHENMAID and COOKLET R. PRINCE and PRINCESS centre, making pie. PRINCE helps her. HEAD COOK furious.*]

GREENING. Listen, I have an idea! That man is no scullion!

SWEETING. No scullion?

GREENING. I am sure of it! See how he holds himself! How easily he talks with the Princess! I believe he is some Prince who has made his way into the castle in disguise—

SWEETING. Yes, look! His sword peeps out beneath his rags! When did a scullion ever wear a sword? Oh what we are to do?

GREENING. I told you I had an idea [*to dresser*] He is to watch the pie to-night! We'll take the pepper-pot!

SWEETING. But they'll see us!

GREENING. Not if you stand before me!

[*SWEETING stands before GREENING holding out her dress while GREENING reaches down pepper-pot from dresser.*]

GREENING. Now when the Brownies come, he'll find his sword will be of little use! See, let us make the Princess come, or she will talk all night!

SWEETING. Your Highness—

GREENING. Your Highness!

SWEETING. If your Highness is quite finished, I pray that your Highness will not tarry longer in this odious kitchen! The heat is overpowering!

GREENING. And I could never stand the smell of raw pastry!

SWEETING. So if your Highness has quite finished—!

PRINCESS [*regretfully*]. Oh dear, I suppose I must go then! And you will guard the pie to-night! You are sure you are not afraid!

PRINCE. Afraid! Of course not! If the Brownies come I have the pepper-pot!

GREENING [*vindictively aside, and holding pepper-pot*]. Have you? [*to PRINCESS.*] Princess, I faint for want of sleep!

SWEETING. And I expire! [*yawning*] I droop—I yawn!

PRINCESS. Yes, I see you do! As you're so sleepy I must consider you and go to bed [*sighing*]. But oh, I shall be glad when morning comes [*to PRINCE*] and I am sure you're safe again!

[*Graceful march again played. The PRINCESS goes out, followed by ladies; she turns at door, and looks at PRINCE and sighs, then exits followed by GREENING and SWEETING. The PRINCE stands gazing after her.*]

HEAD COOK. Come, come, come, young man, 'tis time the lights were out and other folk in bed besides her Highness! And if, instead of staring after her, you'd lend a hand and set the kitchen straight, it would be more seemly.

[*COOK, KITCHENMAID and COOKLET bustle about, putting cooking things away from table, leaving only pie.*]

PRINCE [*dreamily*]. Eh? Did you speak?

HEAD COOK. Shall I tell you what it is? Your head is turned right round! When Royalty speak to me, do I swell out? No! I know my place! I take no notice! But you—you are nosing but a crawling—snail!

PRINCE. Why, sir, I've been engaged to guard the Christmas pie, and not to listen to your rating, so the sooner you are off to bed the better am I pleased!

[*Lights candles and hands them to COOKLET and KITCHENMAID.*]

HEAD COOK [*furious, spluttering with rage*]. Vat—vat—vat—how dare you?

KITCHENMAID. Oh, dear good kind young man, how can we leave you? [*Both tearfully fall on knees.*]

COOKLET. Oh, pray, dear good young man, be careful.

KITCHEN. Yes, dashing bold young man—don't—don't be careless! [*Both howl loudly.*]

HEAD COOK. Hussies! Arise! You concern yourselves much too much for zis young man! I cannot sink why so much notice should be taken of a scullion! Yes! [*to PRINCE.*] 'Twere better fit I should have told your tale unto Her Highness; and, if she questioned you, it was for you to bow and say, "My Gr-r-racious master, ze

Head Cook, vill spik for me!" In future—please—r-r-remember!

[*Exit with dignity, followed by KITCHENMAID and COOKLET. The BROWNIES cackle with laughter outside. The stage is now dark, lit only by firelight.*]

PRINCE. And so my lady sleeps above, and I am in the kitchen, her humblest scullion! Well, at least I have the chance to serve her now, and guard the dainty pie her dainty fingers touched! [BROWNIES cackle outside.] What's that? The rats, perhaps, that scutter in the wainscot. Still, if the Brownies come, I'd best have the pepper-pot! *If they come*—there's little fear of that! I've never seen a Brownie, and what I've never seen, I own, I've little faith in. [*Yawning, sitting in armchair.*] Well, as I'm to stay all night here, I might as well make myself at ease! [*Yawning again.*] Oh dear—I'm very sleepy. [*Stretches himself.*]

Song. PRINCE.

Air, "Little Dolly Daydream."

Now every one has gone to rest
To guard the Pie I'll do my best;
But all are sleeping,
No one's peeping,
To take a little nap myself were best.
And if by chance the Brownies come
The pepper-pot will drive them home.
For if I should be sleeping
I'm sure to hear them creeping,
And then I can wake up before they come.
Little sleeping Princess, now I'll dream of thee!
So sweet you be,
And soon you'll see

That I love you, darling, tenderly.
Little sleeping Princess, dream of me!

[PRINCE sleeps in armchair. Soft music outside. Enter BROWNIES mysteriously to the air, "Whist! whist! whist!"]

BROWNIES [*pianissimo*].

Whist! whist! whist!
Here comes the Brownie man!
To catch the rascal sleeping
Is now our little plan.
We'll tie the nasty scullion fast
And pinch him till he's sore.
The Christmas Pie is ours at last,
The waiting time is o'er.

FRIP [*softly*].

As we are so full of fun,
Ere the feasting is begun,
For a pleasant little game
We will make him blind and lame.

SNIP. Pull his hair and poke his eyes—
Anything we can devise.

TIP. Kick him till he's black and blue,

PIP. Run with pins his fingers through.

FRIP. And because he's dared to scoff
We will pull his toe-nails off!!!

[*They surround PRINCE. He wakes.*]

PRINCE. Why, what's this? [*rising*] The Brownies!
Where's the pepper-pot! [*to dresser*] Gone!

[BROWNIES cackle.]

FRIP. Now you cannot sprinkle us.
It's no use to make a fuss!

[BROWNIES dance about impishly.]



GREENING AND SWEETING, THE PRINCESS'S LADIES, STEAL THE PEPPER-POT.

TIP. Yes! In vain you squeal and cry
We shall eat the Christmas Pie!

SNIP. Proud you may be, as Mazeppa!
But we only fear RED PEPPER!

Duet. PRINCE and BROWNIES.

Air, "There lived a King!"—The Gondoliers.

PRINCE. If that is so, you'd better trot
For if you stay you'll get it hot!
I swear that I will thrash the lot—
For I'm the Prince, Red Pepper!

BROWNIES. [*cowering, afraid*]
Now if we stay, we plainly see
That very soon there'll ructions be!
Observe his hair how fi-er-y
Oh yes! He's a high-stepper!

PRINCE. If that is so, I think you'll see
You'd better kneel at once to me,
And humbly beg for clemency!
For so is vice requited!

BROWNIES [*repeating chorus, kneeling round PRINCE*].
Oh, yes, dear sir, we plainly see
That we had better kneel to thee
And humbly beg for clemency!
For so is vice requited!

PRINCE [*brandishing sword*].
Now, one, two, three, and off you fly,
Or ev'ry one of you shall die!

[*BROWNIES scream, and are about to run off as
enter PRINCESS R. with pepper-pot.*]

PRINCE. Princess! what brings you here?

PRINCESS. They took the pepper-pot away from you!



PRINCE TO BROWNIES: "'NOW, ONE, TWO, THREE, AND OFF YOU FLY, OR EV'RY ONE OF YOU SHALL DIE!'"

And though he cannot make us sneeze
His sword will tickle and will tease,
I think the pie we'd better seize,
And run from this Red Pepper!

[*Music. BROWNIES seize pie.*]

PRINCE. Now, put that pie down straight away,
Or very rude things I shall say,
And run you through and through I may
If I become excited!

BROWNIES [*consulting together by table*].
I really think he means it too!
Now what on earth are we to do?
We do not care to be run through!
[*Howling pitifully*]
We don't like being fought.

I found it underneath my ladies' pillow, because they
sneezed so much it wakened me—but, oh, I see you have
not needed it!

BROWNIES. Oh, no, no, no! Pray, do not pepper
us!

[*BROWNIES turn and kneel to PRINCESS imploringly.*]

PRINCE. And you came to save me?

PRINCESS. Is it not my duty to protect my scullions?

PRINCE. Princess, I am no scullion [*throws off ragged
cloak*]. This was a disguise to help me gain admittance
to your castle! It was the only way in which I could
find a means to woo you—but my name's Prince Fairas-
day—or, if you like, or as my servants say—Red Pepper.
Am I forgiven?

PRINCESS. Oh, yes, indeed you are! [*He embraces*

her.] In the strictest confidence I don't mind telling you I'm longing to be married and get away from all these girls!

PRINCE. Then we'll be married in the morning!

PRINCESS. As soon as you like—Oh [*screams*] my ladies! Look, they're coming!

[*Enter SWEETING, GREENING, KITCHENMAID, COOKLET and HEAD COOK, in nightgowns and nightcaps, with candles. Stage light. The candles may be blown out.*]

[PRINCE and PRINCESS stand in centre, BROWNIES kneel before them humbly, backs to audience, HEAD COOK, KITCHENMAID and COOKLET R. of PRINCESS and PRINCE. GREENING and SWEETING disgusted L.]

FINALE.

COOK, KITCHENMAID, COOKLET, SWEETING, GREENING [*as they enter*]

Chorus, Air, "Bogie Man."

Dear, dear, dear!

Now what is all this fuss?

And what's the Princess doing here?

It really puzzles us!

BROWNIES. She came to save her scullion
And found a Prince instead.
And we are kneeling down because
He nearly killed us dead!

Duet. PRINCE and PRINCESS.

Air, "When we are married."

PRINCESS.

Now all is over, you will agree

The moral is plain as a moral can be;

If you act kindly, rewarded you'll be,

Have a Prince for your husband, and end happily!

CHORUS.

Air, "There lived a king."

PRINCE. And boys must be both brave and strong,
And ever quick to right the wrong,
And now ere I conclude my song
I'll speak of pepper quickly!
For pepper stirs and brisks you up,
And makes you more inclined to sup,
And seasons many a loving cup,
Which else would be too sickly!

BROWNIES.

And though we are not killed quite dead,
With honest shame, we hang our head,
And much regret the lives we led,
Before we met Red Pepper!

FULL CHORUS.

So now our little play is done,
Before you people homeward run
We hope to hear from every one
That you have liked Red Pepper!!!

[CURTAIN.]

SOME ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIRL-READERS.



Photo. by Alma Gordon.

THE SHORT-LEGGED
ABERDEEN IS NOT
ASHAMED TO BEG.



Photo. by

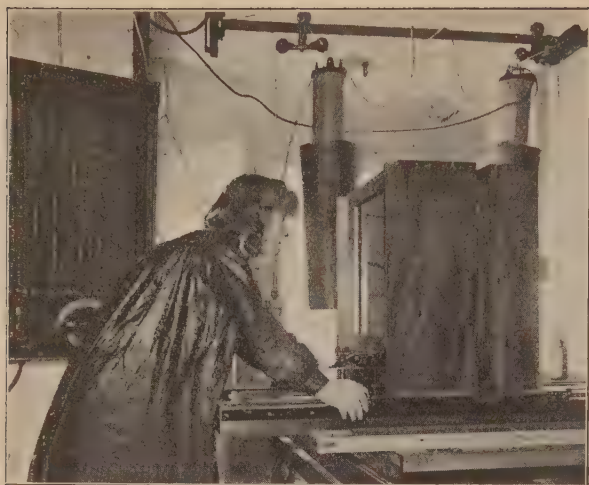
A GROUP OF GOOD
FRIENDS.



Photo. by

Alice Lloyd.

THE IMPATIENT FOX-
TERRIER LEAPS TO
ACHIEVE.



FOCUSSING THE IMAGE.

A NOVEL PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

A CHAT WITH MISS MAUD
MENPES.

BY FRANCES BRUNKER.

*Illustrated by copyright photographs taken for
THE GIRL'S REALM by FOULSHAM
and BANFIELD.*

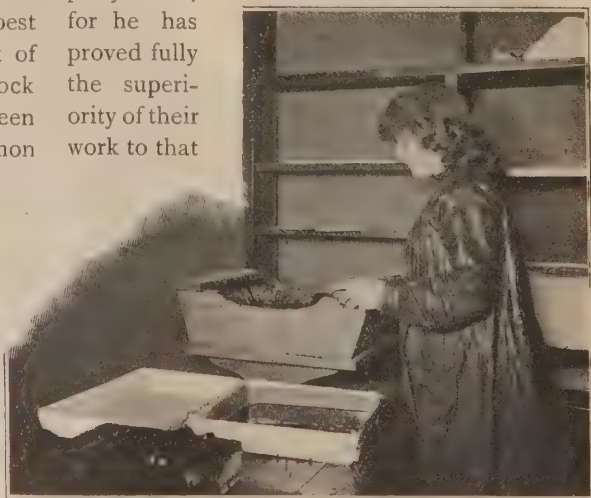
ONE of the most surprising elements in the work that Maud Menpes is just starting in London is that it has not before been recognised as a suitable profession for girls. In the process work, for the reproduction of pictures in three colours, there is much that particularly demands nicety of treatment, while at the same time it contains no feature that is not entirely within the grasp of any girl of average artistic taste. Our art schools clearly prove that the number of these is legion, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that there is now open to them a branch that is lucrative, while it does not exact from them too much in the way of special talent.

Up to the present time many of our best operators by veiling their system in a cloak of mystery have placed a great stumbling block in the way of young people who have been attracted to process work. Given common sense, application, and a genuine love for hard work, no one, girl or boy, will find the difficulties attendant on mastering process-work insuperable.

There is not a doubt that it was largely owing to the influence of her father that Maud Menpes first embarked on her novel profession of process engraving. Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the world-famed artist, has for some time been energetically waging war against the clumsy, badly-coloured, and badly-

finished productions that have up till now passed muster in England.

Any girl, Mr. Menpes asserts, who is possessed of a sense of colour, delicacy of touch, and a careful attention to detail, can start on process work with the comfortable assurance that after mastering the method she can perfectly rely on making eighty to a hundred pounds a year to begin with, and then more as her reputation increases. Mr. Menpes assured me earnestly that he regretted that at that moment he did not know of half a dozen girls trained as fine etchers to whom he could give employment, for he has proved fully the superiority of their work to that



ETCHING THE PLATE.

of the ordinary artisan, to whose hands the most delicate work has up to now been entrusted.

There is—in England at least—no one more competent to pass judgment on colour work than Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and it should encourage girls to hear that he is enthusiastic over the change for the better that ought to result should this new method of employing girls as fine etchers become more widely known and practised by artists. His daughter Maud, and her brother Walter, who is joining her in the venture, went over to Germany for a year, to learn their work in Klimsch's far-famed studios. This is the best possible training-ground, but there will be necessarily some who read this who could not manage to go so far. For these there is provided a thoroughly comprehensive training at the Polytechnic Schools under Mr. Simmonds, who is a past master of the system, and takes the keenest interest in the work of his pupils.

The studios in which Miss Menpes does her work are just now completed; they are business-like in appearance, and it is easy to gather from her surroundings that the girl process-worker is in earnest about her work. The first stage in the reproduction takes place in the operating room, in the centre of which stands a camera of really gigantic proportions. The picture to be reproduced is fixed opposite the lens, and is photographed on three separate plates by arc lamps of 4,000 candle power, the object of the three plates being to pick out the three colours. Beginners soon learn the gradations of tone obtainable from red, yellow, and

blue. The plates are then developed, the red and yellow by red light, and the blue by green. When sufficiently developed each plate is intensified, and generally touched up. The final

and most interesting stage takes place in the etching room, a large bright studio, with an excellent light coming from the window that occupies one side of the wall. This etching is a process of biting away with an acid portions of the plate to correct colour values. The camera cannot accomplish everything, and this part must necessarily be left to the fine etcher.



EXAMINING NEGATIVE.



TWIRLING THE COPPER PLATE.

The first etching is done in a cradle containing ing perchloride, and it is followed by several others to graduate the tones. The printing begins when the etching proves quite satisfactory. It must be born in mind, however,



ROLLING AND CLEANING THE
PLATES.

that anything like slurring over, or hurrying through this stage of the work can only produce an extremely bad result.

The yellow print is handled first; it is printed off with yellow printing ink by a proving press, the proof, when dry, being printed on the red plate, and then on the blue, which is the key plate. When the rough proof is finished, it must be determined what final touches in the way of fine etching are required, and here comes the best opportunity of all for the skilled operator. For this is absolutely the last chance to effect a perfectly finished-off reproduction. The final etching is done with ferric chloride; the finished block is then cut to shape, mounted on wood, and delivered over to the machine press, from which copies can be turned out by the score.

Even a superficial acquaintance with this process

work proves how engrossing and fascinating it can be. I am convinced that it only needs to be brought to the knowledge of girls eager to adopt an artistic profession, for them to give it serious consideration; while for those who are compelled to take up some work as a livelihood it does not necessitate any great outlay in the matter of training.

That there is a vast scope for colour-printing is beyond a doubt, for besides the illustration of books, we have only to remember how it is employed for the pictures issued with the Christmas and other special numbers of our journals to realise what a wide field it covers; this process-work further ensures the reproduction of the delicate harmonious tints of the artist's own original painting in place of the hard inartistic colouring that

for so long has been accepted for want of something better.

For the moment Maud Menpes, the talented daughter of a talented father, is alone in the field. It is interesting to hear that the last book written by her sister Dorothy is to be illustrated by pictures by Mortimer Menpes, reproduced in colour by Miss Maud Menpes.



TOOLING THE PLATE.



PROVING THE PLATE.

A LITERARY GIRL

By
KATHARINE
TYNAN.



Illustrated by
HILDA
COWHAM.

No one knew this literary girl better than I did, so that I am well-qualified to describe her evolution. She was born into a quite unliterary circle; indeed, nothing could be further away from literature, and she was well on in her teens before she beheld with awe even a small specimen of the literary person. She was twenty when a good friend gave her a Tennyson of her own; and a couple of years older when, with intense pride and joy, she bought Rossetti's "Poems" with money which a frugal elder sister had decided should be spent on garments, and carried it home with actual pangs of pleasure. Her bookshelf before this was an odd hotch-potch. She always loved to possess her books, and did not think of annexing any the house contained. Now and then a friend interested in books thinned his or her bookshelves in favour of this literary girl. I remember a few of her earlier possessions. Two or three volumes of Ruskin, Coventry Patmore's "Unknown Eros," Dr. John Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ" "English Ballads," edited by Linton and Stoddart, a Globe Shakespeare,

a little old-fashioned Keats; these stand out in my memory of them.

I have said the house contained books—the oddest assortment, bought at country auctions by the hundred for the most part. A great many of them were polemical and yielded little honey to even the busiest seeker. Yet they were all diligently sucked for possible honey. I remember when amid them she came upon Madame De Gasparin's "The Near and the Heavenly Horizons," and found it very honeyful after the barren tracts of "biblia abiblia," flowers which were no flowers.

Earlier, in very small childhood, she had Miss Edgeworth by heart. That was excellent training, no doubt, but long ere she could appreciate more than the story the brown-mottled covers and the stained pages within had gone the way of all mortality. Scott's "Marmion" also belonged to those days; and she became acquainted with the names of literature at least in "Chambers' Encyclopædia."

All this was honest reading, but she came at much rubbish also, being free to gang her ain gait, by reason of an invalid mother and a father

who thought reading a safe *tastè* for a child. So it is, for a child may have the run of a large library and assimilate little or nothing one would wish away, since the story is the thing and the interludes fall on dry ears.

She had begun to read somewhere in the dark ages of childhood, but development in that direction was given pause by an affection of the eyes, which stopped all use of them for months, perhaps for years. After that was cured she went to school, to the most original academy for youth ever known.

The dame of this school was an elderly spinster, soft and faded, and despite the evidence of the years, at heart as young as her youngest pupil. The school, which occupied

and keepers of the wardrobes thought of this is not recorded.

The school-dame made friends of some of her youngest pupils, the dearest, perhaps, being the Literary Child. There was a highly-coloured side to the little teacher's drab life. Her sister was *gouvernante* in a very highly-placed family, the members of which were constantly in attendance at an Imperial Court. Those were gay days, and it behoved even the *gouvernante* to be charming. Anyhow, she wore her gowns but a day, so to speak, and transferred them to her sister, who had therefore a whole wardrobe of smart and unsuitable garments.

Once she was asked to a picnic and consulted the Literary Child, *ætæt* five, on the respective merits of a pink silk frock veiled with black lace and a blue silk veiled with white. The sight of these splendours was as much a glimpse into a Fairyland, only more real for the Literary Child, than were the *coryphées* at the pantomime, with their skirt upon skirt of coloured gauze dancing in rose-lighted arcades of the Fortunate Isles.



"THE SEWING CLASS WAS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO UTILITY."

the top floor of a high building, was her object in life, and the pupils were all of tender ages—most of them sent there to be amused rather than for any more serious purpose. The desks and seats, made in a piece, were ancient and very rickety. Indeed, a well-aimed kick from a refractory infant was sufficient to bury the school under the ruins of the school furniture.

Lessons were of the simplest kind. Usually they amused themselves as they were wont to do, and the sewing class was the nearest approach to utility. Instruction in sewing was confined to hemming and running, and these arts were taught by an object-lesson which consisted in cutting off the hem of your pinafore and turning up another hem. What mothers



H. CRAWFORD

"ONCE SHE WAS ASKED TO A PICNIC, AND CONSULTED THE LITERARY CHILD, *ÆTAT* FIVE, ON THE RESPECTIVE MERITS OF FROCKS."

After these days the Literary Child sandwiched her Miss Edgeworth—Belinda and Lady Delacour, and Clarence Harvey, "L'Amie Inconnue," "Harrington," and "The Absentee"—with *The London Journal*! She had her opportunity, as I have said, and used to creep to an upper stair near the garrets to read till twilight that, and *Bow Bells*, and other things of the same kind.

Her taste was not distinguished in reading, indeed, she read everything. Later, horrible to relate, she read some of J. W. M. Reynolds' lurid romances; but to her credit did not like them.

At one time she made the acquaintance of two spinster sisters who kept a shop, the kind of shop which she has ever since longed to keep. On one side was fresh country produce—they were from the country and fresh-looking, as their own butter and milk and eggs. Home-made bread they sold also, and barley-sugar, which they ate mostly themselves.

On the other side of the shop was a tiny stock of stationery in glass counter-cases, some illustrated papers and magazines, and—crowning attraction to the Literary Child—a little circulating library. It contained the novels of the 'Seventies, comparatively early Braddons, Miss Muloch, Mary Cecil Hay, Lefanu, among others.

Such shopkeepers as the two sisters never existed out of Dickens. The eldest, who was

responsible for the library, was sleepy-headed; the youngest, of the milk and eggs, liked nothing so much as to knit and sit counting the stitches, while her sister made a long siesta by the fire.

The Literary Child, at that time about eight years old, was made free of their stock-in-trade, but on condition she minded the shop!

She used to sit on a high stool, reading her novels and sucking barley sugar all the afternoon. She does not remember to have made any sales of milk and eggs: perhaps no one ever bought any, and it was a mere simulacrum of a shop, a playing at trade. She has an impression that the elder sister gave her instructions to send away a customer if serving him was beyond her eight-year old powers. Anyhow she remembers only two business transactions. One was the sale of some lurid three-penny books of ad-



"THE LITERARY CHILD USED TO SIT ON A HIGH STOOL, READING HER NOVELS, AND SUCKING BARLEY SUGAR."

venture to some small boys. The other, a thing that covered her with glory, was the sale to an old lady of a gaily-coloured pictorial supplement of ancient date for the sum of sixpence. The business woman of the two sisters, the librarian, chuckled much over this transaction. Perhaps the Literary Child's shop-keeping lasted but an afternoon, since she remembers so little; you cannot trust her memory, going back to those tender ages. Anyhow, the two sisters presently gave up their idyllic shop-keeping, and retired to the rustic retreat

they had come from, named, prettily, *Rosenallis*. Perhaps because of its prettiness the Literary Woman remembers it over all those years.

Another place to which she retired besides the garret-stairs for quiet reading was a loft above a stable, where she would lie lost for hours. It was a town stable, and stabled but a pony, who was too used to see a long-stockinged child swing herself through the trap-door above his head to be surprised at it. The loft was not without its poetry for her. Its two small oval windows, trellised in diamonds, looked into the boughs of a sycamore tree, and since it was never winter and rough weather there, the windows always seemed to her to look into the heart of the sea. There in the green light, amid the hay-heaps, was a place to enjoy her reading. Perhaps no later study of the orthodox kind was half so sweet as this remote loft.



H. COWHAM

"THE TEARS WERE HARDLY DRY ON HER CHEEKS AS SHE CROUCHED OVER THE BOOK IN A DEEP WINDOW-SEAT."

But all summer long she lived in the country, which soon was to be her home for summer and winter. It was a very old-fashioned house, more convenient now but less picturesque. A cottage, long and low, with thatch decorated by laths laid cross-wise, tiny windows under the overhanging eaves almost smothered by honeysuckle and monthly roses, a green-painted porch with seats each side, a garden full of lilies and

lilac, wall-flowers and hollyhocks, and an orchard dim with age, where the twisted boughs had almost made a roof overhead.

It is a place of dreams for her now, the duck-pond with its islet where the water-hen builds year after year, the hooded well with its silver minnows, the grassy haggard where the ricks were built, and from which little tongues of solid land ran out into the duck-pond. What magic! What mystery! For some reason or other the farmyard was to her always the very one where Hans Andersen's Ugly Duckling was introduced to the old duck who was queen of the fowl-yard, and buffeted by the maidservant; and the duck-pond was the very one where the Ugly Duckling held that interview with the frivolous young wild geese, which ended so lamentably. Perhaps she was reading Hans Andersen then. Perhaps she was

herself an Ugly Duckling. Anyhow, never was a story realised so keenly.

The power of books over her was great in those days. Alack, where is the magic now of the printed page to banish heartache? There, when death had first come into her world, she was able after the first shock of it to lose herself in "Picciola, or the Prison Flower." The tears were hardly dry on her cheeks as she remembers herself crouched over the book in a deep window-seat.

When she went to school after those days of dreams it was to the care of gentle and pious preceptresses to whom the word "novel" spelt the world, the flesh and the devil. She was regarded as being possessed of a somewhat undesirable knowledge, because she had read many novels. It was a day when "Lady Audley's Secret" was something to lift the hands at, and "Guy Livingstone" to be

named with bated breath. "The Heir of Redcliffe" was the only approach to a novel in the school-library, but there were a number of old annuals and keepsakes which contained some pleasant reading, and there were unexceptional stories read out at recreation, with instalments of which the Literary Child satisfied herself as well as she might.

Long afterwards, when she was on the verge of becoming a Literary Woman, and someone wrote of it to those preceptresses as a matter for possible pleasure and pride, the reply was discouraging.

"We have always looked upon —" wrote one, "as being in much danger from the snares of the world, because of her taste for indiscriminate reading."

Various other good friends of her family also thought it a matter of mild scandal when she began to write. To some it savoured of rank idleness. "Better set her to darn her stockings," said they. Others thought it unbecoming to have her name in public print. Perhaps as tolerant an opinion as any, from an outsider, was that it amused her when she had nothing else to do. She is afraid that opinion prevails yet with certain old-fashioned people who refuse to believe that anything she scribbles could be worth hard cash; or if it was, that getting money for writing could be anything but a disreputable way of getting over the fence at a living, much as though one should acquire it by gambling or some such means.

However, little by little she arrived at being a Literary Woman. She had the literary temperament a many years before she tried to write. Indeed, it came to her quite late, com-

paratively. She must have been seventeen when she made her first essay in writing and achieved for it the distinction of print. She has confessed to me that it was attempted because of some real or fancied slight. She had been contemned, and she would show she had something to be valued. But this secret has been locked in her own heart so many years that she will scarce forgive me if she should know that I have revealed it.

That was the time when ambition took hold upon her. She tried being a Studious Girl, since she saw girls all about her winning dis-

tinction in the paths of learning. But it was not in her to be learned. Why, at school there had not been one single subject in which her conscientious preceptresses could award her a prize, but so touched were they at her forlorn prizelessness that they even conferred on her a nominal premium in the shape of a cheap and horrid little French book, for geography, of which science she knew least of all!

So she took to literature instead. It was the natural corollary

of the idleness, the wastrel ways which had always been assumed to be hers. She had *not* darned her stockings, she had shirked her household duties, she had done bed-making with a book hidden in the window-curtains to be taken up as soon as she was from under the elder sister's surveillance. Still, when she had found her work she proved to be fairly industrious after all.

And what literature meant to her, the key of her life, the open door to her world, a thing of more potent magic than the Genii's Lamp—why, that is her secret and nothing for printing, however indiscreet I may have been concerning her.



"LITTLE BY LITTLE SHE ARRIVED AT BEING A LITERARY WOMAN."



DESIGN IN FLEMISH LACE FOR FLOUNCE.

This shows the method of basting the braids to the pattern and work begun on the stitches, of which there are ten different kinds used. A greater variety of stitches may be worked if desired.

Miss Hadley's Needlework Lessons.

FIRST LESSON.—HOW TO MAKE FLEMISH LACE.



FLEMISH STITCH BEGUN—

THE materials used in making Flemish lace are largely plain tape braids which show off the stitches to best advantage.

Flemish lace requires careful basting and over-handing to secure the braid properly to the working pattern and to prepare the seam for the stitches. On the curves and sharp turns the braid must be whipped into place and carefully

fitted to the lines marked in the pattern. Two or more sizes of thread are used—the heavy for the groundwork or Flemish stitch, and the finer for the figures and scrolls.

In the beginning of the Flemish lace stitch, make a long loose loop, reversing thread twice in the loop to double or twist same. This may be repeated from one figure to another before going back until the space is entirely filled with stitches like those shown in the illustration of the Flemish lace stitch. Then reverse, doubling under each of the threads left

single, as shown in the illustration of Flemish stitch partly finished, until the entire space is recovered and all the threads are doubled, thus giving the stitches a uniform appearance. Repeat this throughout the design until all the spaces for the background stitch are filled. Complete each space entire with the doubled or twisted loops before going back to twist the threads left single.

The filling-in stitch is worked from top of space downward, and from left to right. A stitch should be taken in the braid each time to insure evenness in the line of stitches and before a second line is started. Begin in the corner of the space with a single loop or loops from braid to braid. As space permits add a loop to one end or both ends of the line, putting two stitches in each loop.

These loops should be fine and close, and two or more kinds may be worked in the same figure. Have, say, four rows with two stitches and four rows of more open or large loops, with, say, four stitches. See the illustration of finished lace.

Commence at the right for the Genoa lace stitch, making four buttonhole stitches or single loops; miss space of three stitches and then work three; then miss space of three stitches and work four. Continue thus to the end of the line and secure to the braid. Begin second line by taking one stitch in braid and working to the



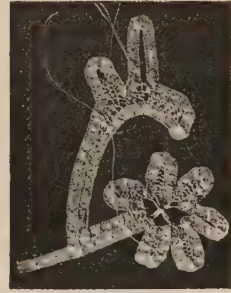
—PARTLY FINISHED.



FILLING-IN STITCH.



GENOA LACE STITCH.



CROSS-BAR STITCH.

right; make nine stitches close together, three in the space of the four above and three more into the loop at either side of it. Miss three stitches and make nine more close stitches, and so on to the end of the line. For the third line make nine close stitches, three into the last three spaces of the nine above, three into the loop and three into the first spaces of the nine, and so on to the end. The fourth line make like the first, the fifth like the second, and so on until the space is filled. This stitch requires considerable practice before the worker can attain regularity.

Narrow spaces are generally filled with the cross-bar or herring-bone stitch. This is a row of loops taken from left to right of the braid in latticelike formation, and placed far enough apart to permit the working of a second row from right to left between. The loops of the second row should have three stitches worked in each loop to give a raised effect.

To work the cross in the centre of the figure, as shown in the illustration of finished lace, work a single thread

from left to right across space, twisting back to make line double. Miss two stitches and make another similar line parallel to the first. Repeat these two lines at right angles to the first two, weave each pair of lines together, and fasten at the centre.

Beautiful pieces in Flemish lace are used for dining-room decoration, for sideboard covers and luncheon sets. These may include figures of birds, insects, animals, flowers and fruit.

A handsome piece of Flemish lace can be made for a polished table to cover its entire top—an all-lace design, incorporating the figures of birds, insects, animals, etc. For such cover it is best to make the small figures before filling in the background. Three or more widths of braid will be found necessary, and at least four sizes of thread. The narrowest braid is for the smaller figures, like butterfly and bird wings; the second sizes for fruit and flowers; the wider tapes for the scroll. The heaviest thread is for the background. The closer stitches require the finer threads.



SECTION OF FINISHED FLOUNCE IN FLEMISH LACE.

This is a copy of an old Flemish piece made in the sixteenth century, which greatly increases its value and interest.

How I can Earn a Living.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.

JOURNALISM FOR GIRLS.—II.

IN my paper last month describing the general conditions of the Journalistic market, I advised the new-comer to enter on the occupation of Journalism with the fixed determination to make herself expert in one or more subjects, preferably, if she must entirely depend upon the craft, to content herself with a practical one. This expert subject can be pursued and perfected whilst the young journalist is doing all-round work. Let me suppose the case of a well-educated girl of nineteen or twenty, who is under no immediate necessity to leave home, but must nevertheless be self-supporting as soon as she can. Now, the first thing to remember is, she must not try to compete with the journalist who is on the spot and can forestall her in every direction. For instance, local events, unless they centre about important or well-known people, are rarely of any use, because if they are intrinsically important there is certain to be a reporter either attached to the local papers, or retained by the press agencies for the purpose, who makes it his business to be on the look-out for matter of this kind, and he will have the advantage of you in that he can telegraph it on specially issued telegrams.

But there are at times incidents which happen in country districts which make excellent copy—as Press MS. is called. For instance, the doings of Royalty are always of interest to the British Public and acceptable to Editors, and though, as I warned you in my first paper, journalism of this kind—and nine-tenths of modern journalism is of this kind—is not very high class, provided you do not repeat scandal or what you know to be untrue or unkind, you are bound to make the best of all such opportunities that come in your way.

An instance of the kind of thing that I mean is the relating of any little anecdote that you may come across, and upon the reliability of which you can reckon, that is connected with the Royal Family.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF CLEVER JOURNALISM.

Not long ago a girl journalist who happened to be staying abroad in the same country as one of the King's daughters, had an opportunity of learning about the presents of toys that she was giving at Christmas to her various little nephews and nieces. She had also been commissioned by the Queen to make several purchases on her behalf for the same purpose, and with this knowledge, and the permission of the Princess, my journalist friend turned her chance opportunity to good account. She made a capital little article out of the material which she called "The Playthings of Royal Children," in which she reminded her readers of old-fashioned toys, and contrasted the lovely costly dolls intended for a tiny Princess with the queer Dutch dolls which the late Queen Victoria played with as a child. Now this clever little article was something more than gossip, yet, as you see, it was what Editors call "up-to-date," and this quality, not always a very agreeable one, is what is really necessary for newspaper articles to possess.

THE QUALITY OF ACTUALITY.

It is not quite easy for the novice to grasp this essential, yet it is one of the most important from the point of view of pounds, shillings and pence; and upon your power of being able to grasp its value largely depends whether or no you will make a clever journalist.

I hope you will strive, however busy and overpressed and poor you may be, not to let newspaper writing and reading absorb *all* your life and thoughts, as I am sorry

to say is the case with so many women journalists; but will make a resolution, and keep it, to devote some part of the day to getting away from the unideal world represented by journalism to the poetry and beauty of great literature and art and Nature itself. You must keep yourself *au fait* with the phases of life represented in the Press, as it will be these that you will have to follow and interpret whilst you are young. But let me for a moment go back to

THE GIRL JOURNALIST STILL AT HOME

with her parents in a quiet country place and anxious to serve her apprenticeship and get experience before she is absolutely launched upon the struggle for bread. Now what sort of articles have the best chance of acceptance? Actual news which must be delivered to the moment should not be attempted. But articles which, as I have said, are connected with something happening or about to happen or talked about, have an excellent chance of acceptance; only to use a homely illustration, you must know to which market to take your pigs for sale, and the only advice I can give you on this point is to make a careful study of the papers before contributing. An excellent way of bringing your work and talents under the notice of editors is by a magazine article, and you need not be in the least bit afraid that if you write for humble ones you will disqualify yourself for better class work. This would have been the case a few years ago, when the standard was far higher than to-day, and to encourage you I may tell you that nearly all the most distinguished *litterateurs*, such as the late Mrs. Lynn Jynton, Mr. Andrew Lang, and many others have written for quite small and insignificant journals in their youth. But one thing you must be sure and bear in mind, and if you are a journalist attaching more importance to text than to illustration, it will probably take you some time to master the fact. This is, that in the mind of the Editor of an illustrated journal—and it will be this description of magazine that will be most suitable for your first productions—the pictures are of more importance than the letterpress; and, therefore, if you can select subjects that will illustrate effectively and charmingly, you are much more likely to have your article accepted.

MASTER THE ELEMENTS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

This brings me to a point which I cannot too strongly impress upon the young journalist, viz., the advantage of being able to take a photograph of any place or incident. I do not mean that you must make yourself an accomplished photographer, or possess an expensive camera. A cheap two guinea camera is all that is necessary, and for the purpose of furnishing an editor with photographs of the illustrations that you suggest, you can perfectly well teach yourself enough of the elements of the art to present a pictorial idea which the editor needs. If the magazine is an even fairly high-class one, an expert photographer, or artist, will be dispatched, but your photographs will be an immense help in enabling the Editor to come to a decision, and I can assure you it will be of material value to you in getting your articles accepted. Send the MS. of your article or the proposal for it accompanied by half a dozen small clear photographs. Nearly all the magazines and weeklies will accept good copy from "outsiders," and without going many miles from your home you will find plenty of material for articles. Probably you live near a factory town. If at any time the special industry of this town

comes before the public, visit the people at work and in their homes, think out a few striking pictures, photograph three or four scenes and send them with a few lines of explanation, which you can always expand into an article, to the *Sketch* or the *Tatler*. Suppose you hear that any member of the Royal family, or distinguished person is about to visit a beautiful or interesting country seat in your part. Try and get permission to take some photographs, or as is very probable, on application, you will find that the family possess some, which they will put at your disposal. If possible, in writing the description, endeavour to get some fresh item of interest, something that has never appeared before. Are there any local customs of an interesting kind that would make attractive illustrations? or any church or ruin that is fast disappearing to which interest attaches? any fact which would incline an editor to the belief that people would be glad of an account and pictures of your locality? But, perhaps your village is, in your impatient mind, the dulllest of little country places. Do not make up your mind that it presents no material.

HOW THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS UTILISED.

When the holiday season comes, English people who cannot go abroad are eagerly on the look-out for an out-of-the-way lovely, quiet, country village. Utilise your knowledge of the surrounding scenery, and do not rest content till you have induced an editor to let you do two or three articles pointing out the attractions of your part for the jaded Londoner. A few years ago I came across an enchanting little place in Kent. As it was getting near the holiday time I contented myself that year by writing a short article for a daily paper. I gave it the attractive title, "A Lovely Spot in Kent for Tired Londoners." Then I wrote a longer one for one of the ladies' papers, giving one illustration of the Manor House; and the following year I wrote a long article in one of the magazines, with six pictures, and I made out of that little Kentish village the sum of ten pounds.

HOW THE LONDON GIRL GOES TO WORK.

For the London girl the procedure is slightly different; and, if she must earn something at once, there is nothing for it but paragraphs, short articles, reports, with an eye ever on the alert for an "opening," and an occasional call upon the editor who is accepting work. The ladies' papers are for the most part so fully staffed both by regular contributors and "irregular" outsiders, who, however, can be relied upon not to miss anything occurring in their circle, that it is hardly ever possible to get in copy of this kind, though this is not the case with long half-page and whole-page "specials." Many of these latter are welcomed by the good class ladies' journals, such as the "Ladies' Pictorial" and "Hearth and Home;" and, moreover, both of these weeklies have exceedingly courteous editors, who will at least treat the young beginner fairly. I cannot say the same of all the ladies' papers. The "Lady," which has the additional advantage of being the only women's journal that has a lady as editor, is well spoken of by its contributors. There are a thousand subjects out of which you can weave "special" articles, little known girls' clubs, philanthropic movements of interest to women, interesting personalities who are always coming to the front and who are to be interviewed as, for instance, the writers of plays and books; distinguished University women, and so on. Directly any name comes on the *tapis*, here is your chance, and if you can furnish the ladies' paper with a photograph you are pretty sure of acceptance. Then there is an excellent market for such wares in the last page of the halfpenny daily papers and the weekly editions of several of the provincial journals. The "Daily Mail," the "Express," the "Morning Leader," this last a most go-ahead newspaper, which pays with admirable promptitude and punctuality, will all take fresh, light, readable paragraphs and short articles from anybody who chooses to cater for them. A glance at the

last page of these papers will tell you the sort of thing needed. I need not say that it is not the kind of thing cultivated or intellectual people read; and as it is only intended to pass away an idle moment you must present your material in as light a form as possible.

HOW TO PRESENT COPY.

By this I mean you must avoid all wordy details and so arrange your note to catch the eye and reach to the sense without involving any strain. Remember I am not saying that this kind of newspaper writing is mentally advantageous for either writer or reader; on the contrary, I am convinced that it leads to a deterioration of taste and intelligence unless incessantly corrected by true reading; but it is the only species of Press work open to the beginner who must earn her bread and has no influence to obtain superior work. There is absolutely no limit to the number of topics which will come in handy for paragraphs of this kind if you keep your eyes open and bear in mind the class of reader whom you have to cater for. Scraps about coming fashions in dress, in decoration, in dancing, in amusements, about forthcoming bazaars, weddings, with notes about people concerned; short interviews with experts upon any question of the moment; in short, a gossip note about the thousand and one things that the averagely educated person is interested in, can be pressed into the service, the cardinal principle being that it must have "actuality." The more *apropos* your notes, the more welcome they will be. As a rule paragraphs of this kind should not exceed three hundred words, and you will find that it is not altogether easy, until you have had practice, to word your information precisely and tersely, yet not baldly and dryly. Only practice can give you facility in this respect, and after a little time you will find you are able to achieve this without much difficulty. Paragraphs of this chatty description are well paid, and command from three shillings and sixpence to seven shillings. A good plan is to lay yourself out to supply a couple of journals differing in nature, price, etc., yet sufficiently similar to have the same class of reader. A daily halfpenny newspaper and a weekly Illustrated would be examples of what I mean. The item of news served to the Daily would often do, with expansion and photographs, for the pictorial Weekly, and at the same time anything of especial interest to women could be followed up with more information on particular points that would not be touched by the general paper, and offered to the ladies' journal. It is not only the newspapers which will buy paragraphs of current interest. There are numberless Press syndicates, one of the best known and most honest being the National Press Agency. I advise you to take your wares to this firm, who will give you a very good price for anything they buy. They cater largely for country readers, and as, moreover, they supply a number of London letters, women's letters and special articles, you stand a good chance of proving yourself of value to them and of having your services accepted when occasion occurs. During the first three years, by means of paragraphs and of special articles, with say two or three in the magazines, you will probably manage to earn thirty shillings a week, and this will just keep you going in one or other of the cheap boarding-houses for girls till you have managed to secure one expert article once a week. As soon as you have made yourself mistress of any branch of practical knowledge that lends itself to journalism, try to get an article into one or other of the magazines. If it is fresh and original, it will probably be quoted in the dailies and weeklies, and this is your time for persuading an editor to give you a column once a week or month with a regular salary, after which the worst of the strain is over, provided you keep on the same lines and do not try to gratify your ambition, but diminish your income, by throwing this over and attempting literary journalism. Upon another occasion I shall have a paper on a special branch of journalism, that of newspaper and magazine story writing.

HOW I CAN EARN A LIVING.—ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will all correspondents kindly note that I do not answer by post. To this rule there can be no exception whether stamps are enclosed or not.

D.A. (Swindon).—You should have taken a pseudonym. Do you mean your mother does not wish you to leave home? If so, I would rather not further your wishes in any way. If you are fond of children she would probably allow you to help at the Crèche that is sure to be in your neighbourhood, or to take out some poor woman's child while she is busy at work. If your vocation is to care for the sick, it seems to me there is always opportunity for this without becoming an hospital nurse where the necessary routine leaves very little room for tenderness towards the individual sick person.

POPPY.—There is an opening for good practical papers on gardening. Why not make a speciality of small gardens, instructing people how to make the best of a tiny plot of ground? That is, if you yourself are a gardener in a modest way. I think you would find articles of this sort very acceptable in papers like "Woman's Life," "Home Notes." Write, and then let me hear, as if you are not successful, I will make some more suggestions.

GWENDOLINE C. (Tonbridge).—It is very difficult for me to give you any useful advice till I know what your drawing and designing are worth. If you like to send me a specimen I will look at it, and then I shall be in a position to judge and give you,

I hope, some helpful suggestions. Unless your designing has a high artistic quality I do not advise you to pursue this branch of art, but you might have sufficient aptitude to become a teacher under Ablett's system of drawing.

S. Smith (N. Wales).—Please note I do not reply by post. You do not say what your age is, and I am therefore not so well able to advise you as if I knew this. If you are over twenty-five I advise you to train in laundry management. You could do this for the amount you name, viz. £20 at the Royal Steam Laundry in Battersea Park Road, which so far as I know is the only institution which gives a thorough practical training for the post of superintendent, which is what I mean when I advise an educated woman to take up laundry work. A certain amount of time is devoted to understanding the practical details of the various processes, so that the superintendent may know how to supervise the work of the women, and the training also includes the proper methods of checking, identifying clothes, the keeping of books, etc. There are very good openings for those qualified, the salaries being £50 a year with a house, and £85 to £100 without. One of my friends has quite a pleasant post in the country. She superintends forty women and has a pretty little cottage close to the works. The training takes from three to six months. This laundry would be preferable for your training to the ordinary Technical schools, as the pupil is at once initiated into the practical work.

"THE GIRL'S REALM" NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.—VII.

As the winter comes on one's thoughts turn with pleasure to cosy evenings spent by the fire in a roomy arm-chair with a warm and comfortable cushion at one's back. The same cushion is an essential factor in one's comfort. As a present nothing is more acceptable than a dainty cushion, and I have chosen one for this month's design. I will take the Iris, tall and stately, and overhanging wysteria flowers which will give full scope to the needlewoman's skill.

The ways of working this cushion are many. Here is one suggestion. A dull green ground with iris flowers worked in shades of yellow which run to deep orange, touched up with black as outline here and there; leaves of bluish green shading from light to dark at the bottom, will make a pleasant contrast.

The wysteria should be treated in the palest shades of mauve amidst tendrils of yellow greens; and should play a subordinate part to the iris.

The stems which can be seen are leafless, with the

exception of a few sprouting shoots (it should be remembered the leaves never come out with the flowers of this plant and should be a soft shade of brown).

Again, on muslin, the design could be worked entirely

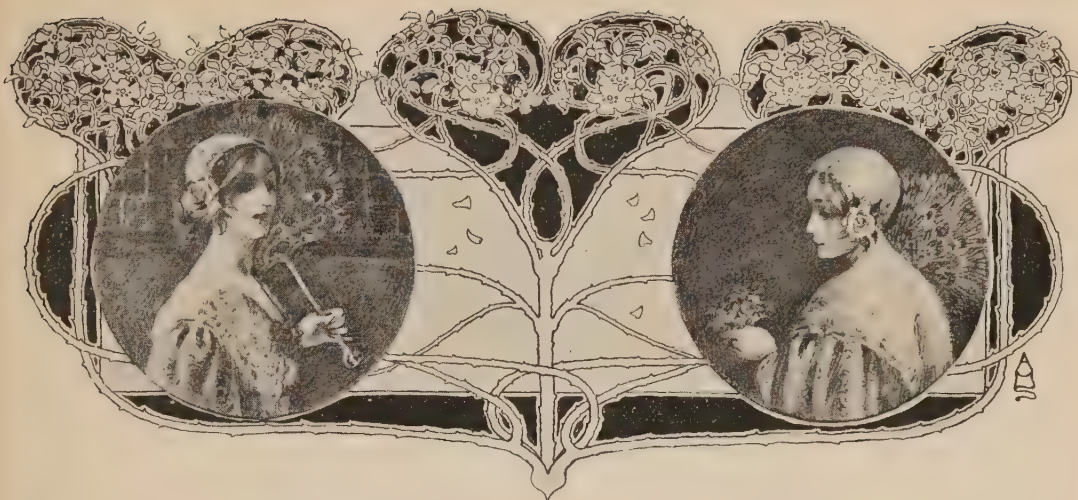
in white, making a very effective cover when drawn over a plain coloured satin cushion. There is not a great deal of work in this pattern, nor indeed, on any that appear in these articles, and when traced with a clear line, such as can be obtained by sending to Mr. Ainsworth, who will trace it on any material, it becomes an even easier undertaking.

Mr. Ainsworth's address is 4, Campden House Terrace, Kensington. Those girls who work a great deal with their needle should, when in town, call to see his designs. I know

they would be greatly pleased by their beauty and infinite variety.

Next month we propose to present a design for a lace fan, the suggestion of one of our readers.





MY CHAT WITH THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I am sorry to say that some few of you have felt their sense of patriotism hurt by certain passages of fiction that have appeared in *THE GIRL'S REALM*. In Miss Green's fine historical romance which has Joan of Arc as its central figure you are hurt by the notion of the heroine being done to death by English soldiers. In Marie Van Vorst's story of "Silly Boy" you do not like to see the small American hero playing at putting to flight some English soldiers. Now really, and really, and really. Not that this is much to the purpose, but that is what one feels tempted to say at the start. I thought if I had been working for anything in my chat with you it was to give you a broader frame of mind; I think so still, and I think I have succeeded beyond my expectations. But human nature being what it is, I am afflicted by these exceptions. I have ever paid you the compliment of thinking you were strong enough to hear the truth; to balance one thing against the other, and to love your country in spite of its occasional faults as we all have to love one another.

The glory of the English nature, as I take it, and the strength of it too, is that it is a nature that bears no malice. We fought the Boer chiefs till we made them surrender, and when we had them in our midst we gave them a welcome which has been the admiration of the world. One was reminded, in seeing it, of the stories of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, when old Marshal Soult, the great opponent of Wellington in the Peninsular War, came over as representative of the King of France, and was the idol of the crowd. That is the English spirit, and, thank Heaven, it has been for all the centuries of our history. The whole of the Robin Hood ballads tell us of the readiness of the hero to own himself in the wrong and to take a beating as cheerfully as to take a victory. Whatever his luck in his innumer-

able adventures, it is ever jolly Robin, bearing no malice, and ready to give fair play alike to friend and foe.

Well, now, why are we to depart from that, which is the main secret of our national strength, when we come to speak of Joan of Arc? Why, the glory of England is that "the Maid" is, if possible, a greater heroine with us than she is among her own people. And then, after all, as a matter of mere historical accuracy, we did burn her, as we did many another thing, and as all other nations have done such things, which we and they have had the grace to repent. The strength of a nature is not the mere avoidance of error; it is in its readiness and its courage to apply the healing salve of repentance, and to start afresh with better resolves. Our admiration of Joan is but a generous and a noble way of repenting of the wrong we did her when she fell into our hands. It was a wrong that throws no taint upon English nature: it belonged to the time. She suffered for her supposed witchcraft as many hundreds of our own countrywomen suffered, up to a period not very far short of living memory, for the same thing. In our day, of course, the captive Joan would have been brought to London, would have been introduced to the King, would have been carried in triumph through the streets wherever her carriage appeared, and she would have received the crowning consecration of an effigy at Madame Tussaud's. But in that day they burnt her in the most perfect good faith, and though it is not in the least worth going into the matter in a controversial spirit, they did it with the help of many of her own countrymen who were on our side. These things are past, but it is good to keep alive the memory of them, just to show that the human spirit has moved with the hands of the clock. The true Englishman would never willingly let such memories die, because he feels that his sorrow for them is part of a service of culture for

his heart and mind. It makes us all the more tender to maidenhood and womanhood to think how foolishly and how blindly cruel some of our forefathers were to this splendid creature.

So, again, with the little incident treated in Miss Van Vorst's story. I never yet heard that the English soldier, with all his bravery, had the patent right of all the courage going about in the world. I think it quite a fine thing to remember that he has sometimes found the odds too many for him, and has elected to live and fight another day with better fortune. There is a charming passage in "The Newcomes," in which Thackeray tells us very honestly how his hero, that type of English chivalry, the dear old Colonel, once bolted from the Mahratta cavalry to save his skin. A very sensible proceeding it was in the circumstances, and we know that it left no taint upon the courage or the honour of this perfect mirror of Christian chivalry.

Now, I am not going to treat you girls as patriots who cannot afford to hear of such things. The line I have ever taken in all my chats with you is that you are just as stern and sensible as you are gentle, and that when your country has made a mistake, or when you yourselves have done so, you will ever be the first to acknowledge it. *There* all the honour lies, not in the avoidance of mistakes—I say it once more with all the emphasis of which I am capable—but in the hearty regret for them, and in the brave determination to turn over a new leaf.

You may remember my chat about "ideals" in answer to the question I put to you, what would you wish to be in your life? I have had several letters from the Colonies, especially, in answer to my talk with you. Here is one that reaches me from Sydney.

RUBY says, "Ideals! how I did devour every word of your chat with your girls upon ideals. How many girls are there who love their ideals with a peculiar tenderness, and who treasure them with a peculiar care! I am one of the many. What numberless girls there are who, after the doll stage is over, get filled with the ambition to be something, and who waver between the desire to become a superb actress or a famous author. They dream, and dream, and dream of it all. . . . Some girls' lives are like the sea, restless, striving, wanting, always wanting. From their earliest childhood their lives are reflected by a life of dreams. Such dreams! day dreams—wistful, hopeful, mysterious with wonder and splendour—and sleeping dreams sometimes wiser and truer than the waking ones. Oh, I want so much, so much. Sometimes the yearning and longing for something—something you don't know or quite understand yourself—takes possession of you and almost chokes you." There is much more in the same strain in Ruby's letter.

"Dreamland! Sing Heigh, Sing Ho for the world of dreams." We have all sung this from our childhood upwards. We have all pictured a world where everything comes to hand just as we wish; where there is no preparation needed, no wearisome mistakes made, where we are musicians, and lo! the room is filled with divine harmonies; or actresses, and all the world lies at our feet;

or where we paint, and our pictures are on the line at the Royal Academy; or we are writers, and Mudie cannot supply all the demands for our last novel. Everything happens in that world just as we wish. The air of it is thick with adulation, with invitations to balls and to dinner parties. We are devoted to our art. We are remote, unmoved by the rapturous call that follows us. Should we ever become famous we would never have better applause than that which we have tasted in these visionary hours. Ah! the light and the glory and the entrancement of it! then the cold reality comes, when people laugh at us, and tell us that we are wasting our time in dreams, and set us hard tasks to do instead. The truth lies between the world of visions and the world of fact. You must not let your soul go out in vague imaginings. There are dreams and dreams. Dreams that help their own fulfilment, and dreams that stand in the way of their ever coming to pass. To be a great author, a great musician, or artist or actress, means sacrifice, drudgery, minute attention to detail—wakeful nights and anxious days. No great thing is done in life without strenuous work—work that is often monotonous, and that is always hard and exhausting. We see only the result in successful lives, we do not know with what those lives have contended, and how many times it has seemed as if the victory were not worth the cost. In our dreams we do not take this into account. I do not make war against dreams, for I believe that some of the fairest fruit of the imagination have been nurtured in them. But they must not be mere indulgences of the spirit. We must be vigilant and not let our fancy drift without purpose and without aim. If you wish to be an author, dear Ruby, first think your stories out, observe your characters, and then you may dream of them. But your mind must have planned and schemed first, before they step out of the hazy world and tell their tale to you, babble to you of their sorrows and their joys. Whether it be as musician or painter or actress, let your mind first be at work before you let your imagination guide you into the world of phantasy. Your reason must ever be wakeful and on the alert, or your vague dreams will harm you rather than do you good.

Claudia's letter from Canada and Rosalie's letter from Neuilly I have not space to notice to-day.

SAN TOY asks me: "What do you think of smoking for girls?" Personally, I do not approve of it, and I am quite sure that the universal verdict would be that it is wholly wrong for growing girls. It is a habit difficult when acquired to use in moderation, and very difficult to rid oneself of entirely. We all love to think of our girls as pure and sweet and wholesome: why do they want to put into their young blood the taint of a narcotic, and why should they wish to contaminate their breath and their clothes with the reek of tobacco? Putting aside the femininity or the want of femininity of the habit, what is the use of it? I would emphatically answer SAN TOY, do not smoke at all. It will do you no good, and the associations that we love to weave about girls are against it. Fresh air, fragrance, flower-like neatness, have nothing in common with smoking.



THE MINCE-PIES' BEDTIME.

By SYBIL C. BURNSIDE.



THE PEOPLE OF TENNYSON.
A SERIES OF SIX PICTURES
BY J. S. ELAND,
OF WHICH THIS IS THE SECOND.

"IN MEMORIAM."

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—See Editor's note on page 104.



CHRISTMAS IN PICTURES.

Aspects of the Cherished Festival pictured
by Famous Artists.

BY ALICE STRONACH.

PICTURES, rather than books, have always been the medium of the telling of history or legend. The

old masters who made beautiful with frescoes the walls of our churches and palaces, who illumined our missals, who pictured, in stone or in clay, on canvas or on wood, scenes from the story of their nation, or legends beloved of the people, were the historians, the poets, the novelists of their own and of all times. And of all the stories that were ever written the favourite with the greatest of the old masters, the early Italian painters, is the story that never grows old, that of the first Christmas Day. In the picture galleries of the Louvre in Paris, of the Vatican in Rome, the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace, or the Belli Arti in Florence, you will see the worker spelling out from pictures

Painted hundreds of years ago, the story of the Nativity. The stall, the manger, the ox and the ass, the shepherds, the mother and child—these are something they can understand, part of their daily life, with the worshipping Magi and the choir of angels to give just that touch of poetry and mystery that transforms the listless gazing into reverent awe. To the brown-faced peasant woman of Fiesole, who on a Sunday wanders down to the wonderful galleries of Florence, the pictures of the Mother with the Christ-Child make appeal more eloquent than any sermon she may hear in the great Cathedral.

But for fine pictures of the first Christmas Day we have no need to go abroad. In our own National Gallery in London are some of the most beautiful pictures of the Nativity ever painted. Nearly all of them are the work of the great Italian masters. In the first Tuscan Gallery is a delightful picture of the first

Christmas, by Botticelli, the master by whom our own Burne-Jones was so much influenced. A thatch-roofed stall, open on three sides to the winds of heaven, shelters the mother and the infant Christ, the object of adoration of the Wise Men. Filippino Lippi, Fra Angelico, and Perugino give us pictures of the Nativity, no less naïve and sincere, to be found in the same gallery, and there are two pictures of the same event by Signorelli, which are, to my mind, the most delightful of all. Giorgione's "Adoration of the Magi" is still another of the many fine pictures of the first Christmas Day which our London readers can find for themselves in our National Gallery. If they continue their wanderings through the rooms devoted to the Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish painters, they will find pictures of the birth of Christ are few, and that in those few the deeply religious spirit of the Italian masters is missing.

As Christmas came to be regarded not only as the great festival of the Christian year, but also as the great season of rejoicing, of peace and goodwill towards men, so gradually in our modern pictures of Christmas, signs of feasting and merry-making were brought to the fore—the Yule log, the mistletoe bough, the bright-

berried holly for the decking of church and home, the waits, the mummers, the carol singers, the Christmas dinner with the boar's head, the roast beef of old England, the turkey, the Christmas pudding, the Christmas tree, the dance, the visit to the pantomime—all the

symbols of rejoicing, in fact, that have grown up round a festival sacred to childhood, to home, to friendship, to all sweet human ties and tender memories. "Christmas will live when all the gods are dead," some one has said, and with truth, for a festival intertwined as Christmas is with the best and dearest traditions of home life can never wholly die, but behind and above and through all the mere outward symbols of rejoicing shines the great religious idea on which the festival is based.

Our modern pictures of Christmas all have, with few exceptions, the same merry tale to tell of the jollity of the day that

"comes but once a year,

And when it comes doth bring good cheer."

The nature of the merry-making varies, however, with the country and the national spirit. The festival is essentially one of the fireside and the inglenook, and the snowy landscape, the ice-bound lake, the sleigh, and indoors the piling on of the Yule log, the drawing together round



Photo. H. Dixon & Sons.

WINTER IN NORTH HOLLAND.

A dainty 17th-century skater pictured by Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A.



"DANCING AT EIGHT": A BREAKDOWN.

Mr. Wal Page's spirited Christmas picture recalls for us an incident far more amusing than the dancing itself.



AFTER THE DANCE: MY LADY'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

Mr. Hal Hurst depicts for us an incident of the ball which is usually a pleasant feature of the Christmas rejoicings.

the Christmas fire have become so intimately associated with the season that we are inclined to feel aggrieved, done out of our rights, as it were, when some writer or painter reminds us that there are lands where Christmas is celebrated beneath skies of cloudless blue, in sun-baked plains where the heat is intolerable. To the exiled Briton a Christmas spent under such conditions must seem indeed a fraud. Without snow and ice, skaters, and Yule logs, our modern painters of Christmas would be nowhere. How could Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., have made his dainty Dutch girls so



BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK.

Mr. Claude Shepperson pictures for us the procession to the Christmas dinner table of the good old days.



"THE CHILDREN WENT FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE SINGING CAROLS."

An illustration by Mr. Shepperson of the pretty custom that first came into vogue in the Middle Ages.

attractively suggestive of Christmas without the surroundings of skating and ice and snow to heighten the colour in their pretty faces, and make their fur-trimmed frocks and hoods such seasonable Christmas finery? And without the snowy landscape and the Yule log, how could Mr. Twidle, another of our Christmas illustrators, have given us his fascinating picture of the pretty Puritan maid gathering the mystic mistletoe? They may picnic and pretend to be jolly on Christmas Day away in Australia, they may even regale themselves with Christmas-pudding—quite the wrong kind of hot-weather diet—but without the ice and snow of a "real old-fashioned Christmas" it can never be really like Christmas to the Englishman abroad.

With the period, as well as with the climate, the idea of Christmas varies, and this, too, is seen in our pictures of Yule Tide. We have many a fine picture of Merrie England of the good old days in old prints and woodcuts,



"THE PLEASURE OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE STIRRING OF IT."

Mr. Hal Hurst illustrates for us a Christmas custom that will never die.

though I know of none that shows us the Christmas at the Court of King Arthur in "merrie Carleisle" with Queen Guinever, his "bride so bright of blee." But history tells us that even in those far-off days, king and court were wont to make merry with royal stores of pigs' heads and gammons of bacon as largesse for the poor. In the days of good Queen Bess, the season of Christmas was celebrated with much pomp and stately ceremonial; and later, at the gay Court of the Cavalier-King, Charles II., with such a riot of lordly wassail-

it home have been one of the happiest subjects of the English painter of Christmastide pictures. There is first the dragging of the log home through the snow by a jovial crew, the further procession through the baronial hall to the big open hearth, then the lighting with a brand from the log of the previous Yule, in accord with the old ballad already quoted that bids—

" With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in the spending,
On your psalties play,



THE YORK COACH: AN INCIDENT OF THE JOURNEY. BY VICTOR VENNER.

Reproduced from the coloured print by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Richard Wyman, Bedford Street, Strand.

ing as shocked the straight-laced Puritans. To those days do we owe the origin of the mummers, masques, and all the uproarious ceremonial associated with the reign of the Lord of Misrule. Many an old print shows us the honouring of Christmas in such wise, telling clearly that the bidding of the old ballad:—

" Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,"

was obeyed to the letter, so far as the noise was concerned.

The Yule log and the ceremony of bringing

That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending."

By some of our ancestors Christmas was known as the "Feast of Lights," and still in some parts of Ireland, I am told, the lighting of the Christmas candles—candles bought or given specially at this season—is still observed with some of the ceremony that attends the lighting of the Yule log in places where Christmas is kept in true old English fashion.

Some delightful pictures of Christmas in Old London, by Mr. Shepperson, make us regret the passing of much that was graceful and stately



SNAPDRAGON AS IT WAS PLAYED IN THE EARLY PART OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Drawn by Seymour for Hervey's "Book of Christmas."

in the old observance of Christmas. Beside such a bringing in of the peacock—the centre dish of the Christmas dinner-table of the good old days—the unceremonious entry of the roast turkey seems the dullest prose, as prosaic as the turkey itself when compared with the stately peacock, its gay plumage all outspread, borne aloft by Mr. Shepperson's dainty



GRANNY'S CHRISTMAS EVE GHOST STORY: A THRILLING PAUSE.

From Hervey's "Book of Christmas."



A GLIMPSE OF THE CHRISTMAS-DAY DINNER OF 1837.

From Hervey's "Book of Christmas."

maidens. Possibly—and the thought may console us—the homely turkey is the better eating and the more digestible.

In the second of the two pictures, Mr. Shepperson illustrates another and to-day more familiar custom, dating from the Middle Ages, that of children and sometimes grown-ups going round from house to house singing carols. However crude and homely the music may be, surely there is a touch of poetry in the custom that sends our thoughts flying to the legend of the Angel Host which first gave the tidings of joy to the shepherds watching by their flocks.

The dance, as well as music, figures largely in pictures and memories of Christmas. In a real old English Christmas, "Sir Roger," "Up the Middle and down again," and other quaint dances, have still, as they had in the days of Dickens and Thackeray, their place, from which the waltz and the co-tillon cannot oust them. And to make the fun complete, there must be

the mistletoe bough, hung from the ceiling, a sword of Damocles for the bashful young maiden who tries to dodge her partner beneath it. For the babies (and not apparently for these alone, to judge by one of our pictures of a Christmas family party), there are "Oranges and Lemons," "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush," and all the dear old English games made sacred by generations of use and custom.

And for these little folk it is that we do special honour to Christmas. It is essentially the children's festival, and the hanging up of the small stocking, the placing of the tiny shoe that Father Christmas, Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, whatever they in their dear fancies call him, may not forget them when he makes his rounds—these have given inspiration to many of our English and foreign painters of Christmastide. So has the Christmas tree, without which the Christmas of the German boy or girl would not be complete, and of late years, since the late Queen and Prince Albert made the pretty custom a fashion in England,

a Christmas fir, laden with toys, has made part of the Christmas picture of the English as well as of the German child. One of my most cherished mental pictures of Christmas, is that of a Christmas Eve stroll through the streets of Berlin when, in nearly every house I passed, at some one window, unconcealed by curtain or blind, stood a tall tree, glittering with silver chains, with silvered nuts and apples, laden with toys, and lighted with many-coloured candles, while round it groups of happy children—flaxen-haired, blue-eyed "Mädels," close-cropped "Buben," circled, singing the Christmas hymn, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," the Noël of the Fatherland.

An essential part of a good old-fashioned Christmas in every English home is "The Stirring of the Christmas Pudding." The custom forms an excuse for a friendly invasion of the cook's domain by all the family, from the oldest to the youngest, with any guests who may be staying in the house at the epoch-making moment when the stirring operations take place. In Hal Hurst's picture of the cere-



"Pictorial Comedy."

By kind permission of

MR. C. DANA GIBSON'S CHRISTMAS-DAY: COTILLON FAVOURS.

The little millionaire Stubbins would give a king's ransom for that trinket but it goes to Jones, who isn't worth a penny.



"ORANGES AND LEMONS": A CHRISTMAS ROMP.
BY SIDNEY BEGG.

mony, the four-footed members of the household seem to be making the most of the occasion as well as the children. Possibly in the ceremony and the friendly atmosphere that surround it not a little of the kindly feeling that in most homes marks the advent of the Christmas season has its birth; therefore, the good old custom is one not lightly to be dishonoured.

In the "good" old days when the last century was young, the pleasures of the family gathering round the Christmas dinner-table or the neigh-

or Norfolk must have put family affection or friendship to a somewhat severe test.

"Dancing at eight," too, might seem a problematic event and a questionable pleasure to the couple whose coach has broken down in the snow in Wal Paget's picture. "My lady," whose softly-padded brougham "stops the way" in Hal Hurst's picture, has, at least, the satisfaction of having kept any engagements she may have made with her partners, whatever may betide her on the homeward journey.



Photo. H. Dixon & Sons.

A SNOWY CHRISTMAS: SKATING IN OLD BRABANT.

Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., recalls for us the Christmas of the 17th century.

bourly dance had often to be dearly paid for by those living far afield. The express train and the automobile to bear the traveller over the ground at lightning speed were alike unknown. The adventures of the stage coach, with its freight of half-frozen passengers grumbling at the cold and the slowness of the journey, the happier because of the wholly frozen freight of Christmas poultry dangling behind, is a favourite subject for the brush of the delineator of the real old English Christmas. The journey from London to spend Christmas in York

Motoring home from the Christmas dance, with a punctured tyre or a lost wheel to give the journey the necessary flavour of adventure, will, no doubt, commend itself as a subject for our up-to-date Christmas illustrator.

Yet the perils and discomfort of a journey by coach were soon forgotten in the delight of the meeting round the Christmas board, at such a dinner as has been pictured for us by one of the most delightful of our Christmas artists—Seymour—whose delicate drawings, full of quaint character and sly humour, make the



GATHERING THE MISTLETOE.

Mr. Turdle here gives us the picture of a pretty Puritan maid gathering the mystic mistletoe.

chief charm of Hervey's "Book of Christmas." The book, once rare, has lately been reprinted, and may be commended to those of our readers who love to read of old Christmas customs. The great moment of the dinner, the cutting of the Christmas-pudding, the honouring of the Christmas toast, seems to have come, and all the members of the big family party are ready to do justice to both.

In another of Seymour's illustrations to the "Book of Christmas" we have the good old dish of "Snapdragon," dear to schoolboys and their sisters, sending up its tongues of weird blue flame. It makes a fitting prelude to the third picture, "The Story-Teller," where, in its proper atmosphere of oak-panelled hall, family portraits, pale moonlight, and Yule log blazing on the great open hearth, some "creepy" ghost story is being told to a group of half-frightened youngsters by "Granny" or "nurse." In those days such a chronicler had an audience the more eager because the wealth of story books of to-day was then unknown. For the boys and girls of the picture there was no Henty, no Mrs. Meade or Mrs. Molesworth, no Rudyard Kipling to write "Jungle Books" and "Just So Stories" for youngsters; no Walter Crane, or Caldecott, or Kate Greenaway to make their nursery books a dream of delight;

and there were but few publishers to begin as early as October to anticipate Christmas by sending forth a bewildering array of Christmas Story Books and Christmas Annuals. So "Granny" and her fairy tale or ghost story were duly appreciated by our grand-parents.

Nor was there in those days any rival to the one great Christmas pantomime, that at Drury Lane, of which in its early days a picture is given in Seymour in the same quaint "Book of Christmas." How the modern boy or girl of to-day, with a score of pantomimes and Christmas entertainments to choose from, would scorn the simple clowning of Joey of those days with his cheery "Here we are again!" How they would laugh at the out-of-date Columbine and the antiquated harlequin! These were merry old days, yet perhaps the English boy and girl of to-day might better appreciate the varied joys of a twentieth-century Christmas for looking back on the pictures of the Christmas entertainments of a bygone age.

But whatever the country, the clime, or the age that gives us our picture of Christmas, in one respect it is ever the same — the dear, time-honoured message that it brings to hallow all our merry-making, the message of the first Christmas — "Peace on earth. Goodwill towards men."



By kind permission of F. Warne & Co.

SOME OF KATE GREENAWAY'S DAINTY CHRISTMAS CHILDREN.



DIONYSIA GOES TO MARKET.

A Story of Christmas

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON,

Author of "When Letitia Rides Abroad," "In the Hour of High Festival," &c.

Illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.

I.

ALONG the high road, crisp with the cleanest frost, between lovely bare trees and hedges hung with a glory of white crystals, stepped Dionysia Okeover, one of the twin nieces of George Okeover, Gent., of Winding Wood House, near Udmere. Behind her trudged the worthy Pomfret, butler, coachman, valet, and steward of that which had once been a thriving mansion, but was now no more than a polite form of old farmhouse, with little land, but a magnificent stone entrance, a suite of spacious parlours, and the remains of large stables. By an unwritten law of domestic etiquette, the few horses on the estate were reserved for the use of the men folk—that is to say, there were two hunters for the Squire, an old draught pony for heavy work, and a couple of cart horses for the farm work itself. Therefore it was necessary that either Olivia or Dionysia should weekly traverse on foot the two miles to Rye Market, in order to provide the household with necessaries. A semblance of state was, however, preserved as far as possible, and Pomfret once a week stuffed his plump old figure into the ancient Okeover livery—deep blue with green facings, surmounted by a hat with tarnished cords—that he might accompany and carry the pannier. As a rule the Twins made their weekly expedition together. It was their principal source

of gossip, their one peep into the outer world, this Tuesday descent upon Rye. They were discreet young people, and had all the dignity of matrons of forty as they went serenely upon their errands, seeing out of the corners of their pretty eyes all manner of things (over which they could laugh afterwards), without appearing to notice anything. The presence of Pomfret with a thick walking-stick was a sufficient guarantee for the safety of his young mistresses, who were also well known to the market folk of the town.

Now this moment marks an epoch in the history of the Okeover Twins. They were just twenty-two, and by rights, according to the notion of those days, should have been married at least three years since. But, as orphans without dowries, their matrimonial chances were not so great as those of some of their county neighbours, and they were as delicate in the matter of choice as the old Squire was proud and poor. And it was their delicious, provoking duality which perplexed those who would have wooed. The fame of their beauty spread, however, in proportion to the fact of their astonishing likeness. Merry gentlemen would often bring their friends over to taste the piquancy of this pretty twinship. The girls, brown haired, hazel eyed, were indeed so exactly alike, that even their uncle never knew them apart. He gave it up as hopeless at last, and made one stipulation—that indoors they should wear hair ribands and sashes of a different colour, for his young bachelor friends vowed that it was always a toss up whether you were paying a compliment to Dionysia, or only repeating yourself to Olivia. At the beginning

this was very amusing. But as they grew out of girlhood, the Twins began to have a contempt for persons who could not distinguish between them, and they entered into a league against all mankind—at least, on the surface.

At the moment at which we find them they were always making game of the most eligible gentleman of their acquaintance, Sir Harry Cave, of Newenden. At first their uncle was amused, but when Sir Harry took to riding over every Sunday to drink his port, and sigh and gaze, and sigh again—the Squire grew querulous. His cellar was getting low, and he thought it time to put his foot down. And he said so to his nieces.

"We are not to blame, dear uncle," was their answer.

"Don't you know your minds?" he said testily.

"It is not for *us* to choose," said Dionysia with a wicked semblance of meekness.

"We should appear immodest," echoed Olivia.

"*Us*," cried Mr. Okeover, "*We*? 'Gad—if Harry Cave doesn't choose before New Year he shall marry you both."

"Perhaps," said Dionysia gently, "a little opposition would give the poor fellow a chance of clearing his brain, uncle. Shall we dress up Pomfret and set him up at dinner opposite Sir Harry? You can't think how Pomfret ogles the girls on Rye Salts on Tuesdays behind our backs."

"Does he, the dog?" laughed Mr. Okeover.

"Dionysia!" said the more serious and restrained Olivia, aghast, "it would be an insult to Sir Harry Cave. Besides, why go to so much trouble? *We* do not want him."

"*Of course not*," sniffed Dionysia, who had her own opinion; "but 'tis well he should not think he can have *both* of us, Olivia, and I dare say that if Uncle Okeover would but ask a few other beaux—any sticks would do, uncle—and give a little Christmas festivity, it would be a sensible thing."

The wicked twins had planned this carefully. They were young, they went to few balls; they wanted to dance, to hold open house—for once.

The Squire fell into their trap, for he was really anxious to see one of them married.

"'Tis a good notion," he said, slapping his knee. "We will have some fiddles and the best supper that can be made in the house for New Year's Eve and so put Harry's nose out of joint."

At which Olivia's lips quivered with excitement and Dionysia clapped her hands. The invitations went forth—some eighty in all—and great was the wonder they caused, for never within the memory

of the rising generation had Winding Wood been opened for festal purposes. Some averred that the gates of the front avenue would not even open, others that the rats would join in the country dances, set the pace for the new German waltz, and act as pages in the cotillon. But for all that the neighbours accepted.

Great were the preparations, and heavy the work which fell to two pairs of slim hands in the preparation of the feast. It was needful that Olivia, who was the more skilled in domestic arts, should stay at home and organise while Dionysia did the commissions. Hence the fact that on the Tuesday before Christmas Eve she was seen tripping in alone to Rye. Pomfret followed her at a respectful distance. Olivia had some misgivings as she despatched her. For Dionysia was a dreamy creature when it came to practical affairs and had been known to mistake foreign pigeons for English plóver more than once. However, the shopping list was tightly squeezed in her hand, and her hands were tucked into her big chinchilla muff—the twin counterpart of the one that Olivia used. So she tripped down to Rye—clad in grey from crown to heel—from her beaver bonnet to her hem, her feet in shoes of scarlet morocco, two pairs of which—identical in size—Sir Harry Cave had brought from London as fairings for the dear but bewildering little ladies.

II.

In and out of the crowded market-place of Rye moved Dionysia, very important and serious. Round about the ancient brick Court House the bargains were spun, people loitered to finger fat turkeys and geese, or sniffed at apples and tasted cheese and inspected grain. So many were Dionysia's purchases that she had to send Pomfret to the High Street to beg, borrow, or buy an additional basket. Meanwhile she had much to do. She had checked off on her list many things, a neat's tongue, a hare for hare-pie, wild-fowl, and land-fowl, a bagful of the best Jordan almonds for the March panes, without which no Feast table was complete, some comfits and rose-water for table adornment and perfuming, a packet of aniseed, some eggs and some flour for "jumbals." She had acquired also veal kidneys for a florentine by way of a second course, currants, raisins, prunes, and mace, and all the spices of the East, with a view to chewet-pie. And there remained now almost a third of her commissions to execute. She gave a little tired sigh and wished she had a coach to take her home. Her arm ached with the weight of a packet of grocery.

Now it so happened that Captain Lawrence, of His Majesty's Irish Rifles, sick of hammering into shape recruits for the Iron Duke in Lydd Camp, had come over on leave to Rye in the hope of adventure. In Dionysia it found its very embodiment, and as she passed down the High Street of Rye he had observed and followed. So when she sighed he happened to be within earshot. He bent his head and came forward offering his services. Dionysia gave him one steady glance and saw that he was comely, and his riding dress most perfect, and a splendid impulse of mischief took hold of her. She bowed ever so slightly and said that her servant was no doubt close by—but for all that she let the package of grocery slide gently to the ground, whereupon the cord broke in the most perplexing manner, so that sultanas and carraway, Jordan almonds and sugar poured helter-skelter on to the frosty ground.

"The horn of Mistress Ceres bedad, Madam!" cried Captain Lawrence, gallantly, as he stooped to her assistance.

"Ceres' horn was never empty, sir," flashed the mischievous damsel, "so I fear you have mistaken me for that lady. For this bag is empty, and I must buy all the comfits over again."

"It's meself will be proud to help you, Madam," said the gay soldier.

"A man does not know one end of a cinnamon stick from another, sir," she returned.

"Shure a wise man will take the stick by both ends to make certain," he replied with respectful obstinacy; "let me introduce meself, madam—Patrick Lawrence of Slaney Castle, County Galway, and His Majesty's Rifles, at your service."

Dionysia gave him her most supercilious bow, and putting on a suspicion of an imitation of his own brogue, said, "Shure . . . if I had known you be such a grand gentleman I should have not let you speak to me. My mistress will be angry if she knows. Good morning, sir."

"Nay," said the captain, "so fair a lady as yourself, Miss—Mistress—"

"Ceres," slipped in Di, promptly, with a curtsy.

"Such a maid as yourself always has a dragon of a mistress, Miss Ceres. At least that is my experience, and it's not a small affair, believe me," he said.

"I am sure not," assented Di, ironically. The irony in her tone drew him on.

"To give you a proof, I'll help you choose your market stuff. I am a man of the world, and a good judge of bacon."

"We don't fancy it Irish here," she said, crisply.

"You don't know the difference by the colour or the scent," he retorted. "Ye just ask 'Please a bit of English bacon,' and the fellow cheats ye with Irish!" Which was exactly what had happened to Di; wherefore she blushed, turned her back, and went off to buy aniseed, which she told him was a new kind of snuff, and begged him accept an ounce. And he presented her with a brass ornament which he said he had cut from the belt of a real live Indian "in the wars." Neither believed the other, except for pastime, and Di grew more wicked, and the captain more pertinacious, when suddenly the clock struck four, and she remembered the absence of Pomfret, and the return trip in the gathering twilight. Then she wished herself anywhere but in Rye Market with a strange cavalier, and trembled for the consequences. Her naughty mood was gone. She grew very stiff and proper, and besought the captain to find Pomfret. After some delay this was done. He was discovered at an inn in so comfortable a mood that the captain said it seemed quite a pity to disturb him, and begged to be allowed to take his place. But Di had had enough of adventure. The thought of poor Olivia toiling at home over pasties and sallets brought her sharply to book. She turned to ice, and the captain had to take his dismissal.

"You will let me come with you to the bend of the road?" he begged.

"Certainly not."

"Then I may at least follow at a sensible distance to see that you are safe?"

"As a soldier of honour, sir, you must not even look round the corner," she replied; "I am sure I can trust you!"

This with a special appeal of her beautiful mischievous eyes.

"Indeed you can; but when—may I come round the corner?"

"Not to-day."

"Then to-morrow?"

One last touch of mischief was irresistible.

"To-morrow," she said, "I *may* be shopping in Rye again, perhaps; perhaps not. Good day." Then she fled abruptly, and stopped at the corner of Lamb Street ere she turned into the High Street. She could not help looking back, for she did not trust him. But the captain stood in his place, true to his word. He had not moved a step.

III.

The scarlet feet of Dionysia covered the return journey so fast that Pomfret was snorting like an engine by the time the roof of Winding Wood was

in sight. Dionysia dared not pause, much less think. She wondered what she should say to Olivia, and if Olivia would look down upon her for ever. And at last she determined to be silent, at any rate, for awhile. The well-known delinquencies of Pomfret would be sufficient excuse for delay.

Olivia stood over her sister judicially as the paniers were unpacked, and checked off the items, to Di's confusion. For at least a dozen things of vital importance were forgotten.

"You must trudge in again to-morrow," said Olivia, reproachfully.

"That I will not," said guilty Di, remembering what she had hinted to the captain. "*I* will mix the March panes, and you shall do the errands." But it was not till she saw Olivia trip out of the gates on Wednesday that she realised the full possibilities of her wickedness of Tuesday. Then, indeed, did Dionysia, in her own room, cut little half-frightened, half-roguish capers at the thought of what might befall Olivia in Rye. The roguery



"'AS A SOLDIER OF HONOUR, SIR, YOU MUST NOT LOOK ROUND THE CORNER,' DIONYSIA REPLIED, 'I AM SURE I CAN TRUST YOU.'"—(p. 98.)

triumphed, I regret to say. Still, it was the first time she had ever owned a secret unshared for more than an hour with Olivia, and a sense of guilt oppressed her day's work.

Olivia, arrived in Rye, foresaw that if she was to be quick she could, perhaps, get a lift in the carrier's cart on her way back, so she sent Pomfret to make sure of the hour that the cart would leave Rye, and then plunged into business, wondering what Di could have been about to forget so many necessities of the feast. Her astonishment at meeting the radiant eyes of a young gentleman who crossed the street to her, raising his hat, may be well imagined. With her nose in the air she continued her way. But he was not to be so abashed. He swung deliberately off at right angles, and, as she turned up into the square where the poulterer lived, she was amazed to see him waiting at the door.

"Ah, Mistress Ceres!" he said reproachfully. "Your lady must have a handful in a young girl of such moods. I'll not have them. Come now, is it cruelty or temper, or something that is much sweeter than either—shyness, indade—that kapes you so stiff to me?"

"Indeed," said Olivia trembling but full of dignity. "I am Miss Okeover, of Winding Wood, and I never set eyes on you."

"Ah! pardon, Madam—but you can't be your own mistress, unless, bedad, you're an actress of the first class and are mistress and maid in one."

"I desire you to leave me alone," said Olivia firmly, "or else I will order my groom to see that I am left unmolested."

"Ah, now, Madam, 'tis myself was looking after your groom only yesterday to save him a scolding," said the persistent captain, "and you'll not be asking me to go back on such a good fellow who knows his friends when he sees them."

"I will have no nonsense, sir," said Olivia.

"I've got the snuff here and I'm wearing it next my heart," said the rogue piteously. "Isn't that proof enough that you know me, Madam?"

"*Snuff?*" said Olivia retreating fearfully, for she thought the man must be mad.

The gentleman solemnly produced a packet of aniseed. "Shure and ye said yesterday that ye'd likely to be here again to-day, Madam."

"I assure you you are under a very grave error," said Olivia. The truth flashed upon her now. She felt herself without resource, without cover. She knew not how to escape or how to screen at once her own reputation and that of her conscienceless twin. To her joy Pomfret at this moment toddled round the corner and she took refuge behind him.

"This gentleman," she said in a low indignant voice, "says that he knows me, Pomfret. You can swear that I never set eyes on him before." Then she raised her voice slightly, "If this person," she continued scornfully, "has any message for my uncle he can give it to you." And swiftly and with contempt did she turn and go on her errands, closely followed by Pomfret, who winked and chuckled at the Captain behind her back, but displayed a horrid glare whenever she caught his eye. So the three threaded the streets, Olivia with flushed face, her scarlet heels tapping the pavement with short, angry little steps, Pomfret waddling close behind like a jolly pack mule, and the captain jauntily swinging in the rear with twirling cane. The carrier's van always took up its passengers at the "George." There, too, the captain halted and saw Olivia drive off, raising his hat to her with his most irresistible smile, while she frowned continuously, and then turned very pale, for opposite on the steps of the Tory Club, was Sir Harry Cave taking in the episode with all his eyes. Accustomed to regard the Okeover twins as his own property he was furious at what had passed, and he strode over to the "George" prepared to strangle the interloper.

"Why, Pat," he cried suddenly, "old Pat of the Rifles. How dare you show your nose in Rye without telling your old friend? And how dare you ogle another man's fancy so?"

"If she is yours, Harry," said the Captain jovially, "I'll give way. I wish ye joy of her moods. I've seen her two days running, but she has as many moods as the clock has minutes."

"Oh, so you've seen her twice," said the baronet cynically.

"Not more, on my honour, and by the merest chance; and if her mistress is as pretty as she is, I'll turn my attentions there without regret."

"So you've seen her twice," repeated Sir Harry. "You shall see her twice again, or in duplicate, whichever you like. But fair play, mind. No stealing."

"Me honour," vowed the captain as they strolled arm-in-arm into the club.

IV.

Roaring fires made the lights dance in the panelling and the flooring of Winding Wood. Pomfret had been rubbing up the Squire's Georgian plate, and had waxed the boards till he was afraid to walk on them except bare-footed. The farm hands had made green wreaths for the doors, the pillars of the hall and the balustrades, and till long past noon the Okeover ladies worked at the

great trestle tables in the kitchen finishing the items of their menu, Olivia marshalling the dishes as they were completed, while Dionysia did the tasting. Their old cook, quoting from her book of recipes, always declared that Miss Di, when it came to the arrangement of courses, "was like to a Fencer leading a band of men in rout, who knows the use of the weapon, but not how to put men in order." So Di merely tasted and sniffed, with immense wisdom. She screwed up her face suddenly over a "*Quelquechose*."

"What's wrong?" asked Olivia anxiously.

"Too much mace, I fear, Livy."

The incredulous Livy tasted in her turn. "Pooh! What more d'ye want? A little of your *new snuff*, perhaps!"

"I think you might forgive me now," said poor crimson Di; "you know I hate myself, and I shall never speak to the silly fellow again. And he's only a soldier—here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Then why did you demean yourself so to an ordinary red-coat, child?"

"He's a gentleman, for he has a castle of his own in Ireland, Livy," retorted Dionysia.

"Or did he say Spain, Di?"

To which Di had no answer, but shut her red mouth very tight, and went away in a huff to put sweet powder in her ball gloves.

* * * *

The last touch had been put to the great supper in the parlours of Winding Wood, and no one could have attributed to these two girls lack of skill in banqueting stuffs. Fruit and snow pie were there, with galantines and trifles and fricassees, all adorned with devices of griffins, birds, ribbon-knots and flowers, while on the board's head, cut out in coloured paste, was the Okeover crest—a spread peacock, and the words, "*Le bon temps viendra*."

Upstairs the girls were hurriedly tying their ribbons and sashes—cherry-coloured for Dionysia, turquoise for Olivia. Their pearly silk gauzes, fresh from Hastings, showed the same number of flouncings and pipings. Their pearl necklaces, their shoes and their spangled fans were identical.

Di was ready first. Hearing the sound of wheels somewhat over-early, she looked down over the banisters into the hall of reception.

"The Moneypennys," she reported through her sister's open door, "*they're* always too early. And oh! here's Colonel Blossett and his new wife. What a married air! And I see Sir Harry Cave, the poor wretch! Make haste, Livy, or I shall win him first. He has brought another gentleman to give him courage. O—oh, Livy!"

Dionysia scuttled into the room, shut the door, and put her back against it.

"It's that fellow," she gasped, "that Irish red-coat with the castle in Spain, come with Sir Harry. He's heard where I live and is come out of mischief!"

"Where I live, you mean," said Olivia sharply. "I was fool enough to tell him who I was, as you know."

"I saw him first, Livy."

"You're welcome. Go and greet him now," said angry Olivia.

"Oh! Livy, don't be cross, but help me not to be found out," implored Dionysia.

"It is too late," wailed Olivia.

"No—you must pretend to be me and I you, and we'll change about so that he'll never know the difference, and he shan't have a chance for impertinence. Help me. Quick. I've an idea!"

Three minutes later the Okeover twins descended the staircase looking as guileless as doves and as like as two new pins, except for their shoulder ribbons and sashes.

"By Saint Patrick!" murmured the Irish captain as he beheld them. "The saints defend me, for I'm sober, Harry. Which is yours? Either is good enough for me so long as I get her in the right mood."

"Well, the one that let you make love to her in the Market Place won't be Lady Cave," said the sententious and jealous baronet.

"Come, we'll not fight about them yet," laughed the merry Irishman, "we'll run down the right one and then fight. I'll bet you Castle Slaney and one of its moors I'll find her first. It's the blue-ribboned one."

"The one with the red knots is the most fantastical as a rule," whispered his friend, "so try her, for blue's my fancy."

A minute more and Dionysia was giving her hand to the baronet and greeting the cavalier of the market without the quiver of an eyelid or any expression save one of polite welcome, whereas the cheeks of Olivia wore a fiery blush, and she turned an appealing look upon Sir Harry as if she would take cover behind his stalwart back.

"Red's me colour right enough," said the captain presently to his friend, "but it's the wrong mood."

"You shall dance with blue ribbons for a change," said the other laughing, "but mind, no stealing. For it's the blue I'm going to make Lady Cave."

"If she'll have you," said a light voice in his ear, and turning he beheld what he took to be

Miss Dionysia. Dionysia indeed it was, in red ribbons once more, full of wickedness.

"Shure now, ye'll refuse me a dance no longer," said the captain.

"Sir, how can you expect it after your strange demeanour in Rye yesterday to me, a lady?"

"Well, now then, who could help it with you, Miss Okeover?"

"You are always confusing me with my sister, the giddy creature," sighed Di. "I cannot dance with a man who pays such a poor compliment to us both. I'm promised for the next to Colonel Blossett. Perhaps you shall have the next after that;" and away she tripped.

A second later she was whirling in blue ribbons with Sir Harry Cave, while her sister circled on the arm of Colonel Blossett.

"You've a wicked sister, Miss Okeover," said Sir Harry, with a wink.

"Have you found out a little difference between us at last?" scoffed Di.

"You're both wicked," said Sir Harry, holding her hand a little more closely, "but she is the worst. You ask my friend, Pat Lawrence."

"I'll not believe a word against her," said the indignant Di, gazing at innocent Livy. Dionysia was looking forward immensely to the donning of her own cherry colours once more just before her dance with the captain. There was a delightful irresponsibility about the simplicity of the disguise. But to her disgust, so sentimental was the baronet, she only just escaped in time to see her red ribbons borne away on Olivia's shoulders as the captain claimed the galop which Olivia, fearful of betrayal, did not dare refuse him. So was Dionysia caught in her own net. She bit her lip with disappointment, and once more fell into the clutches of her late partner, who insisted that he must take her to supper. All forlorn, she was led off. But the supper tables were full, and so, to her annoyance, her cavalier took her into the hall to sit underneath a canopy of Christmas evergreens, while he cast about him for proper words in which to lay his heart finally at Olivia's feet.

"They say in Sussex that a house without a mistress is like cold veal without salt," he began slowly.

"I never could abide cold veal," murmured blue ribbons, jealously watching her blushing sister and her Irish partner as they passed and repassed the open door in the dance.

"Nor I," said Sir Harry eagerly.

"Nor salt, for the matter of that," snapped Di, once more realising the ear-sick condition of her companion and her own equivocal position.

"But the two together," plunged on Sir Harry Cave, "are a very different thing, Miss Okeover."

"And what is a house that has two mistresses?" she flung him over her shoulder.

"Neither veal nor salt, nor both, but an over-spiced Irish gammon," replied her adorer a little angrily, for now that he followed her eyes he saw her mind was far away.

"I don't know anything about gammon," said Miss Di, meekly, looking on the floor. But though she strove against it the colour filled her cheeks as she remembered the marketing in Rye. Emboldened, Sir Harry took her hand suddenly. She drew it away and looked fondly upon the dancing Irishman.

"What a graceful carriage your friend has," she sighed. "One can see at a glance he's of a different cut to most men. And how he can chatter! He's the most vastly amusing man I ever met."

"So your sister thinks apparently," said the sulky baronet.

"We have all our tastes in common, as you know," she returned, with an aggravatingly sweet smile.

"Gad, madam, I'm sick of hearing it."

"Please be kind to me," said Di, putting on a penitent air. Then she saw her mistake, for this drew the deluge upon her. For a moment or two she sat bewildered, gazing down upon Sir Harry who knelt so nicely and spoke so fervently.

It was truly delicious, only it was all for Olivia, and she tried in vain to make him believe it.

"No, no, this time I have you, madam. Your naughty sister has nothing to do with it. Why, look at her now flirting with my friend. You can no longer escape me. 'Tis you I've loved all along."

"Then why couldn't you say so sooner, Harry," said wicked Di, determined to make her last score before she assumed the attitude of his sister-in-law elect.

"Because I couldn't bear to part two such devoted sisters, my dearest!"

"Ingenious creature! How magnanimous you are! But I haven't said I could leave her yet," said Di, looking at Livy, who had taken a seat opposite the door into the hall. "Let me go and ask her permission."

"And have you nothing to say to me?" said the baronet, plaintively, "don't I come first, dearest?" He bent over her tenderly, and took her hand again. "Tell me, my dear—nay, let me tell you."

Meanwhile, from their sofa, the other pair had glimpses of this interesting interview. The captain's partner had grown more and more silent,



“SIR HARRY CAST ABOUT HIM FOR PROPER WORDS IN WHICH TO LAY HIS HEART FINALLY AT OLIVIA’S FEET.”—(p. 102.)

and he was glad of so interesting a topic of conversation.

"My friend, madam," he said to Red Ribands, "is terribly in love with your sister. Let him forget his Sir Roger with you, and give it to me."

"Impossible," said Livy, sharply. A terrible presentiment sent little shivers down her back. What if Dionysia really cared for the baronet, and this thing came to pass?

"But you say your sister's happiness comes first—so think of her," urged the captain.

"Indeed I think it most needful to prevent Sir Harry from making love to her," said Livy, still more coldly. "Pray go and fetch my scarf, it is in the card room." She waited till he was out of sight, then she glided across towards the hall. She happened to arrive at the very moment at which Dionysia, looking bewitching, was rallying Sir Harry. With a little cry and a flutter of skirts she passed the alcove in which they sat. The cry reached Dionysia. Like a startled deer she sprang after her sister.

In the gentle dark of the Twins' room she found poor Livy full of distress.

"Come down," entreated Di, between laughter and tears. "Come, and I'll confess my sins. I'll wear my own colours, and you shall play Sir Harry nicely. Forgive me, forgive me. I didn't know I could be so wicked. I tried to stop him and I couldn't. But you ran away with the red coat, you dear wretch!"

So, consoling, chattering, irresistible, she hovered about Olivia with rose-water and powder and hartshorn, and lured her back quickly to the lights and the music. The ball-room had re-filled after supper and no one noticed the return of the two except their two suitors. But the confident baronet

had already whispered his news to his host, and Mr. Okeover came forward with an approving smile as Olivia in her own blue sash went slowly down stairs lowering her eyes for fear her flushed lids should tell tales.

"This is news indeed," said Mr. Okeover.

"So it is to me, uncle," said Olivia, the sparkle coming back to her eyes. "What is it?"

"That you said you'd be Lady Cave," said Harry, ardently.

"You've never asked me," said Olivia, loftily.

"Upon my oath!"

"He asked *me*," said Di, pertly. "He said other very bold things. For instance, that a house with two mistresses was like over-spiced Irish gammon!"

She shot a quick look at the captain.

"By the powers, so it is," said Patrick; "come over to Slaney, Miss Di, and see for yourself, and leave your sister to manage Harry, the designing fellow."

"And what is an Irish market like," said Di, mincingly, putting on her best manner.

"Like nothing else in the world," said he.

"Except Irish gammon!"

"Shure—and that's just it. Why, the very hams all have faces, and the pigs are your friends, and the potatoes call out 'ate me,' and the booths lean up against one another like sweethearts crying out, 'United we stand; divided we fall.'"

"'Tis an excellent sentiment," said Di, smoothing out one of her ribbons.

"Won't ye thry it in practice," said the captain.

"Next time I go to market," said Di, sternly, "I shall see that Olivia doesn't have all the household errands to run next day."

"She shan't," said Patrick. "For I'll be there to advise ye and share the trouble—Misthress Ceres."

OUR TENNYSON DRAWING:

"IN MEMORIAM," which forms our Frontispiece this month.

"IN MEMORIAM," the poem by which Tennyson is best known, was written in remembrance of his dearly-loved friend, Arthur Hallam, who died in 1833; the poem was not, however, given to the world until seventeen years afterwards. The stanza which our frontispiece illustrates forms that portion of the poet's train of thought in which he views the Christmas festival in the clear light of universal love to all men, through the revelation of the Christ-child, "now in flesh appearing." Ring out, he cries, the faithlessness that chills hearts which should beat strong and warm through time into eternity.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow

The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The picture shows a young girl, type of modernity, who, attracted by the melody, has stolen up the winding belfry stairs after the midnight service. Moonbeams pour through the old windows, and, to her enlightened vision, illuminate a bell-chamber filled with angelic visitors—guardians of mortal souls—striving with musical ringing to bring home to their charge the deep significance of that "divine event to which the whole creation moves." As the girl listens to the chiming and joyous message her heart is stirred with that deep longing for good which is the best heritage of men,

BAD ANNA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Written and Illustrated by SYBIL REID.

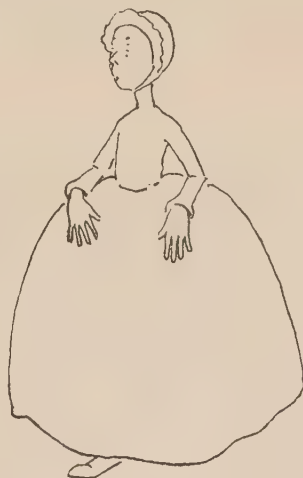


1
"IT'S getting on for Christmas time,
And yet I've never heard
A word about a Christmas Tree,"
Said Anna, "It's absurd!
I'll take my little wheelbarrow,
My spade, my hoe, and rake,
And what they do not choose to give,"
Said Anna, "*I shall take.*"

2
SHE chose a splendid specimen
That grew in state alone:
"A Christmas Tree I'll make," said she,
"And have it for my own.
With candles and with gilded balls
I'll dazzle near and far,
I much rejoice to think of the
Delight of my mamma!"



3.
SHE planted it with
smothered glee
Safe in a flower
pot;
She dressed it like a
Christmas Tree
And put on quite a
lot.
And then the door
was opened wide
And enter her
mamma;
"You always liked a
Christmas Tree—"
Said Anna, "There
you are!"



4
WITH sobs and tears I chronicle
The sequel to my tale;
Words to express such tragedies
Are very apt to fail.
The priceless tree that Anna dug
(Its Latin name would fill
Two pages of this magazine,
And some be over still)
Pined rapidly away and died,
Because it chanced to be
Transplanted for a day or two
To make a Christmas Tree!! (Ridiculous.)

5
THOUGH Anna tended it with care,
And tears of grief and rage,
The moral of this little tale
Will overflow the page
Remember as you older grow,
And save both pain and ache,
What people do not choose to give
It is not fair to take.





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Photo. Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.

MR. ALDIN'S CHILDREN ARE HERE SHOWN AT PLAY WITH THEIR FATHER'S QUAINLY HUMOROUS TOYS.

BY E. M. EVORS.

THIS is undoubtedly the Children's Age. It is only natural, therefore, that some of our British artists, recognising the fact, should have turned their talents in the direction of children's subjects. The many women who have made for themselves a name as illustrators of children's books, etc., cannot be touched upon here. Among the men, Cecil Aldin is pre-eminent, John Hassall following him closely. Though Mr. Aldin paints serious pictures sometimes, the greater part of his work has for its design the amusement of children. We have for example his illustrated nursery rhymes, his quaintly humorous friezes and wall-paper designs, his panels, his posters.

These latter are well known, but few people are cognisant of the fact that Mr. Aldin is the designer of those queer old-English-looking toy-animal carriages on rockers, which are such a great source of enjoyment to the fortunate children who possess them. Some of you may have seen these toys at the Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street, at Story's in Kensington, or at Liberty's, at all of which places they may be

inspected and bought—but to a great many they will be entirely unfamiliar.

Mr. Aldin has now designed and copyrighted four animals—horse, dog, cat, and cock-a-doodle-doo. He has others in preparation—notably, a donkey—and it is possible that he may soon introduce the novelty of tandem carts to hold two children. Then, too, he has designed a hobby-horse or cock-horse. This, in fact, came first in order of time, and was thus the ancestor of all the others. This is how it happened—"once upon a time."

"I was illustrating 'Ride a Cock Horse,'" said Mr. Aldin, "for one of the monthly papers, when—so that the little traveller should arrive safely at Banbury Cross—it occurred to me to make a model of a cock-horse; this by way of amusing my children, and at the same time adding life and movement to the picture. That was the simple origin of the animal toys."

"Your toys are charming, Mr. Aldin," I said; "but I wish they were not quite so dear. Two guineas is a price that places them beyond the reach of the purse which is only moderately



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THE TOY-MAN IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo. Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.



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THE DELIVERY VAN.

Photo. Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.

Here Mr. Aldin's chicks can be seen starting off in their donkey cart, a lot with their father's toys.



By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen.

TWO OF MR. CECIL ALDIN'S BEAUTIFUL FRIEZES—

fat. If we were all rich godmothers, or good fairies”

“Well, you see, each toy has to be coloured by hand separately, and my design followed strictly both as to form and colour. The result would not be half so satisfactory if the toys were turned out by the thousand by means of machinery.”

“I see: the animals would not then be ‘Cecil Aldin’s Toys’—they would have lost their character and distinctiveness in the process. But where is your manufactory?” I asked.

“Not a thousand miles from here. They are made at the Chiswick Art Workers’ Guild. The wooden outline is cut out in the rough by machinery, after which each animal is carefully trimmed and pointed, and the colouring added. This last is done by girls, who follow carefully the designs with which they are provided. First they stipple the toys, and then add singly each characteristic line.

“Just now,” continued Mr. Aldin, “a large order of my toys is being got ready for shipment to America. The Americans seemed rather taken with them when I visited New York last February.”

Mr. Aldin regards his toy-designing largely in the light of a hobby and recreation. As a matter of fact he has far too much work of other kinds to regard it as anything else but a hobby. His friend and neighbour, Mr. Charles P. Ingham, of 43, Priory Road, Bedford Park, has for this reason taken over the business side of Mr. Aldin’s “toy department,” which is a convenient arrangement, since Mr. Ingham lives in the next house. The profits of the toy-making Mr. Aldin sets aside for his children.

The origin of Mr. Aldin’s wall-papers is as simple as that of his toys. For the amusement of his children he once in an idle moment sketched a series of animals in water-colour direct upon the distempered walls of their nursery.



By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen.

THE COCK AND DOG FRIEZE—



—DESIGNED FOR THE SPECIAL DELECTATION OF THE LITTLE INMATES OF THE NURSERY.

That was the beginning; afterwards they were never satisfied until they had extracted a promise from "father" that he would come to their nursery after luncheon each day and create a fresh animal for them. Unfortunately, these animals have now been improved out of existence; but an idea of the result may be gathered from the frieze which we give as an illustration, depicting the chase of a cock by four dogs. The nursery walls are now decorated by a charming frieze of Mr. Hassall's, which describes the entry, two by two, of the animals into Noah's Ark.

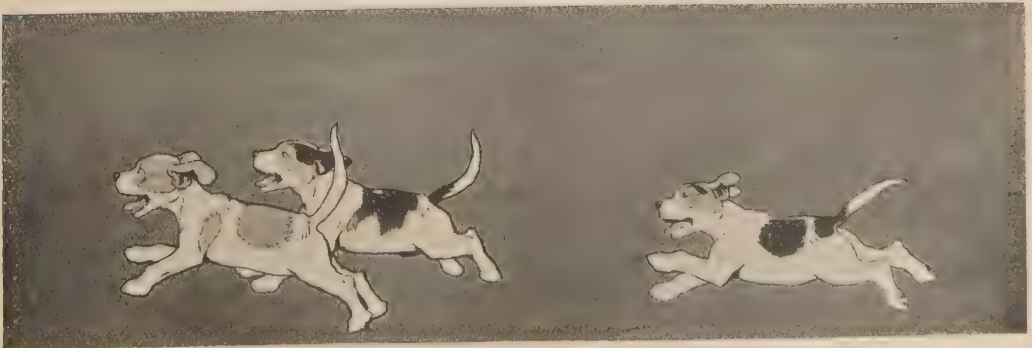
Mr. Aldin's quaint and pleasing duck-design, which is now so well known, first appeared on a signboard in the model nursery designed by the artist for Messrs. Story and Co., High Street, Kensington, for the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court. This design has been used with excellent effect as an embroidery on children's linen smocks, one of which I saw when last at Mr. Aldin's studio. Mr Aldin

also showed me a fascinating nursery crawler embroidered with numerous saucy-looking animals, each one expressly designed by his expert fingers. Little Miss Aldin can be seen in the headpiece to this article wearing a smock embroidered in a rabbit design.

"Where did you study, Mr. Aldin?" I asked.

"At South Kensington. There I studied anatomy chiefly; but I consider my three years with Mr. Frank Calderon, at Midhurst, to have been the greatest help to me in my art career. I am afraid I have never drawn a figure from the 'antique' in my life, so my art education has not been very thorough. I spent all my spare time, both at South Kensington and with Mr. Calderon, sketching animals. All these sketches I have kept, and I find them invaluable now in my work, which has occasionally to be done at a very short notice."

Mr. and Mrs. Aldin have two children—Dudley Cecil, aged five, known as "Rufus," being the elder. The second is Gwendoline,



—ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF MR. ALDIN'S DELIGHTFUL NURSERY WORK.

otherwise "Pussy." Both favour their father in colouring, being fair. (The artist has corrected me. He says "red-haired," and he ought to know.) Rufus, who is already by way of being an artist, is never so happy as when busy with

menagerie at the moment of writing includes a bull-dog, a collie, a Welsh terrier, a pony, and two donkeys, which he is fond of driving tandem. Mr. Aldin loves the country and country life—riding, boating and cycling being



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Photo. Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.

AT THE TOY-MAKERS: A GLIMPSE AT MR. ALDIN'S WORKS AT BEDFORD PARK.

Here we see Members of the Chiswick Art Workers' Guild busily manufacturing Mr. Aldin's toys.

paper and pencil. Just now his speciality is steamers and ships of all sorts—no doubt the outcome of a long spell at the seaside.

Mr. Aldin is a great animal-lover, and is the possessor of dogs of every variety. His home

favourite recreations. Indeed, so insistent is his craving for country life that it is likely Bedford Park—that popular haunt of the Bohemian Brotherhood of the Brush—may soon know him no more.

TO DREAMLAND.



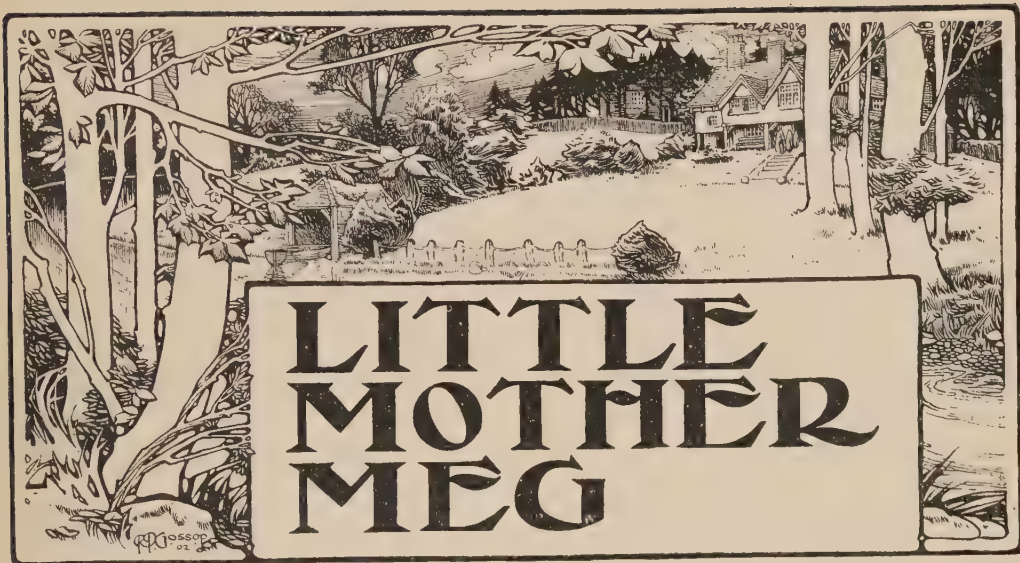
THE night has come, and all is sunk in sleep,
The fire is dying low, and all is still,
Except the rushing stream which rises on
The distant hill.

Thus for awhile dark Sorrow hides her face,
And anxious thoughts sink with the setting sun;
And, while we sleep, Dream's magic wand is
thrown
O'er every one.

From room to room throughout the silent house
The Dream-God flits, and with his magic wand
Reveals the land of Mystery and Dreams—
The Great Beyond.

We visit then a real but unknown world,
Though when we wake it vanishes away;
Glimpses alone we catch, for in that Land
We cannot stay.

V. Cox.



LITTLE MOTHER MEG

BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

By ETHEL TURNER,

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbie," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

IN the first instalment last month we were introduced to the family at Misrule—Meg, Nellie, "Pip," "Bunty," and Poppet, the sons and daughters of Major Woolcot, by a first marriage, and to Peter and Essie, the children of his second marriage. His young wife, whom they call Esther, while she regards her step-children as her own—and they reciprocate her affection—often finds them "a handful." Misrule is an old rambling house situated on the river, with great paddocks and fields attached. The family is a happy-go-lucky one. Meg, the eldest girl, is married to Alan Courtney, who, at the time of their marriage, was a prosperous young hospital surgeon. It is not long, however, before a blow comes to them. Alan loses his private income by the failure of a bank. The young couple have still a sufficient income from Alan's hospital appointment, and they are unperturbed by this loss. But worse is to come. Alan's eyes become affected; he may become blind. He resigns his post, and, borrowing money, goes to Germany to a great eye-specialist, to undergo an operation which will either cure him or render him sightless. After a long period of suspense, the news comes to Misrule that the operation has been performed and is wholly successful. Meg and he return and set up house in a poor quarter, where Alan means to practise. A little boy has come to cheer them in their difficulties.

Pip, the eldest son, persuades Major Woolcot to give him a bicycle. Bunty, following his example, wins a cheque for nine pounds from his father for a machine. He and Poppet set forth excitedly to purchase it.

CHAPTER V.

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

BUNTY and Poppet were at the bicycle shop exactly an hour before the man opened it and prepared for the custom of the day. Perhaps, had he known there was a nine-pound cheque burning a would-be customer's pocket just out-

side, he might have hastened himself a little more.

The boy and girl employed the interval in looking through the glass window, which fortunately had no blind, and examining the various machines standing within. To Bunty's intense relief his marvellous bargain, "The Fleetfoot," stood just in the same spot it had stood in for the past month and its faded price-card still hung to its handle-bars.

"I've been in no end of a funk all night thinking some one might have gone in after Pip," he said. "There was a fellow there when I was in yesterday afternoon, and he looked at it several times."

"But you could have had one of the others," consoled Poppet; "look, there's one in that corner, only eight pounds, and it's a much prettier colour. Why didn't you choose a nice red one, Bunty, instead of that plain black?"

"Just like a girl," said Bunty; "you'd buy it for its colour, and never look to see if anything else was right. That one happens to have worn-out tyres, and is very low gear. Just look at my little beauty beside it—there's as much difference as between an elephant and a swan."

"Oh," said Poppet, pressing her nose very close against the glass, "wouldn't I love one! Fancy going flying down Red Hill with your feet up like Pip does. O—o—o—oh, *wouldn't* it be lovely!

That little red one up in the corner, yes, that would just do for me. And when you went out I could come too, and we could race everywhere."

"You!" said Bunty; "you're too young, of course. And you wouldn't be game to get on one. It's not as easy as it looks."

"It's pretty easy," said Poppet.

"Why, you've never tried in your life," cried Bunty.

Poppet had the grace to blush somewhat. "You needn't say anything about it," she said, and looked carefully round as if to make quite sure her eldest brother was not within earshot, "but once or twice when Pip left his at home, and no one's been about anywhere, I've had a go on it."

"Then it must have been *you* who made those scratches," said Bunty, gazing at her.

"No," said Poppet, "because I looked 'ticularly every time it fell to see if I had hurt it, but I was on the grass, and there's nothing to scratch it there."

"And you mean to say you actually got on to the thing!" ejaculated Bunty, staring at her with new eyes.

"Oh," said Poppet modestly, "I had to try a good many times first. I kept mounting from the garden seat—it's a lot easier than getting up like you do."

"But you mean to say you stuck on it?" cried Bunty.

Poppet was nothing if not strictly honest. "I fell off a lot of times first," she said, "and I got a lot of bruises, but the third day I went twice round the grass near the stables. I'd have gone three times only I kept looking up at the house to see if Pip was home, and it made me tip over."

Bunty gazed at her admiringly; more than this he could not manage himself. Then he looked through the window and viewed the little red machine.

"Perhaps," he said hopefully, "you could write a letter to the pater like I did, and he might get you one."

But Poppet shook her head sadly. "What could *I* say it would save?" she said. "I only go to school in the nursery. Oh, no, *I'll* never get one, of course—I'm not thinking of it, only sometimes when you see any one go spinning past with their feet up, you feel as if your breath goes, you want it so."

Here the man opened the door and Bunty canonaded inside, and rushed up to feel that the Fleetfoot was actually steel and india-rubber, and not a delightful but unsubstantial dream. The man did not take very much notice of him be-

yond wishing him a cheerful good-morning; the boy had hung about the place for over a month on his way to school, each day gazing with loving eyes at the nine-pound machine—he was not to know this particular day was marked bright red in the calendar.

"Not gone yet?" said Bunty, playing with his pleasure a moment before he grasped it altogether.

"No, not yet," said the man, "but there was a gentleman looking at it hard last night."

Bunty's startled hand dived at once into his pocket for the cheque.

"Won't the little girl hurt herself?" the man said. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I can see she's used to them."

Bunty followed his gaze and found Poppet engaged in mounting one after the other the nine or ten second-hand ladies' machines that stood awaiting customers. She had looked across and seen Bunty and the man talking; such an opportunity, she told herself, might never occur again; since Bunty was spending here nine wonderful pounds, the man could hardly object to her trying the mounting of these easy machines that had no difficult bar like Pip's. Up she jumped into saddle after saddle, settling herself, pretending to be riding away out of the fixtures, sitting with her arms folded, pitting her small feet up for an imaginary but very lovely coast.

How her cheeks glowed—how her eyes danced!

The man sauntered up to her. "What machine do you ride, miss?" he said.

"Me!" cried Poppet, "why I haven't one, of course."

"Then you ought to have," said the man; "I can see you have a natural aptitude for it, the way you jump up. Why don't you get your pater to buy you one? That one you're on, it's a bit knocked about, p'raps, but all of it's there, and it won't fall to pieces. I got it a bargain and I'd let it go for four pounds."

Four pounds! He might just as well have said forty. Poppet hardly listened to him, being occupied now in noticing a machine that had a free-wheel attached.

"Four pounds!" breathed Bunty, and came over to it, and stood and gazed at it with strange eyes.

"See for yourself, you seem to have an eye for machinery—look at it well yourself and tell me if it's not worth the money."

Bunty went down on his knees; he asked for a wrench and unscrewed the cranks, and took the saddle off, and tapped at all the enamelled parts

to find a crack, and even took off the chain-guard that he might test the chain.

"You persuade your pa to let her have it," the man said; "an eager young lady like her ought to have a chance."

Bunty breathed hard as he stood up; his face was pale, his eyes gleamed a little. He dragged the man to the other end of the shop.

"Have you got any others—men's, I mean—cheaper than the nine-pound one?" he said.

"Yes, I've got them from five pounds up," the man said.

"But it would have to be a really decent one," said Bunty, for he felt he owed it in honour to his father to buy one that would carry him five years at least.

"Here's a good make, a bit battered, of course, but it's well worth its price—six pounds," the man said. "Here's another—only came in yesterday, seven pounds—knocked about a bit, but not at all bad. Still, that one you seem to fancy, the 'Fleetfoot,' is worth more than two pounds extra."

Bunty wiped the sweat off his forehead with his coat-sleeve. "Give me that wrench again," he said, and his voice sounded a trifle hoarse. He was half-an-hour kneeling by the seven-pound machine, testing it, unscrewing various parts; he even took out the ball-bearings, examined them, and put them back. He stood all the time with his back carefully turned to the "Fleetfoot."

Poppet grew impatient. "You'll have no time to try it to-day if you're so long," she urged; "come on—'tisn't as if you don't know which to take—you said you wouldn't have any in the world but the 'Fleetfoot.'"

Bunty stood up and looked away from her.

"This one is a very good one, too," he said, "it's as sound as anything; I'm going to have this."

"But it's only seven pounds," said Poppet. "Why ever shouldn't you spend all the cheque; he gave you nine and didn't tell you to save any."

"We're going to get two machines," said Bunty, "that red one you were on for you, and this fellow for me. The man says we can owe him the other two pounds for six months—only, of course, we'll both have to stump up our pocket-money every week, all that time, till it's paid."

"Bunty!" almost screamed

Poppet. She flew across the room to the red machine that Bunty had tested so carefully; she touched it to make sure that it was real; she flew back to Bunty.

"Oh, you're joking—of course you're only teasing me," she said; "it couldn't really happen that I should have one." A painful scarlet stood in her cheeks.

Bunty addressed himself to the man.

"Give me a receipt for the two machines," he said; "you can put it at the end that two pounds are left owing."

"No, no," said Poppet—she caught at the man's arm as he proceeded to fill in the receipt; "only one machine we are taking—I won't let you—we only want the 'Fleetfoot,' please."

"Hold your tongue," said Bunty gruffly.

Poppet paid another excited visit to the red machine.

"Oh it couldn't—it couldn't truly, really be mine," she said again; "and oh, oh I *couldn't* let you give up the 'Fleetfoot'—you wouldn't like the other half so well."

"It's a jolly good little machine," said Bunty; "I'll get to like it no end soon."

"Would you really—oh, would you *really*?" Poppet said, torn with conflicting desires. "I thinks it's prettier than the 'Fleetfoot,' 'cause it's green; but I never thought you would. Green is a *lovely* colour, I think."

A lovely colour! Bunty considered its hue so nearly allied to that of his bedstead at home that he was going to spend the only shilling he had in the world in a pot of black enamel to cover it up as speedily as might be.



"OH, YOU'RE JOKING," SAID POPPET, "IT COULDN'T REALLY HAPPEN THAT I SHOULD HAVE A BICYCLE."

"Oh yes, it's gay enough," he said. "Come on, I haven't a stiver left now I have got this paint, so we'll have to stump it home—can't go in the boat. But it's only four miles, if we go the short cut."

They went the short cut, which included hills without end, up which they had to drag their bicycles; when they came to flat, lonely stretches they climbed into their saddles and went a few steps, and fell off and bruised themselves, and rose up and mounted again, and fell off again.

They were covered with dust and grime when they finally reached Misrule's gate; Poppet had a torn stocking and a badly-bruised knee beneath it, an angry lump on her forehead, very little skin on the palms of her hands, and sore places all over her body. Bunty's hat-brim was broken, he had two jagged rents in his coat, and various swollen places on his cheeks and forehead.

But the bicycles were their own, and they had brought them home themselves! At the gate they gave a whoop of triumph that brought the whole family running out on the path. Then, their audience all there and staring, they mounted shakily at the gate, wheeled excited erratic courses down the long drive, and fell into an inextricable collision with each other and a tree near the steps.

Thus had Misrule three bicycles to its credit.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE LIST.

"Two added to one—if that could be done,"

It said, 'with one's fingers and thumbs.' "

—*The Hunting of the Snark.*

"Oh, Esther, *do* beg him; oh, I am just longing to have it—I'll never be nineteen again, and that's the most important age of all—up to eighteen you're a child to a certain extent, but at nineteen you are really and truly a woman."

This from Nellie who, four years ago, had insisted that fifteen was "grown up."

"But a dance would be so dreadfully expensive, Nell," Esther said, "I am really afraid to think of it. Wouldn't a little tennis-party do? Afternoon tea is a mere nothing; and you could have ices to make it more festive than usual."

"A tennis-party, and with one court, and the grounds in the state they are!" Nellie looked at Esther reproachfully.

"Well, a moonlight picnic or a gipsy tea to some new place," begged Esther.

"Oh, Essie, if you *knew* how I'd set my heart on a dance!" said Nellie. "I'd be as economical afterwards as possible and help you make tons

of jam to save the grocer's bill, and help with the sewing instead of getting in Miss Grey. I'll even go without the new dress you said I could have! Oh *do* beg him to, Esther."

"I must say I'm frightened at the prospect," Esther said; "just think of the terrible upset and expense there was at Meg's wedding—apart from the frocks the dance you suggest would be almost as bad. This is a most inconvenient house for entertaining."

"But we would have it *much* simpler than at the wedding," pleaded Nell, "and the boys and Poppet and I would do nearly everything."

In came the boys and Poppet, and Essie and the beautiful plan was laid open to their criticisms.

"You go to heaps of dances about here," said Bunty, "one would think you got enough of it. Let other people pay for them and you go and enjoy them, that's my advice. And spend what it would have cost on that bike at Green's, Nell,—it's a real A-oner."

"Thank you," said Nellie, "but if I ever do get a bicycle, Bunty, I shan't trouble *you* to choose it. Of all battered, disreputable specimens yours and Poppet's are about the worst."

"Looks aren't everything," said Bunty, but he flushed a little. The machines were not all the man had painted them or that they had seemed at his own inexperienced examination of them; they were clumsy, heavy things compared with the models of the hour, and took an immense amount of strength to get them over the hills. Also they had given way in several parts, and there being no pocket-money available to either owner for six months, they were mended when practicable with string or wire.

"I wouldn't ride any other—mine's just perfection," Poppet said warmly, and truly felt so. She had come to have the feeling for the dumb and shabby steel thing that one often gets for a long-used favourite horse.

"I don't know that it isn't about time we did give something, Esther," Pip said; "we are always getting invitations to something or other, and it's precious little we give in return."

This made Esther consider the matter more carefully; hospitable claims must be fulfilled. You were always welcome to drop into Misrule to lunch or tea, though the chances were you would only get a very plain meal; and picnics were frequent and free; but copy its neighbours and indulge in big "evenings" and dances this house had never done.

"Think how shabby the furniture is," said Esther, glancing round.

"At night it never shows—we can do wonders with flowers and draperies," said Nell eagerly, for Esther's tone showed signs of softening.

"What would be the Mantinian total?" said Pip. "I suppose it's the supper that's the great crux."

"Yes, that's it," sighed Nell; "what *do* people want supper for? As long as I had a glass or two of lemonade at a dance I wouldn't care if there was no supper-room at all. The dancing is the great thing."

"Oh, that's all very well for a girl," Pip said, "but a man has to eat to dance, though he may not dance to eat. The older I grow the more necessary I find it to keep two spaces on the programme to myself, and go and have a good plate of beef and salad before I tackle the second half of the programme."

"That's because you'll never stop being a school-boy," said Nell, her nose in the air. "Real men don't think of things like that." Her thoughts went to a "real man" who had lately appeared on her horizon.

"Don't you make any mistake," said Pip, "when I was a kid I just went for the most bilious-looking trifle and cakes on the table, and gulped them down after I'd finished scrambling for jelly for the girls, and then I'd cut back to the ball-room so as not to keep a partner waiting. I'm wiser now, that's all."

"If we could get an idea of the cost," said Esther. "That was a frightful bill from the caterer after Meg's wedding. Your father has not yet recovered from it. I simply dare not broach your notion to him."

"We would have everything *most* simple," said Nell.

"But you must have *enough*," said Pip.

"Get a sheet of paper, Bunty—you're best at



"BUNTY AND POPPET FELL OFF AND BRUISED THEMSELVES, AND ROSE UP AND MOUNTED AGAIN, AND FELL OFF AGAIN."—(p. 114.)

figures," said Nell. "Now let's all put our heads together and see how little we can do it for. How much do you think you could get out of papa, Esther?"

Esther looked distressed. "He has just had to pay the butcher's bill—fourteen pounds—for

me," she said; "I got so badly behind with last quarter's accounts."

"Whew!" said Pip, "and then twenty for my bike."

"And nine pounds to me," said Bunty. "I think it will be jolly rough on him if you ask him for a red cent—he's not made of gold."

Nellie looked miserable.

"If we only have a very little one, Essie, and a *very* simple supper, don't you think you could manage it out of the housekeeping money?" she said.

"Yes, there's something in that," assented Pip. "Couldn't you make the things yourselves?"

"You all seem to think that things that can go down on the grocer's bill cost nothing," said Esther. "But let us think what we'll need. Tea, coffee, lemonade——"

"We must have claret cup," Nell said, "but that is *very* cheap. Six bottles will make those two art bowls full—you can put such a lot of water and lemons to it."

"It will be strictly non-intoxicating, made from Nellie's recipe, so I needn't object," laughed Esther. "Put down nine shillings for the claret, Bunty—eighteen-pence a bottle is good enough for that."

Bunty groaned as he wrote down the figures. "It would pay for a cyclometer and a lamp," he said.

"Now eatables: sandwiches, cakes, trifles, jellies," said Nellie; "that's all."

"Fruit," said Bunty.

"Fruit salad," exclaimed Poppet, "and let me make it."

"Fortunately we are getting a good deal of cream at present," Esther said comfortingly.

"Sweets—we'd have to have little plates of chocolates and things," said Nellie, "but I can make date creams and French jellies, so I dare say five shillings would cover that expense."

"I think you ought to have a joint or two on the sideboard for the men," said Pip; "meat's cheap—I'm not even suggesting poultry."

"Well, I'll give you a big round of beef, and a lot of good salad. You can undertake the dressing, Nell, Martha is apt to get it curdled."

"Let there be enough trifle," said Bunty; "I don't want to ask some girl to have some and then go and find it's all gone, like I did at Poppet's party."

"Fruit," said Esther. "There are only apples and pears left in the orchard. Do you think with some bananas and oranges that would do? Very few care for fruit late at night."

"I'm afraid we can't venture on ices or ice-

creams, can we?" said Nellie. "They're lovely, I always think; and seem to give quite a different tone to a dance. Don't you think we could? It hardly comes to anything yet, does it, Bunty?"

"They are so very dear, and you want such a lot," said Esther; "and then there are plates and spoons extra—as it is, I'm afraid we shall have to hire some crockery and glasses. It is very seldom we have more than one dozen unbroken tumblers in the house at one time."

"Tell you," said Peter, "get the ice-cream man that comes round with the barrow, he gives you an awful lot for a penny—red or yellow or pink in a big egg-cup. Me and Essie——"

"What's this?" demanded Esther; "have you been buying from that man again after what I told you? Dirty, unwholesome stuff, made no one knows where!"

"It didn't hurt us," said Peter consolingly, "and it isn't a bit dirty, is it, Ess? We only had a ha'penny, too, between us, so we didn't get much. But I should think for half-a-crown he'd give you all in his cart, and lend you the egg-cups too."

"I'm afraid even that would be too dear at the price," laughed Esther; "no, Nell, we will let ices strictly alone."

"Very well," sighed Nellie.

"Add up, cashier," said Esther.

Bunty figured away.

"Four pounds seven shillings," he said, "sheer, downright waste. Why, you could go for a tour down the South Coast, and get a free-wheel put on to your machine into the bargain."

"Four pounds seven," said Esther thoughtfully.

Pip felt in his pockets, drew out a handful of money and counted it. "Three pounds," he said; "I'm afraid I'll have to keep one back to keep me going to the end of the quarter. But you can have the other two."

There was a brief outburst of admiration at his generosity.

"I've only seventeen-and-six left of my allowance," Nell said, "but I can put aside all that; I'll just manage with my old shoes and gloves, and not waste money on boat-fares and trams."

Bunty and Poppet looked at each other unhappily; their hands were so tied with their debt.

"If some one will lend me some, and wait to be paid till the bike man's finished with, I could give some of the next half-year's pocket-money," Bunty began.

"No, you've done quite enough; you can stand out of this," Pip said shortly. He thought more than he said about that bicycle of Poppet's

when he remembered it had not even occurred to him to try to save out of his twenty pounds.

Essie gave a joyful skip. "You can have our pounds that we got for tipping out the boat," she said.

Peter added a clause to the generous offer. "Only then all the supper what's over is ours," he said.

The family gently rejected this splendid donation, and reminded the offerers about the tricycles that the toy-shop still held.

"Two-seventeen-six in hand," said Bunty.

Nellie blushed a little. "If you hear father mentioning anything about a birthday present, Esther—he *did* begin to say something about that sweet little brooch I'd been looking at in Hardy's—you might—" she paused.

"Just mention to him that a small cheque would meet with more favour," finished Esther. "Very well."

"Girls are queer cattle," Bunty said; "you don't catch me offering my birthday presents for other people to eat up."

"Two pounds seventeen - and - six, and a small and only prospective cheque—it isn't very much," said Esther, "but I suppose it must be managed. You shall have it, chickens."

Nellie's eyes were lustrous. "Now let us think of what dances we'll have," she said; "nearly all waltzes and lancers, eh?"

"Oh," said Poppet ecstatically, "little programmes and tassels and pencils! Let me give them out."

Nell's eyes lost their lustre. "We forgot to count the programmes," she said in some consternation, "and the pencils and the cards—oh, dear!"

Esther made another imaginary dip into the allowance her father made her yearly, that she quietly applied to so many needs besides her own.

"I'll undertake the pencils and cords," she said. "We could buy those gilt-edged correspondence-cards, fold them double, and you and Meg could etch or paint some pretty designs on them, Nell."

Nellie gave her hand a squeeze. "You always were a brick, Essie," she said. "Now, how many shall we ask? With all the furniture out and the folding doors open there's really a lot of room. How many do you think?"

"Thirty?" said Esther; "fifteen couples, not counting ourselves?"

"Oh, Esther, that *would* be a few—fifty at least—we might *ask* sixty or seventy, there are sure to be some refusals. Fifty would be just a nice number, don't you think, Pip?"

"Precious little room to dance," said Bunty. "I need an awful lot of room myself to turn a girl well round in."

"Oh, with a garden and a staircase and the verandahs there'll be plenty of space," said Pip. "We'll fix up some nice select little sitting-out nooks, Nell, and they will take off the superfluous population."

"Supper in the breakfast-room—only it's so small and shabby. Men, Pip's room for coats and boots; girls, yours or mine, Nell," meditated Esther.

"We'll borrow a lot of bunting from the barracks; if father won't go to the trouble of asking for it I'll ask Colonel Holcombe," said Nell. "Chinese lanterns on the trees all over the garden—they are *very* cheap. Oh, *won't* it all look lovely!"

"Fireworks!" cried Peter; "oh, mother, we can have fireworks, can't we. Catherine-wheels fixed on to all the trees, and I'll go round lighting them. We'll get them out of our pounds."

"And me," said Essie jealously; "I can light half, can't I, movie?"



"“BUT A DANCE WOULD BE SO DREADFULLY EXPENSIVE, NELL,” SAID ESTHER.”—(P. 114.)

"My dear little chickens, you will both have to be in bed," said Esther.

"Tisn't *your* funeral," said Bunty.

Nellie comforted them lovingly. She would make them the loveliest little party in the world the next day with all the things left over. They should have it under the trees, and ask three children each to it.

"I pick to ask Jack next door," cried Essie, speedily assuaged.

"She isn't to, is she, mother?" said Peter; "he's my friend. He never asks you in to see his dog eat a rat."

"He does, he would," contended Essie; "you had to give him all your piece of cocoanut—if I hadn't eaten mine he'd have let me come too."

"Wouldn't," said Peter; "he said you were only a girl. Yah!"

They drifted away to quarrel undisturbed, Esther entering a shuddering protest at this point.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.

ADJOINING the Misrule grounds stood a gloomy, ugly house where never a tenant stayed longer than a year at a time, and the average one found three or six months sufficient occupancy.

The same river as at Misrule danced before it—the same air sweetened it, the same birds sang.

But the architect had evidently conceived it in a saddened moment; the chief living-rooms looked out on the sunless, viewless side, the verandah roofs sloped down as if their only object in life was to cut off light and sun from all windows; the grey, porous stones of the walls, even in the summer, seemed saturated with the river's damps and mists. There were too many trees in the grounds, stiff, depressing pines for the most part—that, planted to make a girdle of privacy, grown now to maturity, made prison bars instead.

This tenant left because his children had sore throats or bad chests from the moment of entering the place; that one flung up his lease, after striving to re-let, because rheumatism attacked him the hour the winter winds set in; this one went off in a hurry because his wife became morbid and nervous in the place.

The rueful landlord was just considering a scheme that included a wholesale chopping down of the pines and a general letting in of the sunshine, when a lady came along, examined it very thoughtfully, and offered not only to occupy it,

but—a thing the landlord in his rosiest dreams had never hoped to realise—to buy it.

Peter and Essie and Poppet were pleasurably excited, as they were with each fresh tenant, when movements of life began about the old house.

Despite Esther's remonstrances they peeped through and over the fence, and from the staircase window which alone gave a glimpse of the house, until they had gleaned all the information they wanted.

Yes, there were some children. A girl and a boy, Peter and Essie said; two girls and one boy, Poppet maintained.

"Pooh, you only saw her twice," said Peter; "what was your other girl like?"

"About as old as me," said Poppet, "and she had the loveliest golden hair and a big white hat."

"Why," said Peter, "that was the same one—wasn't it, Essie?"

Essie upheld him. Of course it was the same girl; she had buttoned boots on and grey gloves.

"They both had," persisted Poppet, "when the carriage door opened and the boy and one girl got out, I saw quite plainly through my crack another girl, just like the other one, jump out and run up the steps."

But they only jeered at her and said she saw double; indeed Poppet's "other girl" was a standing joke in the house afterwards for some time; for when speech and language became established between the two houses and Peter demanded "wasn't there some one else to play with?" both boy and girl said no at once.

Poppet also reported that first day that there was a lady with flashing eyes and a gentleman with a red face. Peter endorsed this statement; at least he agreed to there being a man and a woman, but he hadn't noticed the red face or the flashing eyes.

Then an excited statement that they all three tried to make at once. No woman servants to do by that old stone house as Martha and Bridget did by Misrule, but instead one, two, three inky black nigger boys—two of men's stature, one of Bunty's age perhaps. And in the months that followed and during which the intimacy between the two houses progressed chiefly through or over the dividing fence no other woman was ever seen about the place.

After giving the new-comers time to settle comfortably down Esther called for neighbourliness, though she knew nothing of them but that they were from Queensland, where they had owned a large station, and that their name was Saville.

Nellie went with her—laden with commissions from Poppet to be sure to find out the name of the sweet little girl with golden hair, and how far on she was in music, and did she play with dolls yet.

"And you might ask the boy to come in and have a game," said Peter; "it's pretty sick for me only having Essie to play with always."

Esther and Nellie went up the long drive to the house, and stepped into the girdle of pine-trees past which the sun came not. They rang at the bell.

"Missa Saville—not at home," said the black-boy who opened the door—indeed he began to say his speech, as if a lesson learned by rote, before they even asked him.

Esther handed out cards; he looked at them doubtfully, then took them into one great black hand, and with the other closed the door before they had turned their faces round.

Feeling a trifle snubbed they descended the steps and crossed the path again; and so noiselessly fell their footsteps on the thick carpet of pine needles, the lady of the house, walking bare-headed among the trees with her boy and girl, did not hear them approach.

It was an awkward moment; Esther and Nellie would have been grateful of just one more second to put a space between them that would have excused exchange of courtesies, but they were actually face to face.

The lady looked at them haughtily; Nellie was ever after able to attest Poppet's statement about flashing eyes.

Esther mentioned her name, and said something pleasant about being next-door neighbours and so on. She even had her hand extended.

But Mrs. Saville barely touched it. "I must ask you to excuse me," she said; "I never see visitors."

"Oh, mamma," said a choked little voice beside

her, "they live next door—the dear little girl with brown hair—oh, mamma!"

Esther and Nellie caught a glimpse of a little beseeching face with sensitive lips and eyes full of quick tears at their rebuff. They could have picked her up and kissed her, so small she looked, so distressed, so lovely with her filmy gold hair making tender sunlight against those dark pines.

Esther's colour was perhaps a shade warmer than usual.

"You must excuse us," she said, "it was un-



"I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE ME," SAID MRS. SAVILLE, "I NEVER SEE VISITORS."

fortunate, but of course we had no means of knowing. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Saville. They turned and went down the drive again at once.

"Oh, mamma," they heard the quivering little voice say again.

Past the curve that hid the house they began to recover themselves a little.

"I never felt so small in all my life," said Nell. "I feel crushed, trodden to earth. What a horribly insulting, ill-bred woman!"

"I'm not sure if those are quite the right

adjectives," said Esther, "but it was not a pleasant experience certainly. I feel distinctly snubbed myself, still——"

"I believe you would make excuses for the arch-fiend himself, Esther," Nellie said hotly; "it was horribly ill-bred. And that sweet little girl—that woman isn't fit to be her mother."

"A dear little child," said Esther, "but how fragile she looked. I should like to have whipped her up and carried her off for a romp."

Was ever such a chapter of accidents? *They had been overheard*—a man was sitting, his back to a tree, his coat so nearly the colour of the bark he had been completely merged to them in the general colour scheme around. It was the one-time squatter himself, come to smoke his pipe where pines were not and the sun shone as it listed.

He stood up and looked at them awkwardly—his face showed them he had heard. As Esther said afterwards all words deserted her; she never felt so inclined in all her life to pick up her dress and run straight out of an unpleasant situation.

She tried to pretend she did not see the man coming towards her; she began to hurry, talking very fast to Nell.

But he came right into their pathway, and held out his hand with such an unhappy, anxious look on his kindly face, they were both touched.

"You are our neighbours, aren't you?" he said—"Mrs. and Miss Woolcot? Most kind of you to look us up—most kind; I thank you sincerely."

Esther shook hands mechanically; she had an idea afterwards that she murmured something about it being a fine afternoon, but Nellie opined she had said unsteadily it looked like rain.

The poor fellow agreed to whatever she said. "I'm afraid you did not find Mrs. Saville at home," he added.

"No," said Esther, her colour warming again.

"I am sorry," he said, "most sorry. She—she never is at home." He sighed heavily.

Esther's self-consciousness began to fade. She said a warm word or two of his beautiful little girl; she laughed and told him she had a little step-daughter at home who she believed dreamed nightly about her.

"Ah!" he said delightedly, "is that the little brown-haired thing? Lylie and I call her the Elf; we watch her playing from a window or the fence. I—forgive the question, Mrs. Woolcot, but would you mind telling me her name?—my little girl spends half her time wondering what it is."

"Poppet," said Esther. "She was christened Winifred, but we always call her Poppet."

"Poppet," said the old fellow, "I won't forget. And—and—you will smile at me for asking, but the answer would delight my poor little girl so much—do you mind telling me what sums she does, and whether she has given up playing yet with dolls?"

There was something pathetic here—some sad shadow born of those dreadful pine-trees; Esther's throat swelled a little as she looked at the quiet-faced man asking this simple question. She forgot her snub—everything but the fact that there was unhappiness somewhere.

"Couldn't she come in and play with my little girl?" she said. "Poppet talks of her all day; we would take great care of her."

The man's face grew extremely unhappy again. "Very sorry," he said, "most sorry—her—her mother—thinks better not—never allows her—very sorry."

Esther was very gentle. "Forgive me," she said, "I did not know. Tell little Lylie that Poppet does compound multiplication—badly, and is just beginning reduction, and that she has at least eleven dolls that she loves passionately. Now we will say good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Saville sadly.

After this episode, however, he constantly stopped Poppet when he met her walking up the River Road or riding on her ramshackle bicycle, and quite a friendship grew up between them, though Lylie was still as unattainable as ever.

At first his questions seemed curious to Poppet, but after a time she grew quite accustomed to answering them, and used even to interrogate him herself.

As for instance when he inquired whether her dolls had party dresses as well as day dresses, and if she put frills on their bonnets or only plain lace, and did she make their shoes herself? She would reply yes, certainly, all of them, yes to the frills, yes to the shoes. And had Lylie a boy doll at all, and had she any with brown eyes or were they all blue, and had she begun to make their winter frocks yet?

One day Saville had a delightful proposition to make. It was that a doll of Lylie's should come on a visit to Poppet, and one of Poppet's go in exchange to Lylie.

Poppet was charmed with the idea. Then she paused suddenly. "But will the flashing-eyed lady allow her," she blurted out, and then grew red, and made a stumbling apology and said, "Mrs. Saville."

"Oh, that will be all right—you needn't think

of that," the father said reassuringly. Though, if the truth were known, he was more than a little nervous as to his success in smuggling one waxen lady out of the house and introducing another into Lylie's family without his wife's knowledge. Still, it was his little girl's own idea, and she was so very eager about it.

Poppet asked for two days' preparation.

"Cherry's clothes will all have to be washed," she said frankly, "and some of them mended. But I will have her ready by Thursday."

All Misrule was interested in the exchange, and had a look at the departing Cherry. She was a rather attenuated doll, with a painful red smile, blue eyes (one cracked across), and hair so thin she habitually wore a close cap. But she was bravely dressed to-day, and bore in a bundle beside her a complete change of underclothes, a party frock, a second bonnet, and another pair of shoes.

The doll from the Pines came to hand, though

no one knew it had been forced to travel as far as the gate inside a large silk umbrella. It came accompanied by a miniature tin trunk, a wee Paris hat-box, and a little dressing-case containing comb, brush, hair-pins, and powder-puff. And such beautiful clothes, fine Liberty silk, exquisitely tucked and embroidered! The doll itself was not painfully new; you could see it had been kissed and carried and played with these many days.

But Poppet stared at the work in the clothes.

"Can Lylie really sew as well as that?" she said, quite awed.

"Oh no," said Saville, "her mother makes those for her. She is a wonderful needlewoman, there is nothing she can't do." He spoke proudly.

It took Misrule a little time to readjust its ideas and picture the insulting, "flashing-eyed" lady, sitting stitch, stitching at these patient little clothes.

(To be continued.)



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FAR beyond all earthly vision,
In a region wondrous fair,
There are many stately mansions,
Known as Castles in the Air.

THEY are built by divers workmen,
And designed with tireless care,
And from youth to age we're rearing
Each his Castles in the Air.

YONDER little blue-eyed laddie
Who sits dreaming over there,
He, I'll warrant you, is building
Some grand Castle in the Air.

AND he sees himself a soldier,
On a distant battle-field,
And he fights for England's glory
Till the tyrants bow and yield.

AND yon lovely little maiden,
With the sunny, golden hair,
Sure she, too, is deftly planning
Beauteous Castles in the Air.

IN some far-off fairy garden,
Where the whispering fountains rise,
And the flowers are always blooming,
And the summer never dies,

WITH her prince she walks—her hero,
Brave and handsome, strong and true,
And he tells love's sweet old story,
Ages old yet ever new.

E'EN that grandsire, white and feeble,
Crowned with years and wisdom rare,
Builds (and smiles to know their frailty)
Fancy's Castles in the Air.

AND, perchance, when o'er the river,
Where the Heavenly mountains rise,
We shall catch a vision splendid,
All unseen to mortal eyes;

AND we'll see the fallen ruins
Of the castles we have planned,
Broken dreams and wrecked ambitions,
See them all—and understand.

YES, we'll read the hidden meaning
Of life's mystery and pain;
Know just why this purpose perished,
Why that glorious hope was slain;

UNDERSTAND the lost endeavours,
Gainless toil and fruitless care,
When we reach the "many mansions"
Built on sure foundations there.

EFFIE M. YOUNG and J. W. BLACK,



THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

TOM }
BOB } (in a breath). "Miss Smith, the time has now come when you must choose between us."

Conjuring Tricks

from a Work-Basket



NO. 1.—THE TAPE TRICK.

By DAVID DEVANT.

Illustrated by photographs specially taken for THE GIRL'S REALM by ARTHUR BURGESS, Folkestone.

As a rule, when the younger members of a family arrange a Christmas party to their friends, they beg that a conjuring performance may be included in the entertainment. One of two things then happens; either a professional conjurer is engaged or someone's big brother kindly amuses the company with a few tricks. I do not remember ever having seen a girl entertaining her friends in this way, and yet there is no reason why a girl should not be as clever a conjurer as her brother. Believing then, as I do, that conjuring is something of a novelty for girls, and a novelty that will form a pleasant break in an evening of songs and recitations and pianoforte solos, I propose to give full details of a few conjuring tricks especially suitable for girls. I shall endeavour to write about tricks that can be performed without any very great preparation, and in order that the entertainment may be as simple and natural as possible the tricks shall be performed with things taken at random from a girl's work-basket.

Imagine, then, that I am giving you a lesson in conjuring. We sit down near the table on which the work-basket is placed. I open the basket and take out a pair of scissors and a piece of ordinary narrow tape. Here are all the materials required for the first trick, which I will call—

THE TAPE TRICK.—It is a very simple trick. I cut off a piece of tape—you may cut it for me if you imagine that it is not genuinely cut. I propose to cut that piece of tape in two and to join the two pieces together again by magic. First of all, I take the tape between the thumb and first finger of my right hand and hold it out to be cut. If you look at the photograph at the beginning of this article, you will see exactly how

this should be done. When the tape is cut, I hold it while someone ties the two ends together. Then I wind the tape round my first finger and thumb, draw it off, and hand it in a bunch to one of the audience. The girl holding the tape is then told to keep her hand tightly closed for a quarter of a minute, while the conjurer's magic power does its work. The girl then opens her hand and stretches the tape out for all to see. The two pieces have been joined together, as I said they would be, by magic; that is to say, the knot connecting the two pieces has disappeared. Now for the explanation. It is true that I held the tape between the thumb and first finger of my right hand, but the loop made was concealed there. The little loop that was cut was made by another very small piece of tape, which was concealed in my hand before the trick was commenced. It was quite easy when picking up the piece of tape that was apparently to be cut, to take the very small piece and to let the loop made by that show above my thumb and first finger—as in the photograph. The very small piece can easily be concealed between the bottom joint of the thumb, and the hand. When I wound the tape round my thumb and first finger, I drew the little extra piece with the knot in it inwards between my thumb and first finger, where it was completely hidden.

THE RIBBON TRICK.—This is a very pretty trick, and one which I have performed myself many hundreds of times at the Egyptian Hall and other places. The trick is presented in this way: I come forward with three small pieces of paper in my hand—red, white, and blue. I announce that I am going to burn them, and I hold them in a lighted candle. While the papers are burning, I call attention to the fact that I have nothing else in my



THE RIBBON TRICK.

hands or up my sleeves. When the papers are nearly burnt out I put my right hand over my left, and thus extinguish the flame. Then, with a jerk of my hands, I send out long streamers of red, white and blue ribbons. I gather these ribbons quickly towards me, work them together into my hands, and blend the three colours into a large Union Jack which I wave backwards and forwards to show that it is really what it appears to be.

Now the secret of this very effective trick is—like the secret of most tricks—very simple, when you know it. Once more you get the materials from your work-basket. It is not absolutely necessary that the papers to be burnt should be red, white, and blue. Three yards of each of the ribbons will be sufficient for your purpose, and the Union Jack can be made from odd pieces of silk. I have described the performance as it is seen by the audience; I will now give fuller particulars, and in so doing will let you into the secret. When I burnt the papers I held them in my left hand. (By the way, the ends of the papers should be screwed up tightly, so that they do not burn your fingers. There is no secret or trick in this part of the performance, so you need not mind people seeing you.) While the papers were burning

in my left hand I called attention to the fact that there was nothing in my right hand and opened it, showing both the back and front. Then I transferred the burning paper to my right hand and showed, in a similar way, that my left hand was empty. Then I passed my left hand lightly up my right sleeve, thus drawing it up slightly and showing that there was nothing concealed there. I then put the burning papers once more into my left hand and passed my right hand up my left sleeve, showing that there was nothing hidden there. A second afterwards, putting my two hands together, I threw out the ribbons.

The movements here described are made quickly and naturally, and the following simple "patter" is enough to explain all that you have done: "Observe, if you please, that I have nothing in my right hand, back or front; nothing in my left hand, back or front; nothing up my right sleeve, nothing up my left." When you say "nothing up my left" your position on the platform should be like that of the girl in the photograph. You have made a half-turn to your left apparently with the object of showing your sleeve empty. Now for the secret: when you pass your right hand up your left sleeve you drop the roll of ribbons from your arm-pit—where they have been concealed—into your right hand. The ribbons should be prepared by sewing them together at one end



THE BALL OF WOOL TRICK.

and then attaching a small piece of black silk, so that when the ribbons are rolled up the black silk just wraps round the coil. The ribbons should be rolled up, of course, with the loose ends inside the coil. The little piece of black silk serves another useful purpose. When you have the coil of ribbons in your hand you can easily catch hold of the black silk, before you throw the ribbons out. If the black silk were not there you would have some difficulty in finding the ends of the ribbons. I attach a piece of black silk to my ribbons, because, when I am performing the trick, I am in evening dress and my coat is black. If you are going to wear a white dress when you perform this trick—like the girl in the picture—you can substitute a piece of white silk for the black, and all chance of detection will be avoided.

Now for the Union Jack. Before you begin the trick you have put the flag underneath your waistbelt, on the left-hand side (my flag goes under my waistcoat); when you throw out the ribbons with your right

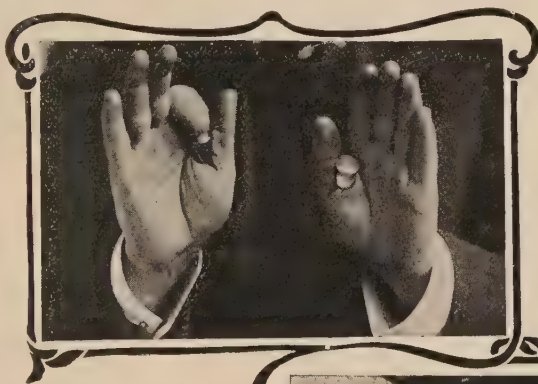
hand you make an easy natural movement of the body, apparently with the view of getting the ribbons well away from you. Simultaneously your left hand goes to your waistbelt and takes out the flag. It is quite easy to keep the flag concealed in your hand, until you put your two hands together to draw in the ribbons. Then you let the flag show itself, and having worked all the ribbons into your right hand you can easily find the edge of the flag and slowly unfurl it. The ribbons are in your right hand. The trick being finished you put the flag carelessly over your work-basket, the ribbons, of course, being underneath the flag. When you put the flag in your waistbelt do not fold it up, but just make it in a bunch with the corners turned inwards, then it will unfurl quickly at the proper time. If you fold the flag neatly you will not be able to open it out in such a way that the ribbons are concealed.

THE BALL OF WOOL TRICK.—Go down to your audience and borrow a shilling. Ask some one to mark it secretly so that the coin may be recognised afterwards. Now take the Union Jack used in your last trick, throw it over the hand in which you are holding the marked shilling, and ask some one to hold the coin with the

flag hanging over it. Step back to your work-basket and take out a ball of wool, which you place in an ordinary tumbler. You then turn to the lady holding the shilling and ask her if at the word "three" she will drop the shilling on the carpet. You take hold of a corner of the flag and count "one, two, three!" At the word "three" you shake the flag out smartly. The shilling dropped by the lady is not on the carpet; it has vanished altogether. You can then fill in with a little "patter" about the perverseness of human nature in general and a conjurer's audience in particular. You have often known an audience to refuse to believe your most simple statement, and it is quite possible that no one will agree with you when you affirm that the marked shilling held by a member of the audience has travelled mysteriously and

therefore invisibly through the air and into the middle of the ball of wool which is in the glass. Well, there is only one way of testing the truth of your assertion. Will some one else from the audience find the end of the wool and unwind it? You personally have no wish to touch the wool. Your directions are obeyed; the ball of wool is unwound and the shilling drops into the tumbler, where it is seen by every one. You may then suggest that if you go near the tumbler you will be suspected

of changing the shilling therein some mysterious way to the original marked shilling. Therefore, will the lady who marked the shilling take the shilling from the tumbler and tell every one if it is the shilling she



THE THIMBLE TRICK.
How the thimble is palmed.



THE PERFORMER'S HAND AS SEEN BY THE AUDIENCE.

has marked? The lady identifies the shilling and your trick has been successfully performed. The explanation may be found from looking at the photograph here reproduced. To begin with, you must have a shilling sewn in a little pocket to one corner of your flag. The pocket must be sewn up with the shilling inside it. When you take the marked shilling and place it underneath the flag, you take up the corner of the flag on to which your shilling is sewn, and keep the marked shilling in your hand. You then give the shilling with the flag over it to any member of the audience. When you shake the flag out the coin sewn to the corner naturally remains in its position. Before you do this, however, you go back to your work-basket

and get the ball of wool, which has previously been prepared for the trick. First get a small piece of very thick cardboard, and bend it in the form of a tube, and fasten it with a few stitches. Then wind your wool round one end, leaving the other end of the tube protruding from the ball. When you go to your work-basket to get the wool you drop the marked shilling into the little cardboard tube, pull out the tube, and press the ball tightly so that the opening made by the tube does not show. All this can be done very quickly and without the slightest fear of detection. The shilling is then in the centre of the ball, and your trick is practically finished. The photograph shows a little girl in the act of holding the coin in the Union Jack, and the performer putting the shilling into the cardboard tube. This photograph was taken during a lesson I was giving to two pupils; of course the tube in the ball of wool is not to be seen by the audience. It can be concealed in the work-basket or the ball of wool with the tube can be hidden behind the basket until the trick is in progress. When properly performed this makes a very good trick for amateurs.

THE THIMBLE TRICK.—Here is another trick which is very effective when properly performed, but as a certain amount of sleight-of-hand is employed it will be necessary to practise the trick well before you show it. Take a thimble from your work-basket and put it on the first finger of your right hand, then hold the two hands near to each other in the position shown in the accompanying photograph. Wave the hands quickly to and fro. When you hold them still again the thimble has travelled mysteriously from the first finger of your right hand to the first finger of your left hand. Move the hands quickly for a moment and the thimble has gone back to its original place. Now put the first finger of your right hand, with the thimble still upon it, into your mouth, and with your left hand draw the thimble from your ear and place it once more on the first finger of your left hand. Now place the thimble in your hair, knock it through the head with your left hand and draw it from the mouth with your right hand. Every time the thimble appears it is on the first finger either of the right hand or the left. A number of other movements can be made with the thimble.

The secret of the trick lies in the fact that two thimbles are used. When the thimble is first shown on the first finger of your right hand, the second thimble is concealed in your left hand—at the root of the thumb—in the way shown in the photograph. To change the position of the thimble all you have to do is to put the first finger of your left hand down into the thimble there, and at the same time put the thimble on the first finger of your right hand between the root of the thumb and the hand, where it remains concealed. If you pass the hands quickly to and fro while your two first fingers make these movements it will be impossible for any one to see how the thimble apparently passes from one hand to the other. When you pretend to put the first finger of your right hand into your mouth and leave the thimble there you really “palmed” the thimble in the right hand in the way I have described. Similarly, when you produced the thimble from your ear with your left hand, the thimble was

already in your left hand, and all you had to do was to get it on to your first finger. In the same way, when you pretended to pat the thimble through your head with your left hand, you really kept the thimble concealed in your left hand and when you apparently drew the thimble from your mouth you really put the thimble which was in your right hand on to your first finger.

I am aware that the explanation of this trick seems absurdly simple, but when the movements of the fingers and hands are made quickly and properly, the trick is really very surprising. The amateur—especially the amateur who has had no previous experience of conjuring—will have to practise the movements many times. The best plan is to begin very slowly and to make sure always that when you bend your first finger into your hand you do not move your other fingers. If the first finger is moved quickly no one will see what you have done, but if you bend the other fingers the trick will be spoiled. No doubt the amateur will also experience some difficulty in getting the concealed thimble to remain in its proper position. Probably the thimble will want to appear at a most inconvenient moment, or it may show a disinclination to remain firmly fixed in the hand; you will feel it slipping away, and you will put your first finger down to stop it, and the audience will see the movement and at once suspect the existence of two thimbles. I can only advise you to practise very slowly at first, until you can be quite sure of always holding the thimble in its proper place whenever you slip it off your finger.

I have known a girl to finish this trick off in a very effective way. After making the thimble pass about mysteriously in the way I have described, she began the movements all over again. But when she put her right finger into her mouth, she actually left the thimble there. She then produced the other thimble with the left hand, and in patting it through her head she slipped it off her finger and into the neck of her dress. Then, to the amazement of her audience, she took the thimble from her mouth with her thumb and first finger and put it on the table. At the same time, without calling attention to her left hand, she allowed her audience to see that her left hand was empty. The audience then did not suspect that a second thimble had been used; in fact, they were completely mystified. A girl can finish the trick easily in this way, but a man would find it rather difficult to vanish the thimble by slipping it down his neck. One word of advice. If you are going to finish the thimble trick off in this way, make quite sure beforehand that it is possible for you to do it with the dress you are going to wear at the performance; in fact, you should practise the trick when you are wearing that dress. I need scarcely say that you must learn how to slip the thimble down your neck without bending your neck forward or making any movement of the head.

Next month, with the Editor's permission, I shall describe several other easy but astonishing tricks, so that any girl may then have at her command an entertainment which is sure to be popular with any audience.



THE FREYVILLE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

Author of "Little Lindsay," "A Page from the Past," etc.

Illustrated by MALCOLM PATTERSON.

I.

SHE was darning stockings. She did not object to the occupation—which was as well; for in the large family of the Freyvilles there were many stockings to darn, and nobody liked darning them. Ellaline Freyville was not one of the family, but an offshoot, the child of a distant cousin, who had been taken in that the sacred name of Freyville might be kept from anything so commonplace as earning a living.

"Of course, Ellaline," said Mrs. Freyville, who was not so much wrapped up in the traditions of the family as her husband, "of course your uncle—it is better to call him your uncle than cousin—wouldn't hear of your turning out into the world to earn your own living as you wished to do, when your poor mother was taken away. The thing is impossible, he says. No Freyville girl has ever earned her living, and he wouldn't dream of allowing you to do so. You don't like a life of idleness? Oh, well, my dear, in a large household like this there is always plenty to do for those who are willing to do it. I can find sufficient occupation for you. Meantime, your own money—though fifteen pounds a year won't go far in dressing you—will make you independent in pocket-money."

At first, as Ellaline settled herself down at

Freyville Manor, she had several times been forced to go to "Aunt Emily" to demand occupation. But not for long. Gradually, after the novelty of a new inmate in the large household had worn away, the Freyville family fell into the habit of going to Ellaline for help on every occasion.

"So tiresome!" said Mrs. Freyville one morning, "Parkins has given me notice."

"Parkins given you notice, mother?" cried Flora, the eldest girl, in surprise. "But why? She seemed so contented."

"She considers it beneath her dignity to be asked to mend stockings, my dear. She says that the nurse should mend the little ones' stockings, and not the ladies' maid."

"There's something in that," admitted Flora.

"Well, nurse thinks exactly the contrary," her mother continued. "She doesn't see why she, who has nursed all ten of you, should mend stockings at her time of life—which she never did when she had babies to look after—while there is a 'fine, stuck-up ladies' maid' in the house."

"The real fact is, nurse can't mend stockings," said Gertrude.

"I suppose there's no getting rid of nurse?" suggested Flora.

"Get rid of nurse!" echoed her mother.
 "Impossible."

"Not to be thought of for a moment," put in the squire, taking part in the conversation for the first time.

"I don't see why," persisted Flora.

"Why, the woman's been here five-and-twenty years, and has stood by us in every emergency. The Freyilles have never allowed service of that kind to go unrewarded."

"The stockings must be mended," said Flora, keeping obstinately to her point.

"Flora, my dear," said Mrs. Freyville with a firmness that was strange in her, "never let me hear you say that again. Still, as you say, stocking-mending is a thing to be reckoned with." Her reflective eyes wandered down the table and rested on Ellaline.

"Oh, I'll mend the stockings with pleasure," said the girl, answering her aunt's look. "I can't manage a dress, but I can mend stockings."

"I should think you girls might mend your own stockings," said the squire, testily.

The girls looked blankly at him, but their father, occupied in serving a game pie, did not notice it.

"Yes, yes, of course," said his wife soothingly, "but the children cannot be expected to. And I shall be immensely obliged, Ellaline, if you will help me. Parkins is such a treasure. I should never get anybody to make the girls' dresses as she does, and with three girls out it is a consideration."

For a week or so each of the three elder daughters of the house of Freyville made a valiant effort to mend her stockings. Then gradually the duty devolved upon Ellaline, not as a duty exactly—the Freyilles were too well-bred to make their cousin's life a burden—it was like this:

"Oh Ellaline, you are so clever at this kind of thing. I can't make these holes come up."

"Oh, my dear!" Ellaline would cry. "How dreadful! You can't possibly wear it. Here, give it to me. I'll do it for you."

And Ellaline's ruthless scissors cutting out the cobbled lump of wool, would straightway reduce the much mangled footgear to something like order. Gertrude did not again attempt

to mend a pair of stockings, and Flora and Ethelwyn were not slow to follow her example.

It was soon after this that Mrs. Freyville consulted her niece as to the French accent of her younger girls.

"Tell me now, candidly, what you think, Ellaline," was the way she put it.

"Well, Aunt Emily," Ellaline said candidly, "they haven't any accent at all. They're—well—they have the most terrible English pronunciation. You must know that."

"No, my dear, my education was—you know, in those days—you understand——"

"I see," said Ellaline.

"I do wish—it really would be kind of you, and I don't know anything that would please your uncle more than if you would—er—just—er—talk a little French to the girls when you go for walks with them. You understand—not lessons, of course. Miss Jones is well able to attend to the grammar—but their accent, you know.—Now, the elder girls are accomplished talkers."

"Are they?" asked Ellaline.

"Aren't they?" queried Mrs. Freyville, sharply.

"They certainly are better than the children."

"Ah well, they are too busy to be able to give time to it; it certainly would be a tremendous advantage if the little ones could be improved in this way."

Thus it became the custom in the family that Ellaline should always accompany the school-room team on their walks, and that she should impart to them as much as possible of the pure French accent she had acquired in Paris.

II.

Three years went by. Gradually, imperceptibly, almost without intention, Ellaline was pushed more and more into the background, and upon her devolved more and more responsibility—the care of Mrs. Freyville's lovely old china, the mending of Mrs. Freyville's priceless point lace, attention to Mrs. Freyville's charming fernery. Gradually, too, she had become shelved in all social matters.

"Isn't Ellaline going to this garden party?" the squire asked one day.

His wife looked doubtful. "Well—three girls—I suppose you're going too?"

"Oh, well, I shall go in the dog-cart."

"Yes, but that makes four in the carriage. A fifth would ruin our frocks."

"I could take Ellaline with me," suggested the squire.

"Oh, I don't mind not going," said Ellaline, who saw what was in her aunt's mind. "I'll stay at home."

"Well," observed her aunt, looking much relieved, "three girls are such a responsibility. If it were a dozen boys, now, I shouldn't mind, but three girls——"

"Oh, I'll stay at home," said Ellaline.

And so it was settled. It was the usual way; and it grew at last to be an accepted fact, even by the squire, that Ellaline did not care to go to parties.

The Christmas after Ellaline was twenty years old the Freyilles gave a dance. It was an old-fashioned Christmas. Hunting had long ceased; skating, tobogganing and hockey were in full swing, and the accommodation of Freyville Manor was used up to the last little bachelor bedroom. It was always a busy time, the busiest time of the whole year, for it was traditional in the Freyville family to maintain the festival of Christmas with all the old-fashioned observances—Christmas-tree for the family on Christmas Eve, with a supper of frumenty and other out-of-date dishes; feasts for the children in the village, and much decorating of the lovely old house; carol singers; and a dance one evening for the

family and on the next a servants' ball. Everywhere there was an air of jollity that had in it nothing of make-believe.

There was a little difficulty about Ellaline's gown.

"I never go out," demurred Ellaline. "And it isn't worth while getting a dress for this once."

"You are so tall," said Mrs. Freyville plaintively, as if to be tall was the greatest misfortune in the world, "or else one of the girls could have lent you an evening gown."

"I suppose you wouldn't like to put on your white silk frock and come down in that?"

"A high neck would look rather conspicuous, wouldn't it?" said Ellaline. "Is there anything that you particularly want me to do, aunt?"

"Well, not exactly; but those servants are so feather-headed, dear. I'm sure the buffet will not be properly looked after."

"Do you want me to take charge of it?"

"No, I don't want you to do it;

but, if you would, it would be a kindness."

Ellaline laughed out loud. "Oh, Aunt Emily, why didn't you ask me? You know I would do anything to make things go easier."

Thus the anxious mind of Mrs. Freyville was set at rest.

For once, however, she trespassed too far on the delicate ground of the Freyville pride. Scarcely had Ellaline taken up her position at the buffet on the night of the dance than the squire came striding up to his wife.



"OH, ELLALINE," SAID GERTRUDE, "YOU ARE SO CLEVER AT THIS KIND OF THING. I CAN'T MAKE THESE HOLES COME UP."—(p. 128.)

"Emily," he said, sharply, "why is Ellaline down here to-night?"

"Well, dear, you wouldn't shut the poor child up altogether, would you?"

"No, certainly not. I should have given her a proper ball dress and let her enjoy herself like other girls. She's my cousin: she's a Freyville, yet there she is standing behind the buffet among the servants."

"My dear boy, she offered to do it!"

"Offered! What! Without a hint from you? I can hardly credit that. But go now, my dear, and take her from behind that thing."

And with that he turned on his heel.

Left to herself Mrs. Freyville had no choice but to go to the gallery where the refreshments were served, and to extricate Ellaline from her position of ignominy.

"Ellaline, dear," she said, with what graciousness she could assume, "I want you to come to the top of the ballroom with me."

"In this dress, Aunt Emily?"

"Yes, it is high, dear; but, after all, plenty of girls wear high dresses for evenings now."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Ellaline carelessly. "But don't ask me to dance with any one. I haven't danced for years."

As they reached the place where Mrs. Freyville had stood to receive her guests a fresh batch of visitors arrived. "Oh, my dear Lady Tower Smith," said Mrs. Freyville, quite gushingly, "how kind and nice of you to come all this long way."

"I'm afraid we're late," said Lady Tower Smith.

"Well, just the second dance. Is this all your party?"

"Oh, yes, they've all come," laughed Lady Tower Smith, "every one of them. Lady Helen Gilchrist, you know—Miss Trevor—Mrs. Edward Fullerton—Mr. Fullerton—Sir Charles d'Arcy. This is my second boy; you haven't seen him for ages, I daresay."

"No, but I knew you," said Mrs. Freyville, smiling at the tall, good-looking young man "when you were in long clothes."

"And here is Sir John," continued Lady Tower Smith, indicating her husband, a tall, military-looking man with a fierce white moustache; "and with him Lord Tourmeline. Yes,

very attractive," she added, in a whisper, "and very rich, and very nice. I assure you if I had a daughter instead of having all sons, I shouldn't have brought Lord Tourmeline here to-night."

Mrs. Freyville went forward a step. "I am so pleased to see you," she said, shaking hands with the new arrival. "I must get you some partners at once. My girls—dear, dear! I don't know where they are. And I expect their programmes are all filled long ago."

"I'm not a dancer, Mrs. Freyville," said Lord Tourmeline quietly. "I'd sooner stand here a little while if you don't mind."

He glanced in one direction as Mrs. Freyville glanced in another. Her gaze wandered in search of her girls; his in search of anything that it might light upon. It lighted upon Ellaline Freyville.

"Is that one of your daughters?" he asked Mrs. Freyville, indicating Ellaline by a look.

Mrs. Freyville, following his glance, flushed. "No, that is not one of my daughters," she said. She might have added: "It is my niece," but she didn't.

"I should like to be introduced to her," said Lord Tourmeline in his quiet way.

Thus Mrs. Freyville had no choice but to introduce the precious visitor to "My niece, Miss Ellaline Freyville." Lord Tourmeline, offering Ellaline his arm, asked if she would not go and have an ice.

Mrs. Freyville bit her lip with vexation, but under the circumstances vexation was useless. None of her own girls came near her till a couple of dances had gone by. It was not often that the daughters of the house of Freyville found themselves in the proud position of having their programmes filled so early in the evening, and they were not disposed, any one of them, to make little of the opportunity.

Gertrude at last happened to pass near her mother.

"Gertrude, Gertrude!" said Mrs. Freyville, in a sharp undertone. "Is your programme full?"

"Long since, mother," replied the girl.

"Where are the other girls?" Mrs. Freyville asked. "There's a Lord Tourmeline here with Lady Tower Smith's party. I want to introduce him to you girls."

"We are all full up, dear," said Gertrude, without catching her mother's words. Then she passed on.

Nearly an hour went by, and no sign did Mrs. Freyville see either of Lord Tourmeline or Ellaline. Then Ellaline appeared alone.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Freyville, sharply.

"Oh, I've been about, Aunt Emily. Did you want me?"

"Of course I wanted you. Where is——"

"Mr. Tourmeline?" said Ellaline. "Lady Tower Smith took him away long ago to introduce to somebody else."

"No, no, no! He's not Mr. Tourmeline at all; he's Lord Tourmeline."

"Oh, is he? I didn't know. You didn't tell me his name when you introduced us. I asked him and he said 'Tourmeline,' and I've been calling him Mr. Tourmeline all the time we've been together."

The girl was so unconcerned and so indifferent that Mrs. Freyville turned away from her. Poor woman! The evening was spoilt for her, because her sandy-haired daughters were running wild, and the most eligible young man that had come in her way for many a long day was not being made the smallest use of. Nor did matters improve, although it was late before the Tower Smith omnibus was announced.

"Dear Mrs. Freyville," said Lady Tower Smith, "I want you to come over to lunch to-morrow and bring all your girls with you."

"Oh, thank you so much—yes. To-morrow at two o'clock? We shall be charmed."

III.

The thought of taking Ellaline with her the next day never so much as occurred to Mrs. Freyville. The three girls, smartly attired in brown, trimmed

with sable, accompanied their mother on the long drive through ice and snow which lay between Freyville Manor and the Court, but not one of them seemed to make the smallest impression upon Lady Tower Smith's very eligible guest.

"What you girls are thinking of," exclaimed Mrs. Freyville, vexedly, as they drove home through the crisp, glittering snow, "I can't imagine."

"Thinking of! We've had a lovely time, mother," cried Ethelwyn. "What do you want us to think of?"

"Why, Lord Tourmeline, of course."

"Lord Tourmeline, why he never looked at us! But he's coming over to tea to-morrow or the next day—to-morrow, if he can."



"'I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED,' SAID LORD TOURMELINE, 'AND I WANT YOUR CONSENT.'"

"Oh, is he?" Mrs. Freyville's tone was distinctly modified.

"And he promised to come over and help us with the school treat on Thursday. He says he's very good at undoing Christmas-trees, and thoroughly understands filling small children's plates with cakes and things. You mustn't worry, mother," said Ethelwyn, patting her mother on the arm as if she was a fractious child.

From that day Lord Tourmeline haunted the home of the Freyvilles. He seemed to make nothing of the long drive between the Manor and the Court, and Lady Tower Smith proved herself to be one of the most indulgent hostesses in the world.

"Really, my dear Mrs. Freyville," she remarked with a laugh one day, when they met at a dance at a friend's house on New Year's Eve, "Tourmeline seems to have taken up his quarters at your house."

"He does come a good deal," said Mrs. Freyville, smiling. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. I should be charmed if one of your girls were to become Lady Tourmeline. By-the-by, which of them is it he likes?"

"I haven't an idea. Has he not said anything to you?"

"Not a word. Only that you're a charming family, and—er—yes, of course, he expressed himself very prettily about deserting me."

"I think it must be Ethelwyn," said Mrs. Freyville, "but I really don't know. I can't see that his manner is the least little bit different to any one of them."

She was quite right, poor lady. It wasn't. If the truth be told, Lord Tourmeline regarded the three sandy-haired Miss Freyvilles as means to an end, and as nothing more. His intentions were serious enough, goodness knows; and although it was evident that some one person exercised a great fascination over him, both Lady Tower Smith and Mrs. Freyville herself were equally mistaken as to the identity of that person.

About the second week in January the frost, which had held the countryside in chains of ice, began to give, and the squire's thoughts

turned once more towards hunting and kindred pursuits. He came in one day with the news that Lord Tourmeline had taken a hunting-lodge about three miles from Freyville Manor. Mrs. Freyville raised her eyebrows, but made no comment, and the three girls looked in a surprised way at one another.

"He seems keen on the neighbourhood," said the squire.

"He's coming up the drive now," remarked Flora.

And that day saw the mystery unravelled. Lord Tourmeline was ushered into the pleasant morning-room where the family were assembled, it being just the hour of afternoon tea. After he had tea he asked the squire if he might have five minutes' conversation with him on a matter of business.

"Oh, with pleasure," said the squire. "Come to my study. I hear," he went on in his big, jovial voice, "that you have Frinton Lodge for the rest of the season. I hope the hunting will come up to your expectation."

"I'm sure it will," said Lord Tourmeline, quietly.

The squire opened the door of his study, which was just across the large entrance hall. "Now, my dear Tourmeline, sit down there. Have a cigarette? You wanted to ask me something about the Lodge?" he said, catching up the poker and preparing to stir the fire.

"Not at all. I've taken the Lodge for the rest of the season," said Lord Tourmeline, very quietly. "I wanted to ask you a question on a very different subject. I'm going to be married, and I want your consent."

"My consent?" echoed the squire.

"Yes," said the young man, steadily.

"Which of them is it?" asked the squire, turning round with the poker still in his hand.

"It's your niece, Ellaline."

If any exclamation escaped the squire's lips it was lost in the noise of the poker as it was thrust between the burning lumps of coal. Then he put it back in its place, and, turning round with a pleased face, held out his hand.



"Laurie" tells specially for "The Girl's Realm" the story of the actual life of the characters in "Little Women."

With hitherto unpublished letters by Louisa M. Alcott to "her boy."

Illustrated by FLORENCE HOLMS.

To the English boy or girl familiar with such schools as Rugby, Eton, Harrow and others that have existed for centuries, a school like that of Mr. F. B. Sanborn's at Concord, Massachusetts, which flourished for the brief space of eight years and numbered at no time more than from fifty to a hundred scholars, will seem to be scarcely worthy of notice. Yet in spite of its short life this school will occupy a permanent place in the history of American schools, and this for several reasons; among which may be mentioned, that it was located at Concord, which at that time was the home of the most distinguished group of American writers that ever resided in one town. It had for its head a brilliant young teacher who not only conducted the school in a most satisfactory manner, but has since its close made an enviable reputation as a public-spirited citizen, philanthropist and author.

The school was organised in 1855, and in 1857 I found myself numbered among its scholars. I did not at first appreciate the advantages of the school, for I knew absolutely nothing of the celebrated men and women who lived in and near the old town. Had I known what I now know, I could have accumulated a fund of anecdotes that would be of great interest to the literary world, but I was only a school-boy interested mostly in having a good time and entirely unconscious that fortune had smiled upon me in a wonderful way. I soon discovered, however, that in some way or other these new friends were the most companionable people I had ever known; before I knew it, I found myself transformed from a shy, bashful lad, whose relations with older people

had mostly been such as to constantly remind him of his youthfulness, into a friend and companion of those who were from ten to twenty years older, but who treated him as an equal and gave him a share in all that they did.

My home at first was with Mr. Minot Pratt, the "Silent Saint" of Concord, father of John Pratt who afterwards married Anna Alcott, and has been immortalised by Louisa Alcott as "John Brooke" in "Little Women." The Pratt home was on a farm a mile or more from the village, and was an ideal home for boys, five or six of whom were members of the family. "Uncle Minot," as everybody called Mr. Pratt, was the personification of meekness and quietness, a man of wonderfully few words, but one whose influence was like the all-pervading warmth of the summer sun. No one could come near this remarkable man without feeling better and more cheerful in spirit—not because of anything he might say, but because of the wonderful power of the silent influence that went out to all who came nigh him. The following incident will illustrate this: The peach crop that year was a large one, and we boys had all we could possibly eat, but a boylike idea took possession of us that it would be a fine adventure to *steal* some peaches from the orchard; so, in accordance with a carefully devised plan, one morning each of the six boys made some sort of an excuse to leave the breakfast-table one at a time, and making a wide *détour* of a mile or more we approached the peach orchard, which was not a great way from the house, from the opposite direction. Tramping single file through a cornfield, wet with the morning

* * A number of Miss Alcott's "Letters to her Laurie" appeared in THE GIRL'S REALM for November and December, 1902.

dew, we came near to the stone wall which enclosed the orchard. From the rear where I was plodding along I called out to the boy leading, just as he stood on the wall ready to jump, "Ed, doesn't your conscience smite you?" and then from the other side of the wall spoke Uncle Minot in his quiet, gentle voice, "Don't you think I had better smite you?" He had seen through our carefully-arranged plot and gone over to the orchard to await our coming. What a sheepish lot of boys we were to be sure, as we one by one climbed over the wall! but not one word of censure, not one word of reference to the affair from that time on—there was no need. We had had our lesson, and no scolding, no abuse, no threats, could have made anything like such an impression upon us. The desire for that sort of fun had vanished.

John Pratt, although ten years my senior, took the fifteen-year-old boy into his heart, and treated him as an equal and a chum. He was a cultivated and refined man, gentle and kindly to a marked degree in his outward bearing, and full of love and sympathy for all with whom he came in contact. Together we paid our first visit to the Alcott family, which had just returned to Concord after some years of absence. Here began an acquaintance that brought to him a loving and devoted wife, and to me the rich treasure of a life-long friendship with the members of the Alcott family. Of the two families, the Pratts and the Alcotts, John's two sons—the "Little Men"—his older brother, and May Alcott's daughter, Louisa May Neriker, are all that survive. At this time the family was complete. Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, Anna, Louisa, Elizabeth, and Abby (the four "Little Women," "Meg," "Jo," "Beth," and "Amy"). It was, with the exception of Elizabeth, a hearty and healthy family, notwithstanding their vegetarian diet. For many years the Alcott family were strict vegetarians, and I was present when Abby, the youngest (Amy), then eighteen, tasted her first meat. Beefsteak had been prescribed by the doctor, and she took it as a medicine—was not sure whether she liked it or not. Louisa wrote me an extremely amusing account of a certain rice pudding, but the letter has been lost, so I cannot give the story in her own words. Rice pudding was her special abomination, but occupied a prominent place in the simple menu of the family. This particular pudding, a good large one, had appeared upon the table meal after meal; in her dreams she was haunted by rice

puddings of every form and size, that fell upon her from immense heights, or which appeared in all sorts of unexpected places. Finally, in carrying it from the table one day, she tripped, and the rice pudding died a sudden death, and furnished a meal for the cats.

Later the family gave up their vegetarian diet, to which they had adhered faithfully for many years under the strong influence of the father.

It took the romantic lives of Mr. and Mrs. Alcott and their pathetic experiences in trying to carry out their high ideals and at the same time to bring up a family of children, to make Louisa Alcott and "Little Women" possible. Miss Alcott has portrayed her parents as she has herself and her sisters in "Little Women," but those who knew them both say that their lives were far more romantic than she ever pictured them. Lovers of Miss Alcott will find it a rare pleasure to read the "Life of A. Bronson Alcott," by F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris. In Concord, where the best years of Louisa's life were spent, she had for neighbours and friends, men and women whose names are household words in the world of Literature, Art, Science and Religion! Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Hawthorne, Garrison, Phillips, Whittier, Lowell, Higginson, Geo. W. Curtis, Theo. Parker, Jas. Freeman Clark, and a host of others, who, while not so well known to the world at large, were fitting comrades for this distinguished company. Mr. Sanborn says: "The simple but romantic life of this village, this family, this circle of friends, gave Louisa Alcott her opportunity as an author, and for this she was indebted not so much to her own studies,

or even to her own character, as to the character of her father and mother and the events of their chequered lives. No experience, great or small, elevating or humiliating, through which they passed, was lost upon her; and all went to form that attractive picture which, as drawn by her pen, has made Concord a place of deep interest to myriads of young people."

Mr. Alcott, after completing his college education, began his business life, as was the custom in the early days for Connecticut youths to do, as a peddler, and pursued his vocation in the south, mostly in Virginia and the Carolinas. His gentle bearing and his cultured mind gave him access to the homes of the very best families in those States, where he was treated as a friend and passed much of his spare time in conversation with the gifted and brilliant men and women or among the books in their extensive libraries. To a youth, bred as he had



This drawing illustrates what happened to a rice pudding that had appeared on the Alcott table meal after meal.

been in the narrow way of a country town in Connecticut, the comparatively elegant and courtly life of these plantations was a graceful and impressive revelation. It was the first school of fine manners (except that which he entered at his mother's knee) in which he was trained.

Mrs. Alcott, Louisa's mother, was a daughter of Col. Joseph May of Boston, and sister of Rev. Samuel J. May. She was a woman of rare talents and distinguished virtues. She was a most loyal wife and devoted mother. To all of her husband's plans for the uplifting of mankind she gave her best efforts, even when the plans must have seemed to her impracticable and visionary. In a letter to her brother, shortly after her marriage, she wrote: "My husband is the personification of modesty and moderation. I am not sure that we shall not *blush* into obscurity and *contemplate* into starvation." There were times in after life when this doubt seemed to be on the point of fulfilment; but the end was fortunate, for their gifted daughter, Louisa, had later the proud satisfaction of surrounding her loved parents with every comfort and luxury that they could possibly desire. Mrs. Alcott is said to have been the best writer in the Alcott family, although she never published a book, and perhaps never thought of writing one.

No reader of "Little Women" will ever forget the story of "Beth," told by Louisa with such exquisite sweetness, nor "Jo's" devotion to the dear sister during the long days of her fatal illness; but no written words can convey an adequate idea of the love and care which Louisa ("Jo") lavished upon Elizabeth ("Beth"). During the long evenings of that eventful winter, when John Pratt and I were to be found most of the time in the family circle, Louisa would be backwards and forwards from the upstairs room to which her sister was confined, always full of life and fun, making everybody feel happy and cheerful, yet at all times ready to answer a call from "Lizzie." What a happy group it was, happy in spite of the cloud which hung over it in the thought of the dear one who could not share in the joy and pleasure except as it came to her through others.

This room, small and bare of ornament, was a veritable enchanted palace to the motherless boy whose nature opened in that atmosphere of love and unselfishness like a flower, drinking in the aroma of peace and joy that filled the house. Here we were together, Mr. and Mrs. March, Jo, Meg and Amy, with John Brooke and

Laurie—only at that time all those characters were yet to be born in the fertile brain of the noble girl who was the

life of the little household. It was only the Alcott family, with its four girls, Anna, Louisa, Elizabeth and Abby, Mr. Alcott, the gentle scholar and philosopher, Mrs. Alcott, the loving, devoted wife and mother. Anna, the oldest, quiet and domestic in her tastes and habits, unselfish if ever there was an unselfish person; Louisa, the brilliant girl who had already begun her career as a writer of stories, who took hold sublimely of life's duties and did the things she least liked—the every-day drudgery of household cares—when her head was full of fancies and her brain busy weaving beautiful thoughts into shape, to some day be put on paper and bring her fame; Abby May, the youngest, the baby and pet of the family, then a young woman of eighteen, lovely in form and character, with a passion for music and drawing, full of vivacity

and fond of all sorts of gaiety, destined to gain distinction as a painter, to marry a worthy man, and after a brief period of almost ideal happiness, to pass on to the new life, leaving as a legacy to her dear sister Louisa, a little girl, Louisa May Neriker. These,



LOUISA ALCOTT'S "DELICATE BIT OF CARPENTRY."



ONE OF THE AMUSING INTERLUDES THAT WERE A FEATURE OF THE ALCOTT PLAYS.

with Elizabeth, the invalid sister, are "The Little Women."

How well I remember the bright Sunday morning in March when I stopped on my way to church to inquire about Lizzie. I entered the house without knocking, and as I opened the door of the little sitting-room, found Louisa there alone. She had turned her back to the door as she heard me come in. Before I could speak, she threw down the white garment upon which she was sewing, burst into tears, and with the words, "It is Lizzie's shroud," hurried out of the room. This was forty-five years ago, yet it seems as though it were but yesterday. All readers of "Little Women" remember the account of Beth's death and of Jo's devotion to her till the end came, when "On the bosom where she had drawn her first breath, she quietly drew her last, with no farewell but one loving look, one little sigh."

No account of the Concord days would be complete without some reference to "The Concord Dramatic Union." This organization sprung into being soon after the coming of the Alcott family. The Alcott girls were fond of acting, and Anna and Louisa were exceedingly clever at it. Anna was the best actor of the two, and was a capital *comédienne*. She would have made a

name for herself had she adopted the stage for a profession, as both she and Louisa thought of doing more than once. Louisa was stately and dignified, and played leading parts with a certain dash and fervour that was very effective and pleasing. Abby acted as prompter, and looked after the musical part of the entertainments. Later she played leading parts successfully.

The Dramatic Union numbered among its members Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Geo. B. Bartlett, the Alcott girls, Edward and Edith Emerson (R. W. Emerson's children), and a number of Mr. Sanborn's scholars.

Louisa dramatised many scenes from Dickens, which were acted with great success, and many standard plays were produced. What jolly times we did have with our rehearsals and getting the stage ready, making the scenery and the necessary accessories! And what fun we got out of the numberless little accidents and incidents connected with the preparation and presentation of the plays. Of the scenes from Dickens dramatised by Louisa, the scene from "Martin Chuzzlewit," between

Betsy Prig and Sairy Gamp, acted by Louisa and Anna, was one of the best. They were greatly given to quoting from it, and generally called each other *Betsy* and *Sairy*. "The Tetterby Family," from "The Haunted Man," was another that I remember well, because in that I had the honour of playing the part of "Dolphus," with Louisa as "Sophy."

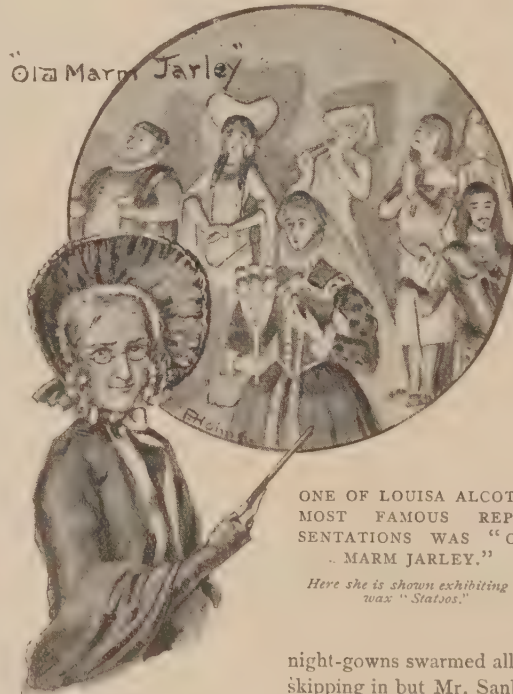
Referring to this in one of her books, Louisa says: "We played Dolphus and Sophia Tetterby in 'The Haunted Man' at one of the school festivals. What fun we had to be sure, acting the droll and pathetic scenes together with a swarm of little Tetterbys skirmishing about us! From that time he has been my Dolphus and I his Sophy, and my yellow-haired laddie don't forget me though he has a younger 'Sophy' now and some small Tetterbys of his own."

In making up the caste for "The Tetterby Family," Mr. Sanborn begged Louisa to let him be one of the children. As he was six feet three inches in height, and as she did not wish to make a burlesque of the play, she very decidedly declined; but he was not to be put off so easily. When the night of the play came, in a scene where the children in their

night-gowns swarmed all over the stage, who should come skipping in but Mr. Sanborn in a long white night-gown which stopped several inches short of the bottom of his trousers. As he ran across the stage he pulled the chair from under Ned Bartlett, who took the part of the news-boy and was warming himself at the fire, letting him down upon the stage in no gentle fashion. Ned was on his feet in an instant, and as Mr. Sanborn disappeared from the stage, he gave the retreating figure a realistic kick that evoked a round of applause from the audience.

"The Jacobite" was a favourite play, and in this Louisa played Mrs. Pottle, Anna, Patty Pottle, and John Pratt, John Duck. From being lovers in this play, John and Anna became "sure enough" lovers, and adopted their stage names, Patty Pottle and John Duck, as pet names. In a letter written to me in December, 1858, after I had come to Kansas to live, Louisa says:

"I was mightily pleased to hear from my boy and to learn that he was so well and happy in his new home. I am spending Christmas in Concord to help with some little jollifications got up to please 'Thedy,' and what do you think they gave me to act but that blessed part of Major Murray. I should have refused any one else, but to make poor Thedy's last Christmas pleasant I would have played Falstaff or Julius Cæsar. The anguish of soul that fell upon me when I came to play it was fearful. I think



ONE OF LOUISA ALCOTT'S MOST FAMOUS REPRESENTATIONS WAS "OLD MARM JARLEY."

Here she is shown exhibiting her wax "Statues."

there must be something in the part peculiarly repugnant to the human mind, for I never could get through the first long speech to save my life, and utterly routed Carrie's ideas by informing her that my false name was 'Charles Antwerp,' a merchant of 'Vardeck,' etc. We played in the Pratt parlour after a nice little tree full of gits and goodies had been stripped, and had no stage or properties, but rambled about among the audience in a perfectly vague manner, quite as confusing to them as it was bewildering to us. John Duck got under the table for a chest, and the Major with a wooden sword pried up the table-cloth and dragged him out. Frankie Hall was the Corporal and bore us to prison with appalling fierceness. Mr. Pratt read the part of the villainous Sir Richard with angelic meekness. Carrie darted in and out of Mrs. Pottle's and Lady Somerford's clothes with amazing rapidity, and Annie and John did the 'lovers' to the life. They seemed to enjoy it very much, and we were applauded copiously by a large and brilliant audience of fifteen."

Thedy was the youngest son of Mr. Pratt, and was an invalid, so that he could not see the plays when given in town. A year later the following letter came from Louisa:—

"MY DEAREST DOLPHUS:—

"Feb'y. 13, 1859.

"Your letter found me in the exciting whirl of a mass of plays, and I read it with one eye while I hammered red heels into my shoes with the other (or rather oversaw that delicate bit of carpentry). You were a true Tetterby not to forget the existence of your 'little woman' who often thinks of her 'little man' and wishes she could see his face a-coming in at the door to have a little chat and a great muching.

"We did want you at the plays, for men of sense, theatrical and common, were wanting. John B. Pratt was our mainstay and a host in himself.

"Mr. Sargent, the father of Abby's friend Kitty, took it into his head to have some grand doings at his house while Ab was staying there, so we rummaged up the gents, and with the four Sargents, John, Ab and I, we got up some startling things I assure you. I forgot to say that the great Geo. B. was there also. We got up some fine scenes, and the rooms being very large and full of fine things we made a great spread in the way of gold and damask chairs, draperies, etc. We gave a play you *may* have heard of, called the 'Jacobite'—John as Duck, I the Widder, Kitty as Polly, Edward Adams, John's cousin, as Sir Richard. Geo. Cabot (Parker's nephew) the famous Major, and a nice one he was too, having got a real dress from the theatre in which he made a great dash. Ab was Lady Somerford and made her first appearance quite 'a success,' really putting a deal of life and spirit into that flat young woman's character.

"After the 'Jacobite' the great G. B. and the greater L. M. A. did the 'Morning Call' in a very unique manner, Sir Edward being got up in a red velvet hunting suit and a surprising wig, to say nothing of top boots and an emerald pin as large as a warming-pan. Mrs. Chillingtone was troubled with a violent desire to grasp him by the wig, to pluck him by the nose and otherwise pummel and maltreat him, he looked and acted so like a fool.

"Old 'Marm Jarley' exhibited her wax 'Statoos,' and the evening wound up with a magnificent spread, banquet, or collation at which we imbibed copiously of everything and revelled in ice-cream, oysters, chicken salad and other abominations, finishing off at twelve p.m. by a general warble and flourish.

"The grand Masonic Ball comes off next week, and Abby is in woe, being invited there by Cabot, and to another here by E. Adams. I think between the two stools she will come to the ground, for she isn't fit to go anywhere after exhausting herself with 'Lady Somerford.' Do you remember the fun we had at that last ball when we sat till three in the morning staring our eyes out at the people 'bobbing around' down below.

"Since my education is completed by learning the 'Lancers' I feel it my duty to frequent places of public resort and indulge in the 'mazy' with great energy and liberality, so if you were here we'd go to the ball and do something great.

"Annie and John are 'Darby and Joaning' over the fire, and evidently wish there were but two people present, so, like a dutiful younger sister, I must stop my writing and gently subside."

"Wed. eve., Feb. 15.

"Finding myself a lone, lorn crester, all the folks being gone to 'lecter,' I will resume my blotting to you. I am rather stupid in my mind, having been up till twelve last night making a ball dress for Miss Ab, who is now rejoicing in its splendours at a

ball, to which she was invited by Edward Adams, who came in style and bore her away to her first ball. The Masonic Rout is to-night, and the 'Major' Cabot wanted 'Lady Somerford' to go up; she preferred 'Sir Richard's' 'Swarry.' Nan is there in the little gallery watching Louis Pratt's bow-legs, Geo. Prescott's sylphlike figger and the airy graces of the Misses Staples, Bowers and Billings. Don't you wish we were there?

"What funny doings you are having in Kansas with your wandering Legislature, wolf hunts and summer weather. You must tell me abut the flowers there when they come for I'd like to see and know about the posies wherewith you will regale your blessed nose in the spring.

"My dear old Ma has been very sick, but didn't make up her mind to be 'kilt' this time, whereat we rejoice and 'sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.' Mother Pratt, too, has a weakness of the bones, which allows

Wishing There were
only two people
in the room!



THE COURTSHIP OF ANNA ALCOTT AND JOHN PRATT.

Immortalised by Louisa Alcott in "Little Women" as "Meg" and "John Brooke."

her to sit down, but on no account will consent to her getting up, which is rather trying to an active old lady like her.

"Thedy is better and, strange as it seems, is quite comfortable. Carrie is jocose and topsy-turvy as ever, and John the 'dearest boy in the world,' barring *my* private boy, who shan't be plagued with any more rubbish from his loving old woman.

"SOPHY.

"My letter is full of scrabbles, but folks *will* talk and read, so I kept putting in wrong words, which makes confusion and daubiness. Pray excuse it. The girls send their love."

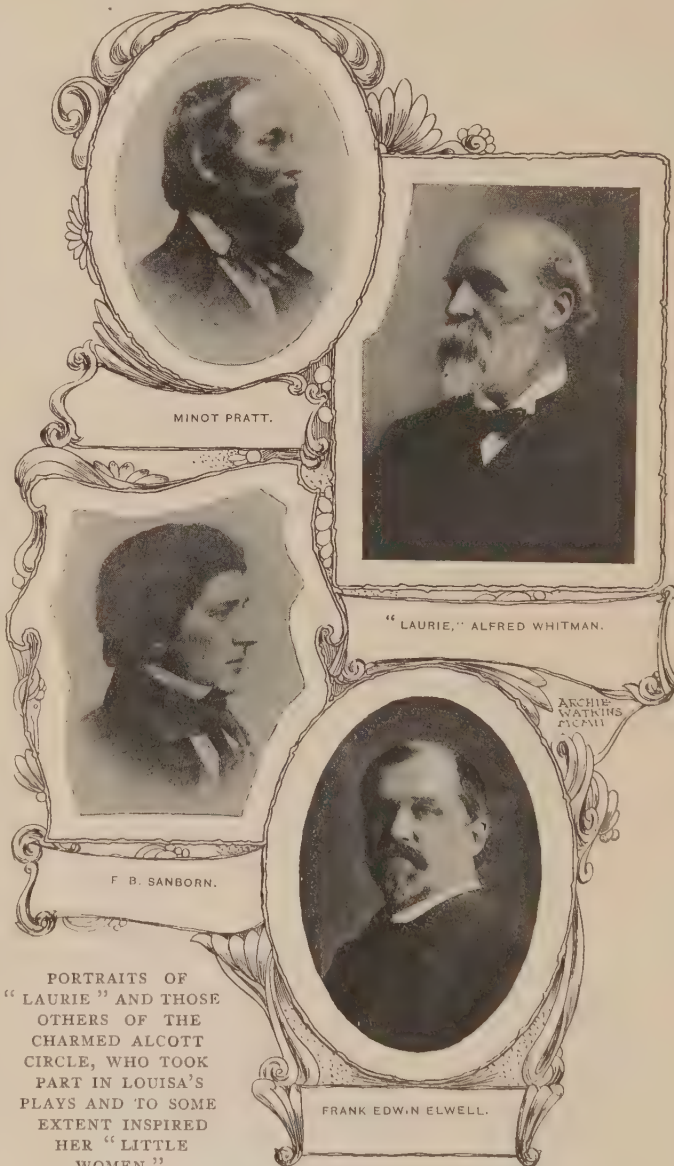
It was by means of these theatricals that I learned to know Louisa Alcott so well. She enjoyed them more than any other form of recreation, and I am sure I could in no better way have gained an insight into the sunny side of her nature. And so also in telling of her love for boys, no words other than her own are needed to show to the thoughtful reader what a wonderful influence she must have exerted over those whom she included among her "boys." She never scolded, and scarcely ever preached, but by the rare quality of her affection and love and by the wonderful power of that *silent* influence which is stronger than anything that can be put into words, the lives of these boys were strengthened and blessed. Among all of her boys no one is better fitted to pay the tribute of love and affection to Miss Alcott than Frank

Edwin Elwell, the talented New York sculptor, for he has, through the influence of her noble life, been able to give to the world works of art that are not only evidences of his own genius and skill, but monuments to the woman

who first gave him, as a poor boy, the right-hand of fellowship and started him on his career with an equipment of high ideals and noble motives. One of the most noted of his works is the statue of "Dickens and Little Nell," which occupied the centre of the display of statuary at the World's Fair in Chicago, and is now in Fairmont Park at Philadelphia.

He has also made the finest bust of Miss Alcott that has been given to the world, which he presented in person to the Kansas State University. In speaking of her who has been so much to him he has said: "Somehow 'Aunt Jo' was not a human being, but a celestial soul in a human body, the embodiment of virtue, strength and love. Her faults were like the dust specks on the crystal that never became a part of that per-

fection of light, and now that she is in the Great Beyond, all these dust specks are wiped away, and we see in that transparent soul, pictures of eternal things, great principles of light, magnificent ideas, human kindness, the *virtue of all virtues*."



PORTRAITS OF
"LAURIE" AND THOSE
OTHERS OF THE
CHARMED ALCOTT
CIRCLE, WHO TOOK
PART IN LOUISA'S
PLAYS AND TO SOME
EXTENT INSPIRED
HER "LITTLE
WOMEN."



THE ENRAGED KNIGHT AND THE MISSING HELMET.



WHERE THE HELMET

WAS EVENTUALLY FOUND.



How I Chaperoned Katharine.



By EVELYN SHARP.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

EVER since I met Katharine at the hockey match we have been firm friends. She was my opponent in the right wing on that occasion, and afterwards showed such tact in alluding to my utter inability to compete with her fleetness of foot, that I felt extremely friendly towards her. We also sat together at the school-room tea that followed—it was the day my club played her school and was so hopelessly beaten—and we very soon fraternised over a mutual taste for treacle.

"It is difficult to keep it in one place," Katharine admitted, as a large drop trickled over the edge of her slice of bread and travelled slowly down her clean white blouse; "but it's all right if you're quick enough."

Besides treacle we had other tastes in common; such as dogs, and bicycles, and Charles I., and bands. I mention them in this indiscriminate fashion because it was thus that Katharine was wont to refer to them.

"Which would you sooner have, a free-wheel or a thoroughbred bulldog?" she demanded on another occasion, bursting suddenly into my study when I imagined her miles away at Juniper House School.

"Have you brought them both with you, and am I to say which hand? In any case, what are you doing here in the middle of term?" I asked mildly.

"You see, daddy says I can't have both, because they cost too much; but I haven't begun to coax him yet, so you never know!" Katharine went on with her usual inconsequence. "And it's all because of Theodora Wilkins's rash; only I'm all right, so you needn't be afraid of catching anything!"

She danced round the room to see if there was anything new in it, while I tried to sort some of her remarks.

"Which is the result of Theodora Wilkins's rash?" I inquired. "The free-wheel, or the thoroughbred bulldog?"

"I meant the scarlet fever, of course—you know I did!" said Katharine, a little reproachfully. "That's why I've come home, don't you see? And daddy says it won't be worth while to go back again this term; so I shall have eight weeks' holiday. Isn't it luck?"

I looked at the round glowing face, which I had not hoped to see for another month—and agreed that it was luck.

"I knew you'd understand," said Katharine, dropping sidewise into a chair and looking at me over the back of it with her brown, friendly eyes. "Daddy pretends that it's a nuisance, and all that. But, of course, he doesn't really think so."

"Daddy is an adept at that sort of pretence, isn't he?" I remarked. "But tell me, what are you going to do with yourself, now you are here?"

Katharine started to her feet. "That reminds me!" she exclaimed. "Can you skate?"

"Not much," I answered, wondering what I had said that could possibly remind her of such a thing on a particularly muggy day in November.

"Then you'll come and skate with me, won't you?" said Katharine, promptly.

"Why? Because I can't skate?" I asked slightly perplexed.

"That doesn't matter—at least, it would be better if you could skate well, of course; I suppose you can hold yourself up, can't you?" pursued Katharine anxiously.

"Oh, yes," I admitted, modestly; "I can hold myself up."

"There!" she said, with a nod and a smile; "I knew you could. You always pretend you can do nothing, when you're splendid all the while——"

"My dear little girl," I reminded her, "you always forget that I do not possess your youth

and vigour. Here am I, on the high road to middle age, while you——”

“I am thirteen,” interrupted my visitor, gravely.

“Of course, I had forgotten,” I answered, just as gravely. “But how can anybody skate in this weather?”

“Oh, the weather doesn’t matter; it isn’t

Katharine sat down again with a look of resignation. “Whenever you like,” she said, and suppressed a sigh.

“But, joking apart,” I remonstrated afresh, “I am really too old for this kind of thing——”

“But that’s exactly why I want you to join!” said Katharine, with some candour. “Daddy won’t let me go at all, unless I find some one



“KATHARINE GAVE A MEANING LITTLE CHUCKLE AND LEANED OVER THE BACK OF HER FATHER’S CHAIR.”—(p. 142.)

that sort of skating,” explained Katharine. “It’s a club, where you learn from a man in livery; and there’s a band and refreshments.”

“You’ll come and tell daddy you mean to join, won’t you?” she went on, pulling on her gloves with rapidity.

“Now? At this moment?” I asked, with a glance at my unfinished article.

really old to take me. I—I don’t want to bother,” she continued, rather wistfully, “because you’re always such a brick to me; but I *do* want to skate most dreadfully, and——”

She broke off in the middle of her plaintive appeal and clapped her hands gleefully, for I had begun to put away my unfinished article.

Katharine’s father was writing letters when

his daughter, followed less impetuously by me, burst into his library, and announced that I had something very particular to say to him. He looked as pleased to hear it as a man who was writing letters would look, and waited for me to say it. I, on the contrary, waited for Katharine to say it; and she finally confessed that it had something to do with the skating club.

Katharine's father frowned. "I'm heartily tired of hearing about that skating club," he said.

"I'm sure you must be, darling," answered his daughter, sympathetically; "but if you'll only let me join——"

"Certainly not," said daddy with determination. "You behave sufficiently like a whirlwind as it is. If you learn to skate, you will be more of a boy than ever. In fact," he continued, still more firmly, "I mean to put my foot down about this skating club."

I naturally thought that settled the matter, and rose. But Katharine gave a meaning little chuckle, and leaned over the back of her father's chair. "Think how quiet it will be in the house when the whirlwind has gone skating!" she remarked, as she stroked his cheek.

"There, run along!" said daddy, thinking to retain his dignity by rising. But Katharine pinned him down with her arms, and gave another naughty little chuckle.

"What a horrid old daddy you would be, if you meant all the horrid things you say," she laughed.

Her father frowned again. "I really mean this one, though," he said.

Katharine stopped laughing, and looked across at me in some anxiety. "You did promise," she said.

I turned to daddy, and kept my promise as well as I could. "The child thought you might let her skate if I were to go with her," I began.

"It is very good of you," he said; "but that is not the only thing." He pulled Katharine on to his knee and shook his head at her. "I don't know much about girls," he went on; "but I'm sure they ought not to be so rough and tomboyish as this one."

"I? Why, I'm as quiet as a lamb," declared Katharine. "You should see *some* girls."

"I don't want to see them," said daddy, drily. "I think girls ought to be gentle and feminine; and you are neither."

I came to the rescue again. "No doubt, if you let her have her own way over this," I observed, "Katharine will do something to please you in return."

"Rather!" agreed Katharine, with enthusiasm.

"For instance," I continued, "she might learn to be domestic, now that she is to be at home for so long."

Katharine's father looked pleased, which was more than his daughter did. "What's being domestic?" she asked, dubiously. "I don't believe I shall like it, shall I?"

We both laughed at her. "Would you like to learn to cook?" I suggested.

Katharine brightened considerably. "If that's being domestic, I should love it," she said.

"There's some sense in that," added her father. "If they'd only teach girls to cook, at school, instead of all these boys' games——"

"All the same, it's a bargain, isn't it?" interrupted Katharine. "If I learn to be domestic, you'll let me learn to skate, won't you?"

"There, be off with you!" was all daddy said. But the chuckle with which she received her dismissal told me that I had got to join that skating club as a chaperon.

Chaperoning Katharine was certainly an agitating occupation. She began by mistaking the "man in livery," who was one of the skate-fitters, for an instructor.

"You'll teach me to waltz, won't you, Number Nine?" she demanded, as she presented him with her foot.

Number Nine looked a little astonished, and said he was afraid he could not do that, but would fix her skates for her if she would only keep her foot still.

"Oh, but you must teach me to waltz!" cried Katharine in a disappointed tone. "That's why I joined. I don't think you ought to call yourself an instructor, Number Nine, if you can't waltz."

Number Nine mentioned with some asperity that he did not call himself an instructor.

"Then why did you put a number on your collar?" asked Katharine.

"The other foot, please, missy," said Number Nine, briefly.

Katharine grew persuasive. "Dear Number Nine," she begged, "can't *anybody* teach me to waltz?"

Melted by this appeal, Number Nine admitted that several people could do this, and he named a Mr. Armfield in particular; and after a little persuasion, Katharine consented to take a turn on the ice by herself, while I went in search of him. "Though I'd much sooner begin to waltz straight off," she added with a sigh.

I returned with Mr. Armfield, just as Katharine, imitating an expert who had preceded her, sprang jauntily on the ice, and of course fell on her face. "It's very slippery," she remarked, as the instructor picked her up again.

"We are not going to waltz until we know how to skate," he said, briefly. "In fact, if I'd known that you'd never been on the ice before, I should have turned you over to one of my assistants."

"Don't turn me over, whatever you do!" implored Katharine.

I apologised for having engaged him on false pretences; though, naturally, I had not gathered from Katharine's conversation that she was a beginner. However, after their first lesson together, they had become such firm friends that I heard no more about the child being turned over to an assistant,

"Well, how are you getting on?" I inquired, when she was brought back to me.

"Beautifully, thank you," said Katharine, optimistically. "It isn't a bit difficult, except when your legs slip sideways and you can't get them together again. The instructor doesn't think I shall begin to waltz *this week*," she added, less cheerfully.

Just then a boy about her own age glided



"KATHARINE, IMITATING AN EXPERT, SPRANG JAUNTILY ON THE ICE, AND OF COURSE FELL ON HER FACE."

towards her on the outside edge. Katharine clapped her hands in ecstasy. "That's what I want to do!" she cried. "I want to do it this very minute! Where is that instructor?"

The boy looked shy but amused, and pulled up with great style close to us. "Like to come

and try?" he suggested, holding out his hands invitingly.

Katharine, of course, took them gladly enough; but I, with the cares of chaperonage weighing heavily upon me, tried to suppress the boy. "Thank you, we have engaged an instructor," I said.

But the boy had an irresistible smile—and I was not born to be a chaperon. A moment later he had made himself responsible for Katharine's wavering footsteps, and she was chattering away to him with the frankness that won her friends wherever she went. It did not increase my peace of mind to discover that the boy with the smile seemed to know every other boy on the ice; but I had not the heart to interfere when I saw the breathless enjoyment with which she spent the rest of the afternoon in their company. After all, I reflected, it was a private club, and they were very nice boys; and if the slim little person in the scarlet frock was becoming more like a whirlwind every minute, there was a whole week in which she could learn to be domesticated before Saturday came round again. I was just quieting my conscience in this way, when

Katharine slid up to me on the arm of her new friend, and disturbed me afresh.

"Bob thinks it will be great fun to be domesticated," she informed me; "and he's coming to learn to cook, too. So I've asked him to tea on Monday."

Bob murmured something about his "mater"; but Katharine waved aside his scruples. "It's all right," she assured him; "parents never mind your being domesticated. Hullo! There's that dear Number Nine!"

Number Nine, though naturally of an impassive countenance, received her with a distinct smile. "Beginning to feel your feet, missy?" he inquired.

"I can't feel anything else, thank you," sighed Katharine, rubbing her ankles. Then, tensed with a new idea. "I say, Number Nine," she said, "can you cook?"

rine, as aching she brightened suddenly. Number Nine cried,

But there are limits even to a chaperon's patience; and I am glad to say that I got her away before she had time to invite Number Nine also to come and be domesticated.



"“LIKE TO COME AND TRY?” THE BOY SUGGESTED, HOLDING OUT HIS HANDS INVITINGLY.”

THE GHOST OF ST WINSTONS



Susie. Mary. Dolly.



(2.) We started off in great glee in the family coach, and pussy and all the family waved us farewell and a right merry time.



(1.) We had an invitation to go to St. Winstons for Christmas. It was supposed to be haunted by a real ghost, that always came out at one o'clock on Christmas night.

(4.) Jenkins, the coachman, sent them in search of relief.



(3.) But alas! just as we were within two miles of our destination a fearful storm came on and we were snowed up. If two country boys hadn't been near, I don't know what we should have done.



(5.) They soon returned with—can I say it?—two wheelbarrows, and in this ignominious way we were trundled to the Hall.

(6.)—Where we were welcomed with great joy by Betty and her family.



(7.) The two country boys went off joyfully with their pockets stuffed with good things.



(8.) Then we had dinner, and a good old-fashioned dinner it was; why, when the pudding came in flaming we all cheered!



(9.) After dinner was over we finished decorating the tree for the party at night. Jack gleefully decorated the hall lamp with mistletoe.

M. G. W. & M.



(11.) I told my fears to Betty, who seemed very excited over it.

(10.) It was whilst dancing that night with Jack in the minuet that I seemed to hear a curious noise—something like a scraping gliding sound,

(12.) And she and I and the two other girls went and looked into the corridor, but could discover nothing.

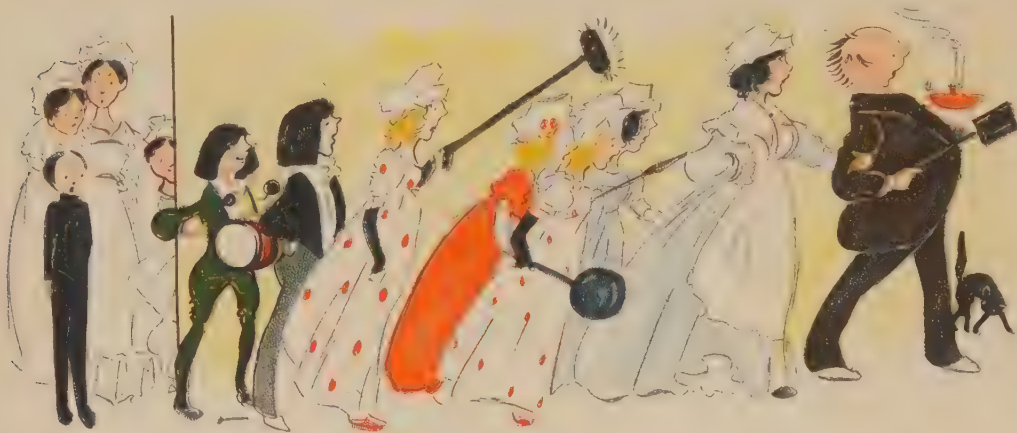


(13.) But you know I was quite positive I'd heard something, 'cos during the tableaux (they were playing "Red Riding Hood") I heard the same sound again.



Just as she was going to bed, screamed that she'd seen something, and went off into a fit of hysterics.

(15.) Then everybody was interested; we all armed ourselves. Betty's father went first. He said it was all stuff and nonsense.



(16.) But he was certainly very scared when on coming down stairs something bellowed right at his ear



(17.) And we nearly all fainted when, just as the clock struck one, the cat rushed past us at full speed after something we could not see.



(18.) They came back at last triumphant—the pussies I mean—and, scared as we had been, we couldn't help laughing; it was

(19.) The next day we said farewell to our friends, reluctantly, for ghost or no ghost, we had had a very

H. COWHAM



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

By FRANCES BRUNKER.

"It is really difficult to tell you how I began," said Miss Davies, when I had made it plain to her how interesting to every girl would be the story of the commencement of her career. "There was, in fact, no set beginning in my case. The idea of becoming a pianist must have been born in me, for I cannot remember the time when it was not my foremost thought. It is told of me that at the age of two and a-half I was discovered at the piano, playing the Andante of Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony' with one finger, and quite correctly too, until I came to F sharp, when, being unable to hit on the right note, I screamed until some one, coming to my assistance, showed me how to find it. My second effort was 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I can well remember when I was only three playing "The Abbotsford Polka" duet with much dignity with my aunt. The event is clearly imprinted on my memory, for I stood on a footstool at the piano to play."

Miss Davies' aunt had a school for girls in Birmingham, and it was under her judicious care that the little girl grew up.

"I began music lessons when I was five years old," Miss Davies told me. "I made my only public appearance, as a child, at a Bazaar held at the Birmingham Town Hall, before I was seven; I played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat with the Funeral March, leaving out the octaves, of course. Was I nervous? Not in the least: I enjoyed it all, especially the dolls and the chocolates that were lavished on me when I had finished. As a matter of fact I

did not know what nervousness meant until I grew up. My musical education progressed slowly until I was nine, when I was placed under the tuition of Mr. Flavell, a very clever master. He it was who advised me, at that early age, to play Mozart instead of Beethoven."

It will be an encouragement to the girl-readers of this magazine to learn that Miss Davies was by no means "good" over these early lessons; indeed, as far as was possible, she shirked hard work; and she never practised more than half an hour daily.

Miss Davies' first serious—though by no means systematic—study of music began when she was between thirteen and fourteen, when she was forced, by a sudden delicacy of the chest, to spend much of her time indoors. Her natural bent then developed with extreme rapidity, and she devoted every moment that she could to the practice and the theory of music. She entered on a course of first-class ensemble playing at this time; there is no doubt that this was the foundation of the success she has since won in quartette playing. Later on Miss Davies took a course of lessons with Sir Charles Hallé.

"I suppose you went abroad to finish?" I asked.

"I went first to Leipzig for a year, then to Frau Clara Schumann for two years," she replied. "I recommend all girls who intend to make the profession of music their own, to go abroad to study, at any rate, for some time. Not that the schools in England do not

offer equal advantages to students. It is the home life that is the drawback in England. When a girl goes to Germany she goes with the resolution to work her very hardest, and it is rarely that anything interferes with this determination. At home, on the other hand, there must always be a hundred other interests to distract the girl's mind from her studies."

"Did you work very hard in Germany?" I inquired, having in my mind the seven and eight hours daily practice that we hear is demanded by foreign teachers.

"Scarcely ever more than four to five hours a day," replied Miss Davies, "Frau Schumann's advice was always to avoid over-practice. The length of one's practising hours must necessarily depend on the physique. I have heard Frau Schumann tell her pupils over and over again that it is infinitely better to take a year or two longer over one's course, than to break down from overwork.

"I gained a thorough insight into the musical life of Leipzig during the year I spent there," said Miss Davies. "I made it a rule to go to all the best concerts, taking with me my music and pencil, and to make a note of every individual point of the performers. It was only when Frau Schumann played that I found there was no necessity for any notes; for she played every piece as it was written by the composer. I soon made up my mind that I would rather be taught by her than by any other professor, but it was difficult to contrive. She limited the number of her pupils to six, and only admitted a new girl when there was a vacancy. When the chance at last occurred, I travelled all night from Leipzig, and played to Frau Schumann in the morning. Then followed a period of terrible suspense, for she had to hear all the other candidates before she could tell me if it was to be my happiness to fill the vacant place. I was compelled to return to Leipzig that evening as Reinecke had put me down to play one of his Suites at the *Abendunterhaltung*, at the Conservatoire. The next day, to my great delight, came a telegram 'Accepted,' from Frau Schumann. Thus began a new epoch in my musical career.

"Student life with Frau Clara Schumann, if it spelt serious study, at the same time meant the bringing out of the finest qualities one possessed. Frau Schumann had a marvellous grasp of the capacities of all of her pupils, and knew exactly in what direction to develop their powers."

Frau Schumann, Miss Davies told me, looked after her girls with motherly interest. As Christmas after Christmas came round she would plan for them some festivity; the last year Miss Davies was with her this festivity took the form of a grand performance of the Toy Symphony, in which the great artist took the piano part, and Fanny Davies the cuckoo. "The cuckoo," said Miss Davies smilingly, "distinguished itself by never coming in at the proper moment.

"That same night," she continued, "I remember I played a well-known barrel-organ tune on the piano, with improvised variations after the classical composers, which so amused Frau Schumann, that she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks; I finished up with a Bach's Fugue played as a polka. She had accused me of a lack of humour," said Miss Davies, with a twinkle in her eye, "and I wanted to prove to her how wrong she was."

There were no examinations for Frau Schumann's students; indeed, the only approach to a competition during the time Miss Davies was under her, was a Gigue, by Graun, a test suddenly arranged for them by their mistress. In order that she might not guess the identity of the performers, Frau Schumann remained behind a screen while her pupils played, each in her turn. In the end Frau Schumann's choice, which was, by these means, entirely unbiassed, fell on Miss Davies, to whom she presented an old Tyrolean brooch that contained a picture of Mozart.

Miss Davies looks back on these two years as the happiest of her life. Indeed, when the day came that Frau Schumann said to her: "Now you must go out into the world and play in public. What you most require is experience," she felt, in her own words, torn in two with conflicting emotion: gratification at the approbation of her great teacher, and distress at leaving one to whom she was so

deeply attached. Miss Davies left her teacher with the understanding that if the two concert-givers in England, to whom Frau Schumann had given her letters of introduction, decided that she was not yet ready to appear in public, she should return at once to Frau Schumann. Miss Davies did not read the letter that she delivered to Mr. August Manns immediately on her arrival in London, but that it contained a glowing account of the young pianist is not to be doubted, for in place of hearing her play privately, and forming his own judgment of her capacities as is the custom, Mr. Manns telegraphed to her, "Can you play a Concerto to-morrow afternoon with my orchestra? Rehearsal at eleven."

"Were you not frightened at the prospect?" I asked Miss Davies.

"Oh, no," she answered, "only very excited. I wired back, 'Beethoven's C minor.' I had played it the year before at the Prüfung of the Conservatoire, and I knew it so well as to be ready with it at a moment's notice. I had a good practice, however, before I started for the Crystal Palace that Wednesday morning. When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Manns came to me and said many kind

things about the afternoon. I did not look upon it as my *début*, but more as a trial performance. At the conclusion of it Mr. Manns engaged me to play in Edinburgh and Glasgow, with his orchestra, and to open his winter series of concerts at the Crystal Palace. He asked me what I should play on this last occasion, and I told him Beethoven's G major Concerto, for I felt I must either attempt the highest, or go back to school. Even at that moment when my delight at having been given my opportunity knew no bounds, I felt a pang as I

realised that it meant I must leave dear Frau Schumann."

Miss Davies was recalled three times for the Concerto, and her solo was encored. She did not know a single critic, but, in spite of this, she found that the next morning each of the sixteen reports, beginning with that of *The Times*, was favourable. One said, "Miss Fanny Davies, of whom no one had heard the day before, suddenly awakes to find herself famous."

After this she played to Mr. Arthur Chappell, to whom Frau Schumann had also given a



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MISS FANNY DAVIES BY HER PIANO.

On the piano can be seen a photograph of Frau Clara Schumann, to whose teaching Miss Davies owes so much.

letter of introduction. He at once engaged her for the "Pops," and she played at ten concerts that season. In the spring, on more than one occasion during Frau Schumann's visit to London, when she was the soloist, Miss Davies played the concerted pieces. This was a splendid opening for her, for it meant that she was constantly associated with such great artists as Joachim and Piatti. "I am more grateful than I can say," continued Miss Davies, "for all I learnt from this association, and for the affectionate interest they have ever since dis-

played in me. You ask me about my early struggles. Well, I can truthfully say I never encountered any, for after my *début*, engagements came of themselves."

I asked Miss Davies who was her favourite composer. She ran through a list that began with Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann, and ended with Mozart, Chopin and Liszt. "To tell the truth," she added, "one can own to no real favourite; there are moments when only Bach can satisfy, and others when one inclines to modern music."

"My special hobbies as a child were sketching and painting, if these can be called hobbies. I was devoted to drawing then, and I am so still. In my childhood's days I used to spend all the money that was given me for sweets in buying what I should now call hideous scraps, for I had a passion for colour and everything connected with pictures. Now I look on reading as a great relaxation."

I am very fond of teaching—I only wish I could devote more time to it—and I love travelling and collecting curiosities as remembrances of my journeys."

Miss Davies showed me some charming water-colours, given to her by Mr. Brabazon, together with souvenirs from Alma Tadema and other artist friends. One of her special treasures is an exquisite little antique French casket, which she put into my hands. Open-

ing it I found that it contained some withered violets. "A buttonhole that Brahms was wearing at dinner one Christmas Day in Vienna," Miss Davies told me. "I was sitting next to him on that occasion, and he gave it to me." She also showed me a beautiful photograph of the great musician, on which he had written her a few bars of music. Another treasured relic that adorns her drawing room is a large photograph, beautifully framed, of

the Queen of Italy, who sent it to her.

Miss Davies has pleasant memories of two visits paid to Balmoral, whither she went to play to Queen Victoria, and the two gifts given to her by the Queen as mementoes of the occasion are amongst the most deeply prized of Miss Davies' possessions.

There are few girls who have not heard Miss Fanny Davies play. She has long been known as the "student's favourite," and the fact that

her name is included in the list of artists for a Saturday or Monday "Pop," is an invariable attraction to Heads of schools.

The girl-musician could have no better model than Miss Davies, for there are few players who interpret so faithfully the spirit of the old masters, or who, in addition to an insight into classical music, can boast her singing touch, her broad style, her faultless execution.



From a photograph taken specially for "The Girl's Realm" by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.



The SEASONS of CHILDHOOD



MARIA D. BIRK.

SPRING



SUMMER



AUTUMN



WINTER

AUNT • LAVINIA'S • PORTRAIT.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

Illustrated by IDA LOVERING.

I.



“HOWEVER will you get Christmas presents for the boys, mother? They will be so disappointed if there is no Santa Claus this year!”

Mother shook her head. “I am afraid they will have to go without—there is no way that I see,” she said, sadly, “unless—” she did not finish the sentence; she looked gloomily into the fire, and pressed her hands tightly together.

“Unless what, mother?” the girl asked, after waiting a minute. She did not ask very eagerly. Her face was troubled, and had a pinched look, and there were lines on her smooth forehead. She was a tall, slender reed of a girl, with light hair, drawn tightly back from her forehead, and anxious blue eyes. She might have been a care-worn woman of thirty, instead of a bright clever girl of eighteen, who had just won a University scholarship at the Bedford High School.

Mary Ingram was the elder sister of the family, and she took on her frail shoulders all the burdens of the household. There were two young brothers at the Grammar School, and a sister three years younger than herself a pupil at the High School. She bore the burdens of them all.

It was for the educational advantages to her boys and girls that Mrs. Ingram, upon the death of her husband, had come to Bedford. James Ingram, M.R.C.S., had left his widow not too well off. It is not always possible for a general practitioner, with a family growing up about him, and a certain position to maintain, to provide for the future. A doctor's life is often a hand to mouth existence, a position must be kept up, whatever happens; a good appearance must be made to the world. The

Ingrams had always made a good appearance. No one guessed, until the end came, and it came very suddenly, how hard the struggle had been. There was not very much left when things were settled, for the widow to bring up a family upon. With economy it would cover, just cover, and no more, the education of the boys, and give them a fair start in life.

The girls of the family really got their education for nothing; they did not cost their mother a penny. Hester had won a school scholarship the first year, and now she had carried off the Exhibition for the University, and Sara was a “student-pupil” in the Kindergarten.

There was the education of the two boys to be reckoned for—Rob, who was in the running for a scholarship, and little Miles, who was in the junior school.

The girls, realising that a man's education is the first consideration, were willing enough to make sacrifices for the boys. They went without new summer frocks, and wore shabby gloves, that the boys might be decently clothed; they denied themselves in a hundred different ways without a murmur.

A dreadful thing had happened only a week before this sad Christmas time. The Colonial Bank, in which the widow's money was invested, had stopped payment. Fortunately she was not a shareholder; her money was on deposit, and every half year since her husband's death her small dividend had been paid with unfailing regularity.

This year there would be no dividend, nor next, nor perhaps the year after. No one could say how long it would take to arrange matters. The capital, doubtless, would be returned in time, but meanwhile—while the boys were growing up, while their education was going on—there would be no half yearly dividends with which to meet expenses.

The blow fell suddenly, in the midst of joyous preparations for Christmas. There could be no festivities now, no rejoicings. Everything had come to a full stop.

The widow sat all day with her hands tightly clasped. She could not realise what had happened. Her faculties were benumbed; she could not think. The girls let her alone; she had sat like this after the sudden blow of her husband's death, and by-and-by she had come round. She would come round presently, they said, and then she would tell them what to do.

When Christmas Eve came, that happy time the children had looked forward to so eagerly, the widow sat by her Christmas hearth with that stony look on her face. There had been no preparations for the morrow. With the dreadful prospect for the coming year, the girls had agreed that there could be no money spent on Christmas fare. They had not even spoken to their mother about it. They had decided for themselves. The boys would understand.

They would do without the Christmas feast, but they would miss the Christmas gifts, the Santa Claus stockings that were so eagerly looked forward to all the year.

Hester was troubling about this as she stood beside the hearth, warming her cold hands in the feeble blaze. The weather had come in bitterly cold, with hard frost covering all the ponds with ice; the younger children had been out on them all day skating, a pleasure they could enjoy without cost, but for the additional zest it gave to their keen young appetites. They would be in presently, ravenous for their supper; this was the only time she would have to speak about those Santa Claus stockings.

It was an old tender custom, this filling the children's stockings, a custom that had survived their childhood. They looked forward as eagerly now to those fairy gifts on Christmas morn, as they had looked forward to them in their old nursery days. Santa Claus had never forgotten them yet; he had always left some memento of his visit behind, but to-day he would come empty-handed.

"Unless what, mother?" Hester asked, repeating her question.

The widow's pale face flushed, and her mouth trembled. She looked round uneasily before she spoke, and the words came in a whisper.

"Unless we borrowed the money," she said in a low, constrained voice.

"Borrowed the money!" Hester repeated in amazement. "We could not borrow the money, mother, we should never be able to repay it!"

The widow shook her head.

"It would be repaid," she said. "If you can borrow it, the children shall have their Santa Claus; they shall not be disappointed, and—they shall not miss their Christmas dinner."

Hester shrugged her thin shoulders. "It is no use, mother, we must not get into debt. It would only be making matters worse to buy things we cannot afford. It is much better to go without."

Still the widow persisted. After sitting silent so long she was strangely excited.

"There is no reason why the children should go without, the money will be ready when wanted; it will be but a temporary loan."

"Where will the money come from?" Hester asked.

"It will be ready."

"How can you be sure it will be ready, mother? There are so many bills coming in that must be paid; how can you tell if there will be enough for all?"

"There will be enough for all; everybody will be paid."

Hester looked at her mother anxiously; she wondered if this trouble had turned her head. Her pale face was flushed, and there was a strange light in her eyes, and she spoke in a whisper.

"Yes, in time, mother, no doubt," she said soothingly, "but just now we will do without what we cannot afford."

"I tell you there is no reason for going without. Money will be forthcoming when it is wanted—money for everything."

"If I only knew where the money was coming from—"

Her mother would not, however, satisfy her on this point. She only relapsed into silence when Hester questioned her.

II.

Mrs. Ingram was sitting with her hands folded and that stony look on her face when the younger girl came in from skating. She burst into the room with her face all aglow, her eyes shining.

"The boys will be back presently," she said, "we are all famishing, I hope you have got something hot for supper. It's Christmas Eve!"

"I have just reminded Hester it is Christmas Eve," her mother said, with an appealing glance at her elder daughter.

Hester slipped out of the room while Sara was taking off her things, and presently they heard the front door close behind her.

She was away but a short time; when she came back she was not alone; a man had come back with her. The girl took up the lamp in the passage, and led him into the front room; presently there was a sound of some one passing a hand over the keys of the piano.

"What is that noise?" Mrs. Ingram asked,

starting up from her seat, "who is in the next room?"

"It is some one Hester has brought in. I—I think she is showing him the piano," Sara answered guiltily. There had once before been some talk of selling that piano, a present to Hester from her god-mother.

"Why is she showing him the piano?" Mrs. Ingram demanded.

"Oh, mamma, you know why! We could not take it away with us, it would cost a fortune to remove it. Hester had much better get rid of it."

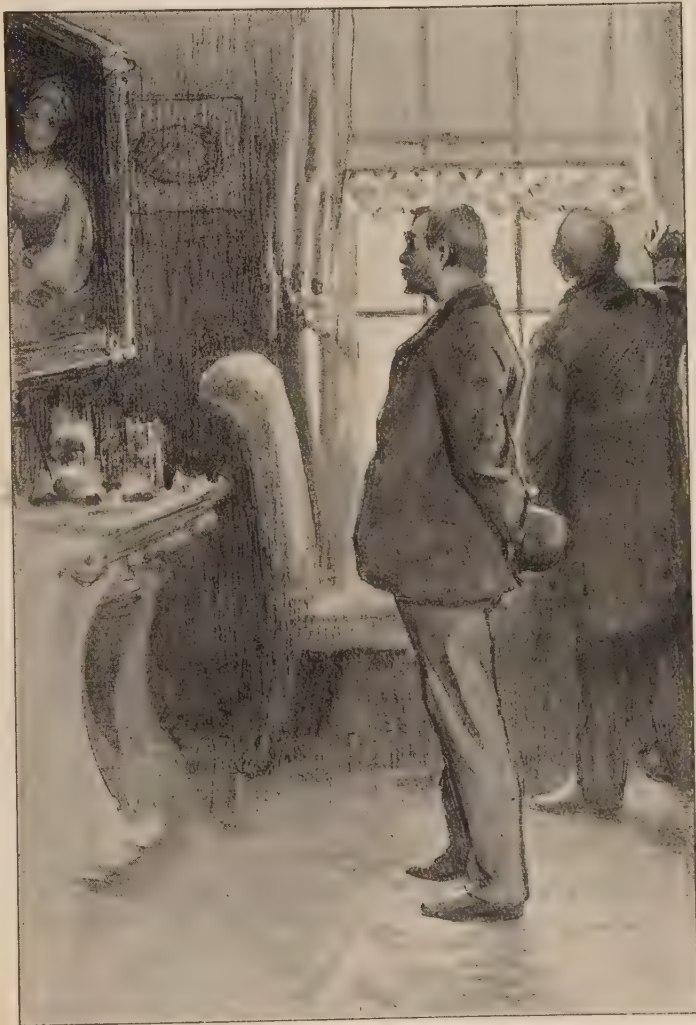
"Hester shall not sell her piano! Tell her to send the man away. I will not have it sold."

Sara went into the next room with her mother's message, but the man did not go; Mrs. Ingram heard him still running his hand over the keys of the piano.

"Tell Hester to come to me directly."

Hester came in meekly, looking flushed and excited. When she left the room the man stopped trying the piano.

"What is this, Hester? What is that man doing here?" Mrs. Ingram demanded.



"HESTER NOTICED THAT THE MAN WHO ACCOMPANIED THE DEALER WAS STANDING BEFORE THE PICTURE OF HER ANCESTRESS."—(p. 160.)

"He came to look at the piano, mamma. He thinks he can find some one who will buy it."

"I will not hear of it being sold. Send the man away directly!"

"It will have to be sold. We cannot take it with us when we go away."

"Who said we were going away? Tell the man you have changed your mind."

Hester sent the man away unwillingly. He did not seem keen on the piano, saying it was an old one, and not worth much; he had only offered ten pounds for it, and it had cost over sixty. When the girl went back to the room he was not running his hand over the keys, he was standing with his back to it, looking at a picture that hung on the opposite wall. He was so intent on the picture that he did not hear Hester come in; indeed, she was standing beside him, telling him she had changed her mind about the piano, before he noticed that she was in the room.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said in some confusion, "I was looking at the lady here, old-fashioned kind of party—a family portrait, Miss?"

"It is a portrait of a great-aunt," Hester said stiffly, displeased that the man should be examining other objects in the room, when he had been sent for to look at the piano.

"You have sent him away?" her mother said when she went back, "it is ridiculous to think of selling the piano. There will be money for everything. Take this note over to the Lodge. I have asked Miss Aplin to let me have five pounds till after Christmas. You can get the football for Miles, and the new skates for Rob on your way back, and send in a turkey for to-morrow, the best that Fowler has left in his shop."

She had pencilled a note during Hester's absence from the room, and this she now folded and addressed.

Hester took the note mechanically; she noticed that her mother's hand shook as she gave it to her, and that there was a strange light in her eyes. She did not raise any obstacle now, she did not thwart her. It was only a small sum; if the worst came to the worst the piano could be sold. She was sure of that ten pounds at any rate.

The boys were not disappointed of their Santa Claus gifts, and there was a present of lace for the girls, lovely old lace that had belonged to that great-aunt of Mrs. Ingram's whose portrait hung opposite the piano. The poor mother, ransacking her drawers when the house was silent and everybody had gone to bed, had found the bits of old lace that had been carefully treasured for over a century, and with trembling hands had unfolded it, and made it up into separate parcels, writing on these the girls' names and a loving Christmas message.

They found the lace on their pillows when they awoke the next morning. Santa Claus, which is only another name for mother-love, had not forgotten them.

III.

The next day something unexpected happened. It was nothing less than this, that the broker who had been sent away the night before appeared again to have another look at the piano. He did not come alone; this time he brought a friend with him. The maid who opened the door had shown him into the room before she called Hester.

"What does the man mean by coming on Christmas Day?" Hester exclaimed indignantly, but her mother was silent.

The broker had not so much as troubled himself to open the piano; he was drawing up the blind to let in the light when Hester came into the room. She noticed that the man who accompanied him was standing before the picture of her ancestress.

"Beg pardon, Miss," the man said awkwardly, "the gentleman here was admiring that picture; he's got rather a fancy for it. If you'd throw it in with the pianner, he wouldn't mind fifteen pound for the lot."

"I have already told you that we do not wish to part with the piano," Hester said with dignity.

"If the lady doesn't wish to part with the instrument, perhaps she would sell the picture," the broker's companion suggested hastily. "I don't mind giving five pounds for the picture."

"The picture is not for sale," said Hester, almost angrily.

The men looked at each other, and the newcomer rubbed his hands.

"That alters the case," he said, taking up his hat, "I understood you were going away at once, and the things were to be sold, or I should not have taken the liberty of coming to-day. I beg your pardon, Miss. Good morning!"

When he reached the front door he paused with the handle in his hand, and turned round.

"If you should change your mind, Miss, about the picture, perhaps you'll let my friend here know."

The man's civility mollified Hester. She promised she would let him know, and he went out. He did not go farther than the door step, however, before he turned back.

"I don't mind giving ten pounds for the picture," he said in a lowered voice, and with his eyes on the door of the room he had just quitted. "I'm here just on a visit, and I should like to take it back with me as—as a present to my wife."

"I can only promise you that if my mother thinks of selling it, I will let you know," Hester said, and she closed the door upon him.

She had only just done so when her mother came downstairs, dressed for church.

"Who was it I heard talking?"

"It is only that tiresome man about the piano, mother."

"I thought you told him it was not for sale."

"So I did, but he wants to buy Aunt Lavinia. He brought a man with him who will give ten pounds for it. I told him——"

Hester stopped, for she noticed the colour leave her mother's face, and saw her put her hand up to her head.

"Aunt Lavinia!" she murmured.

"Yes; the picture in the drawing-room; he noticed it when he came about the piano."

"Aunt Lavinia——"

Mrs. Ingram was not listening to Hester. Her eyes were wide open, and she passed her hand across her forehead as if she were trying to remember something. She went into the room and stood before the picture, looking up at it with troubled eyes.

The beautiful face in the picture smiled

down at her with the sweet placid smile it had worn for more than a hundred years. The violet eyes beneath the long lashes looked back at her, and the red mouth was half opened as if to speak. Hester had never looked at the portrait of her ancestress particularly before. It was one of the pictures that had been always about her. She was so accustomed to it that she had never given it more than a passing glance. But to-day it had a new interest for her.

What were the smiling lips saying, and why was the hand upraised?

She had never remarked the attitude of the figure before, or the slender white hand upraised.

"What did you say the man wanted?" her mother asked, turning from the picture with that troubled look in her eyes.

"He wanted to buy the picture."

"To buy Lavinia!"

"Yes: I told him it was not for sale, that it was a family portrait," Hester hastened to explain.

"I don't see why he shouldn't buy it," said Sara, who had come in while they were speaking, "what did he say he would give for it?"

"He offered ten pounds."

"Ten pounds for Aunt Lavvy!" Sara threw up her hands in astonishment. "You don't mean to say you refused ten pounds!"

"Lavinia was my mother's great-aunt," said Mrs. Ingram severely, "we did not take liberties with our relative's names in my young days. She left the portrait to me when she died, as I was supposed to be like her, but your dear father could never see the likeness. There is no reason why it should not be sold—if the man will give ten pounds for it."

"I should think not," Sara said eagerly, "but suppose the man has changed his mind! You should have taken his offer while you had the chance, Hester."

All through the service Hester reproached herself for refusing that ten pounds. The picture filled her thoughts; she dwelt upon it when her mind should have been occupied with other things.

When she got back from church the maid beckoned her aside.

"They have been here again," she said, pointing with her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the drawing-room door, which stood open, "they've had another look at the picture. It might ha' been made of gold for the fuss they made over it. They see something in the corner that set 'em up, the lady's name, I expect.

'Look here,' they says, when they went away, 'tell your missis, gal, if she'll sell the picture we'll give her fifty pounds for it.'"

"Fifty pounds!"

The sum almost took Hester's breath away: she could hardly believe she had heard aright. Fifty pounds for Aunt Lavinia!

She found her mother standing before the picture when she entered the room. The old grey look had come back to her face; her lips were moving

"M a m m a,"

Hester said eagerly, "the men have been here again, they have offered fifty pounds for the picture."

Hester had expected her mother to be moved by the magnificent offer, instead, she turned away from the picture, with that troubled look in her eyes, and sighed.

"If he were to offer a hundred pounds for it, he could not have it," she said, "it is a family portrait, and we must not sell it."

"But, mamma, you said I might take ten

pounds for it. You were angry with me for sending the man away," Hester exclaimed, incredulous that her mother should refuse the generous offer.

"I—I did not know then—I did not understand," the widow said in a hesitating voice.

"What did you not know?" Hester asked. But her mother would not explain.

"The picture is not to be sold," was all that she said, "I—I have reasons."

IV.

Later in the day the man called again, and Hester gave him her mother's message. The tears were in her eyes when she refused the fifty pounds.

He did not go away at once with his answer; he asked if he might see the lady herself.

Hester said it was quite impossible he could see her mother. She had decided not to sell the picture.

The man went away reluctantly, but before he reached the end of the street he turned back. He had come back to

make another offer. This time he offered one hundred pounds.

Hester was flushed and trembling when she came into the room where her mother sat to repeat the man's magnificent offer.

"He will give a hundred pounds, mother; surely you will not refuse a hundred pounds!"

The widow answered her with a bewildered look on her face, her hands twitching ner-



"MRS. INGRAM STOOD UP, A STRANGE EXCITEMENT APPARENT IN HER MANNER. 'I TELL YOU,' SHE SAID, 'THE PICTURE IS NOT TO BE SOLD.'"—(p. 163.)

vously. "I have already said that the picture is not for sale."

"But a hundred pounds—" Hester pleaded.

Mrs. Ingram shook her head. "Give the man his answer," she said, deaf to the children's eager remonstrance.

"A hundred pounds is such a lot of money, mother; it would be so useful just now," Sara said, appealingly, but Mrs. Ingram was not to be moved.

"Mother knows best," Rob said, coming to her aid. "Send the man away, Hester."

It was not so easy to send the man away. When he had once got inside the front door, he was unwilling to leave.

"I'll just take another look at the picture, with your leave, miss," he said, as Hester held the door open for him to go. He turned the handle of the front room, and was inside, standing in front of the picture, before she could say him nay. And then a strange thing happened.

In the fading light the pearly tints of the portrait came out more distinctly, and Hester understood all at once why the slim white hand was raised.

It was raised in warning!

The dealer stood in silence looking up at the painted face, then, with a sudden movement, he turned round to Hester. He had been making up his mind.

"If the lady will let me take the picture away with me I will give five hundred pounds for it."

The room seemed to go round with Hester; she put her hand out for the support of a chair. She did not know if she had heard the man aright or not.

"*Five hundred pounds?*" she repeated faintly.

"If I take the picture away with me."

Hester never knew how she reached the back room, and repeated the astonishing offer.

"Five hundred pounds!" Sara and the boys exclaimed in a breath.

Their clamour seemed to rouse Mrs. Ingram from her stupor; she stood up, a strange excitement apparent in her manner, her eyes blazing. "I tell you," she said, "the picture is not to be sold. Rob—Rob, you will send the man away."

She turned appealingly to her eldest boy.

"Certainly, mother, if you wish it," he said, and he put her back gently into her chair and went out of the room to get rid of the dealer.

When he was gone there was a low murmur of dismay from those who were left behind, and Hester burst into tears.

The poor mother, her face working painfully, made an effort to explain. "There is a reason why Lavinia should not go away," she said in an agitated voice; "She is waiting to help us. She would help us now if we could only understand."

"Understand what, mother?" Sara asked in her matter-of-fact way.

But her mother could give her no explanation. She could only wring her hands helplessly.

"You don't know," her mother said quickly. "If I had not been sure of her help I should not have borrowed that money."

There really did seem something in what she said. Aunt Lavinia dead, in her grave for over a century, was bringing help from the most unexpected quarter to her kinswoman in distress. For the Art Master of Rob's school, listening the next day to the lad's account of the broker's visit, offered to come and look at the portrait of Lavinia. He accompanied the boy home after school. He did not need to glance at the name in the corner of the picture to know it was a Romney. He was as excited about the discovery as the broker. He wrote about it to a great dealer in London. To the surprise of every one the great man came down by the next train to look at the picture. It seemed to them he had but glanced at it when he turned to Mrs. Ingram and offered her a princely sum for it. He offered four thousand pounds!

Hester, watching from the window the carefully-packed picture being lifted into the cab, saw the whole meaning of her mother's unwillingness. What part Lavinia had in it, what subtle suggestion conveyed to the poor woman in her trouble the certainty of coming relief, remained a mystery beyond her fathoming. The only thing she knew or cared to know was that Aunt Lavinia's portrait had smoothed away all their troubles.



Being the strange history of some picturesque monsters well known to the Elizabethan naturalist, but now unhappily extinct.

It is not very probable that girls studied natural history in the days of good Queen Bess, nor had the Zoological Gardens been established in London, nor were there any travelling menageries in the country, though a dancing bear might occasionally be met with; yet, thanks to the wonderful travellers' tales that were continually being brought home from those strange new countries whose discovery seemed to be almost a daily occurrence, our little ancestresses must have amassed quite a store of remarkable information, and been familiar with many extraordinary facts of which the modern girl is lamentably ignorant. In those days fairy-tales and fables were pleasantly mingled with the more prosaic truths of science, and nobody was quite sure which were which. The books about beasts, for example, which were called "Bestiaries" (a very superior title to "zoological treatise"), gave highly-coloured accounts of the manners and habits of creatures, both wild and tame, which always seem to have lived up to their reputation, and lent themselves to the pointing of morals and the adorning of tales. The king of beasts

always behaved with generosity and magnanimity, sparing the lives of the small creatures that fell into his clutches, and showing the most lively gratitude towards anyone who obliged him by taking a thorn out of his foot. Wolves, again, used to act a parental part towards children whom they found deserted in the forest, while foxes were invariably sly and treacherous.

Besides these old friends there were many strange beasts which were well known to the Elizabethan naturalist, but which now have become extinct, or else have been unaccountably overlooked by modern scientists. Unicorns, dragons, griffins, harpies, and many more picturesque monsters, must have made the world a lively place to live in, too lively, perhaps, for the explorers, who never knew what extraordinary animal they might meet round the next corner. It was fortunate that the most terrible of these beasts inhabited out-of-the-way parts of the earth, where only an occasional traveller ever set foot; still, it must not be thought that England was without her share of interesting quadrupeds. One chronicler relates that the

famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, was out for a walk one day when he saw a lion and unicorn engaged in one of their time-honoured combats. He went to the assistance of the lion, which, having killed its opponent, followed the Earl home, and became his constant companion. It does not, perhaps, seem quite consistent with the usual character of the king of beasts that, according to one learned naturalist, he runs behind a tree for shelter when he sees a unicorn coming. Then the unicorn charges against the tree, his horn sticks fast, and the lion comes out and kills him.

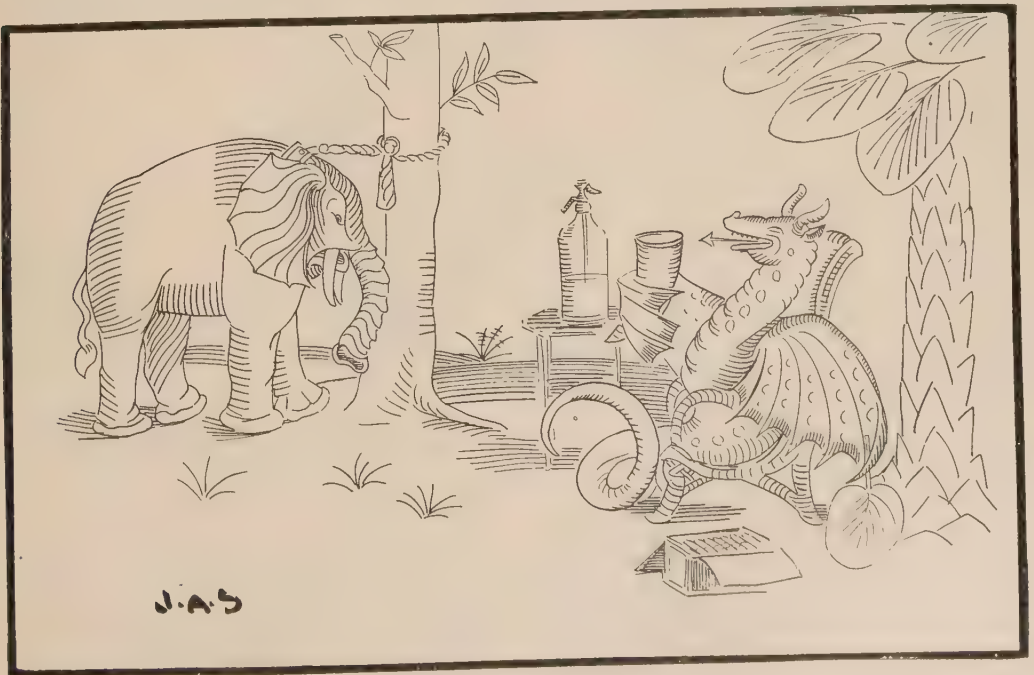


J.A.S

"IT DOES NOT SEEM QUITE CONSISTENT WITH THE CHARACTER OF THE KING OF BEASTS, THAT HE RUNS BEHIND A TREE FOR SHELTER WHEN HE SEES A UNICORN COMING."

Dragons appear to have been very plentiful in days gone by, and there were several varieties, flying and crawling, marsh and mountain. It may not be generally known that a dragon is the result of a serpent eating a serpent. One of the last dragons known in England was the famous Worm of Lambton. The heir of Lambton, so the story goes, was very improperly

fishing on a Sunday, when he hooked a small worm, which grew and grew, until in the course of time it assumed enormous proportions, and harassed the whole neighbourhood. Meanwhile,



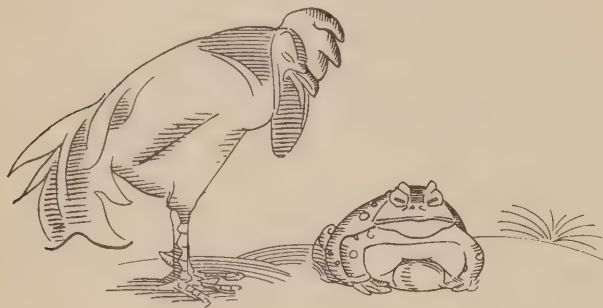
J.A.S

"DRAGONS FELT THE HEAT VERY MUCH . . . THE ONLY COOLING DRINK THE POOR THINGS COULD GET WAS ELEPHANTS' BLOOD, WHICH IS THE COOLEST THING IN THE WORLD."

the young heir had gone to the Holy Land to expiate his Sabbath-breaking, and on his return resolved to try and destroy the dragon. He dressed himself for the fight in a suit of armour covered with sharp razors, so that when the dragon coiled itself round him and tried to

fast days, because they were not regarded as animal food.

But the Lamb-tree of Tartary was an even more remarkable phenomenon. There were two varieties, one on which the little lambs were found in pods, while on the other was a living lamb attached to a short flexible stem, which allowed the animal to graze, but when all the grass within its reach was eaten, the lamb died. This, of course, accounted for the fact that it never grew to be a sheep. As might be expected, wolves were extremely fond of the fruit of the Lamb-tree, a vegetable which we might all be glad to see growing in our kitchen gardens. Sir John Mandeville, the famous traveller, found no difficulty in believing in the existence of the Lamb-tree, though he never actually saw one,



"WHEN A COCK GROWS OLD HE LAYS AN EGG ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE DOG DAYS, WHICH, BEING SAT UPON BY A TOAD OR SERPENT—"

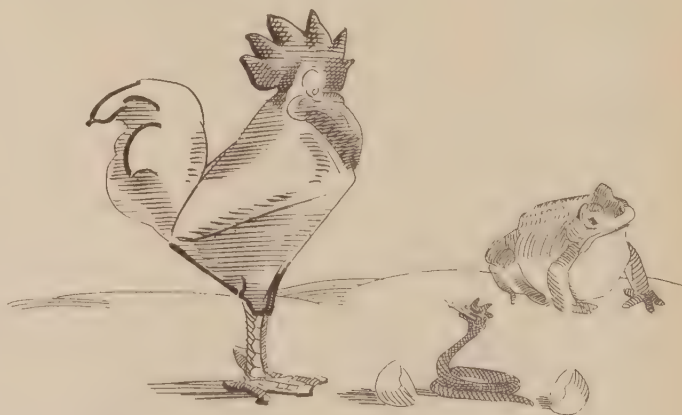
crush him, it cut itself to pieces with the blades.

In hot countries, we read, the dragons seldom came out of their holes in the earth, because they feel the heat very much, which is not to be wondered at when we remember their flame-breathing powers. The only cooling drink the poor things could get was elephants' blood, which is the coolest thing in the world.

Some of the most remarkable creatures whose existence was vouched for by travellers as late as the end of the seventeenth century, were barnacle geese, and tree-lambs. The former were real live geese which were said to be produced from fir-timber that had been tossed about by the sea. They were partially enclosed in shells, and hung from the wood by their beaks. When hatched by the warmth of the sun they dropped off and took to the water. "I have seen," says one observer, "more than a thousand minute bodies of these birds hanging from one piece of timber on the shore." So general was the belief in their existence that it was alleged that the bishops and clergy of certain parts of Ireland were allowed to eat barnacle-geese on

because, as he says, he was accustomed to the barnacle-geese of his own country.

It was just at the beginning of James the First's reign that a clerical zoologist, the Reverend Edward Topsel, published his "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents," which was ornamented by illustrations that must have been an



"—THE COCKATRICE PRESENTLY COMES FORTH."

inexhaustible source of delight to all the boys and girls of the period. To a later edition was added a "Theatre of Insects" by a person appropriately named "Muffet," a relation, possibly, of the young lady who was frightened by a spider. In Mr. Topsel's menagerie are

many wonderful animals, among them several varieties of ape quite unknown to Darwin, such as sphinxes, satyrs, pans, janns, and pigmies. The sphinx is said to be a dangerous kind of monkey with a woman's face, which, if a man sees it before it sees him, cannot hurt him, but if it perceives him first he will die. The satyrs, we are told, inhabit the islands of the Satiridæ, "standing right over against India," and their chief peculiarity is that they keep their meat under their chins, from whence they take it forth to eat. But Mr. Topsel has a poor opinion of apes generally, holding them to be "subtil, ironical, ridiculous, unprofitable beasts, good only for laughter."

There were two animals which were supposed to kill with their eyes—the Gorgon and the Cockatrice. The Gorgon inhabited islands known as the Gorgonies, and was in stature between a bull and a calf, was covered with scales like a dragon, had great teeth like a swine, wings to fly, and hands to handle with. Being a heavy-headed beast, it always kept its fiery eyes upon the ground, except when it was attacked by an enemy. But owing to its habit of living entirely on poisonous herbs, its breath poisoned the air all round about, so that all other creatures breathing the same air fell into convulsions and died. The Cockatrice, which was called the king of serpents, on account of his magnanimous mind and stately pace, wore a coronet upon his head and was supposed to be hatched from a cock's egg. It appears that when a cock grows old he lays an egg about the beginning of the dog-days, which, being sat upon by a toad or a serpent, the Cockatrice presently comes forth. Like the Gorgon he infects the air with his breath, as well as kills with his gaze. The weasel and the cock are the only creatures that can vanquish him; hence African travellers take a cock with them on their journeys across the African deserts, to guard them against the cockatrice or basilisk. Mr. Topsel makes merry over the old wives' tales of the "vulgar cockatrices" that used to be in England. Once our

nation was supposed to have been overrun with these creatures, but a man destroyed them by going up and down clothed entirely in glass, whereby they saw their own faces, and consequently died. But, as Mr. Topsel points out, the man would probably have died first, unless he was so protected by the glass that he could not see the fatal eyes.

It is impossible to admire the character of the "Subus," a wild water-sheep with a fleece of the most beautiful red-golden colour. "When the silly fish see this glorious shape, admiring the horns and especially the golden colour, they gather about him in great flocks, especially shrimps, lobsters, mackerel and tench, who follow him with singular delight, pressing



J.A.S

THE SUBUS, OR WILD WATER-SHEEP.

"When the silly fish see this glorious shape, they gather about him in great flocks, especially shrimps, lobsters, mackerel and tench."

who shall come nearest, to touch and have the fullest sight of him. But this unkind ravening beast, despising their amity, society and fellowship, makes but a bait of his golden colour, for he snatcheth at the nearest and devour-eth him." There is something in the ways of this wild water-sheep that reminds one of the walrus and the carpenter, and their treatment of the oysters that they took out for a walk.

The Gulon, a native of Muscovy and Lithuania, must have been a peculiarly objectionable beast. It was a cross between a lion and a hyæna, and was called the Gulon on account of its gluttonous habits, since it was accustomed to gorge until its body stood out like a bell. Even worse was the Mantichora

which had a body like a lion, a face like a man, a tail like a scorpion, a voice like a trumpet, and was as swift as a dart; and the Lamia, which had hind legs like a goat, fore legs like a bear, the face of a woman, was scaled all over like a dragon, and had an eerie habit of putting in its eyes when it went out, and taking them out when it came home again. One would not care to meet the Su, which inhabits a region of the new-found world, called Gigantes, for, judging by its portrait, it was most repulsive in appearance, though it had a rather pleasing custom of carrying

memorable virtues comprised in it." He shows no such diffidence, however, when he comes to deal with the sea-serpent, which was then regarded as a common object in the great waters. There is a portrait of the monster crushing a frigate in its coils, and deliberately swallowing the unfortunate sailors. The fact is new to us moderns, that when the sea-serpent grows to abnormally large proportions he is caught up by the winds or the clouds, and shaken to pieces in the air.

The nurses of those days cannot have had



THE SU, AN INHABITANT OF A NEW-FOUND WORLD CALLED GIGANTES.

"The Su had a pleasing custom of carrying all its young upon its back and covering them with its broad tail. When caught it made such a 'fearful, noisome and terrible clamour,' that hunters hardly dared come near it."

all its young upon its back and covering them with its broad tail. When caught in a pit, however, it destroyed all its young with its teeth, and then made such a "fearful, noisome and terrible clamour," that the hunters hardly dared come near it, even though it was in their power.

Mr. Topsel regrets that he can give his readers but little information about the rhinoceros, no specimen of which had then been seen in this country, but, he observes, "So strange an outside yields, no doubt, an answerable inside, and infinite testimonies of worthy and

much difficulty in frightening the naughty children into good behaviour. One can imagine them saying, "If you're a naughty girl the Mantichora will get you," or, "You stop crying and go to sleep this minute, or I'll fetch the Ethiopian Eal," the latter being an uncanny beast, the size of a sea-horse, with an elephant's tail, the cheeks of a boar, and horns about a cubit long, which were movable like ears.

Mr. Topsel solemnly affirms the correctness of all the information contained in his work, for, as he rightly says, the mark of a good writer is to follow truth and avoid deceivable fables.

The Scene of the First Christmas.

A Girl's Visit to Nazareth.

By MARGARET SHIRLEY.

NOT long ago I spent several months with English people who live at the foot of Mount Carmel.

The journey there, the life in that far-off Holy Land, the many delightful excursions—all that I saw will long remain in my memory.

But from those many months so brimful of interest, one week stands out apart. It is the week I spent in Nazareth.

I wish that I were able to convey to other girls the impression the place left upon me. At least I can try to give them some account of the seven days I lived in that once-despised Galilean town.

* * * *

Towards the end of January, when the anemones were beginning to show their crimson and scarlet faces on Mount Carmel after recent heavy rains, it occurred to me that I should like to see some of the surrounding country. A lady in the house where I was staying shared my desire, and we decided to go for a few days to Nazareth.

We engaged seats in a native carriage, hastily packed our portmanteaux and a hamper of food for the journey, strapped up our cameras, and started.

The only other passengers were two native men. Our driver could not speak any English, nor we much Arabic; but the native passengers spoke French. So they were able, with much politeness, to act as our interpreters.

One grows accustomed to delays in the East, and we were not surprised that a whole hour was spent in the market place of Caifa (the town and haven of Carmel), before our Jehu really started upon the journey. At last, however, we were off, and the heavy, open, four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by three inferior-looking horses, rolled through the dirty, narrow streets, and out into the country beyond.

We drove along quickly. The first thing of great interest which we passed was the Kishon. This ancient river flows into the blue Mediterra-



THE VIRGIN'S WELL AT NAZARETH.

The Mother of Jesus must often have drawn water from this source.

nean Sea. The palm grove is a very fine one, indeed, it is said to be the most beautiful in Palestine. But we crossed the river higher up where it is narrower. On we went, over the northern edge of Esdraelon, till we came to a small but very beautiful oak forest. Here we halted and ate our luncheon.

That meal over, we journeyed on, leaving the great battlefield (the plain of Esdraelon) behind, and were soon mounting high up into the heart of the Galilean hills.

In many places the road is very bad, and once we stuck so fast that I imagined we could never emerge. It was only after a great deal of trouble and straining that the poor horses were able to move the heavy carriage again. Usually the journey to Nazareth from Caifa takes three hours, but we were five in accomplishing it.

As we neared the little town, our enthusiasm, which had been high during the whole journey, reached its zenith. One of the peculiarities of Nazareth is that it is so completely surrounded by hills that you cannot see the houses—which lie like patches of enormous white honey-comb upon the hill-side—till you are close upon them.

Towards the end of the journey the road winds; at every turn we craned our necks into the direction of Nazareth. At last the longed-for sight burst suddenly upon us. There, clinging to the sides of a hill stood the town known to the natives as En Nasirah—and to the whole of the Christian world as Nazareth.

The first glimpse of this holy spot causes an

indescribable feeling. A silence fell upon us from the moment our eyes rested upon the hallowed place, till we stopped at the door of the unpretentious little German hostelry which is situated at the entrance of the town.

Herr Heselschwerdt received us kindly. He had no other visitors, he told us, so we roamed over the little inn to choose our rooms. We had some refreshing tea in the dining room, and then went out into the road to try to realise where we were. It seemed so wonderful to be there.

After breakfast the next morning we arranged the day's programme. We went first to the Latin Church of the Annunciation, which belongs to the Franciscans and joins their monastery. A monk pointed out to us various traditional sites, such as the Virgin's kitchen, and the pillar by which the Angel stood to make known the Annunciation. Then he offered to escort us to the Moslem quarter where the Latin Church is built over the supposed site of Joseph's workshop. On our way we went to see the Virgin's well. As there is only one spring in Nazareth, it is almost certain that the Mother of Our Lord must often have drawn her water from that very source. A graceful peasant woman offered us a draught from her pitcher and we drank from it with mingled feelings of awe and wonder.

There is not much of note in the Latin Church except a painting of the Holy Family. The accompanying photograph gives a good idea of the French artist's beautiful conception. We lingered long to look at the picture and then returned to the town, bidding adieu to our kind pilot.

The bazaars of Nazareth are like those of most Eastern towns: dirty, picturesque, and very interesting. The market place fascinated us considerably and we made several purchases.

After lunch we went to see the Church Missionary Society's Girl's Orphanage, which is situated nearly at the top of one of the hills. It was built in 1875, and was supported for many years by the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East. The Church Missionary Society has lately taken it over. Next to the Virgin's Well, this Orphanage is to many people one of the most interesting objects in Nazareth. The English ladies in charge welcomed us warmly. They gave us tea, and then showed us over their wonderfully arranged institution. The Nazareth orphans looked extremely bright and happy.

From the height at the back of the Orphanage, we had, perhaps, the most perfect view of the town. The summit of the hill is marked by a Moslem Wely (tomb). To my mind that height is the

most sacred spot of any. Even allowing for geological changes, the surrounding hills and vales *must* be the same that our Lord had frequented nearly two thousand years ago. His feet had trodden the very path we had ascended; and I realised, as I had not realised before, that the place upon which we stood was indeed holy ground. We lingered on the hill-top, gathering the finest wild daisies I have ever seen. And the view! No photograph or drawing of Nazareth can give any real idea of the height of those hills which surround the little hamlet. A wild panorama—one of the finest in Palestine—was before us. Dome-shaped Tabor stood out boldly on the north-east, and here and there we could discern small white patches, which were really the villages of Tabor, Nain, and Shunem. In the distant north we could see the snow-capped heights of Hermon. On the western horizon Carmel jutted out into the blue Mediterranean, its narrow shore barring the town of Caifa from the sea. On the south and south-east stretched the broad plain of Esdraelon, surrounded by many heights, including the greater and lesser hills of Galilee.

But it was growing late. The swift lights of sunset were chasing one another across sky and land with kaleidoscope pace and dazzlement of beauty. The camels, sheep and donkeys—their jingling bells breaking a silence that could almost be felt—were hurrying down from the mountain sides to their night shelters in the town. In silence we returned to the little German hotel.

* * * *

The next morning my friend was obliged to return to Caifa. But I decided to remain a few days longer. After I had seen her off, Herr Haselschwerdt introduced several members of his family to me. He kindly told me that whenever I wanted a guide or an interpreter, his son Fritz or his little daughter Mina would be at my disposal.

Before lunch, I climbed the hill—Neby Ismal—behind the Orphanage where we had been the previous day. In the afternoon I went to see several Latin Convents and Sisterhoods, accompanied by Fritz. I also went over the interesting Austrian Hospital which belongs to a Latin Brotherhood and has only male nurses.

Dismissing Fritz, I called upon the English Doctor's wife, to whom I had a letter of introduction. She received me most kindly, and gave me a great deal of unique information. She had lived in Nazareth for about thirty years, having come there as a young bride.

* * * *

The following day I took some photographs of a few of the many picturesque passers-by. Most

of the *fellahin* (peasants) were delighted at the idea of having their pictures taken. But the camels, horses, and donkeys, proved difficult subjects.

One fine Bedouin, who had ridden from a camp in the neighbouring country into the town, stood still at once when Herr Haselschwerdt asked him to do so for me. He seemed delighted, and tried to coax his horse to keep quiet that the English "Sit" (lady) might carry out her intention. But alas! the Arab steed moved at the very moment

the village, the present day Nazarenes are not without skilled European nursing, and this is given to all sufferers gratuitously and irrespective of creed.

After leaving the French Hospital, Mina Haselschwerdt joined me, and together we climbed the "Tell" behind the Orphanage.

It was a dull afternoon and the view was veiled by mist. Suddenly a shower of rain fell from the heavy clouds, and we were obliged to take shelter in the Moslem Wely. We passed the



IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

A painting of the Holy Family by a French artist that hangs in the Latin church built on the supposed site of Joseph's workshop.

when the lens was opened. A group of charcoal-burners, and another group of peasants were more easily managed. The donkeys and camels proved hopeless.

Early in the afternoon I went to see the "Sœurs de Charité" and their charming hospital, which is close to the hotel. Most kind and courteous were these good French ladies, who told me much about their life and work in Nazareth. Although the Turkish Government placed a veto upon an English hospital which had been commenced in

time looking at the dirty, dusty, ragged tributes of the followers of the saint amassed there. When we came out, the rain had stopped. The daisies, the early red anemones ("the lilies of the field"), and the other unsurpassed wild flowers of Palestine were shining in the sunlight.

I had an engagement to tea at the Orphanage that afternoon, so we could not tarry long in my favourite spot. Mina accompanied me, and on our way back to the hotel she took me to see the Greek Church, a fine building with a beautiful

interior. Inside the church is a cistern supplied by the same spring which furnishes the water of the Virgin's Well. An attendant gave me a drink from a silver cup which she let down into the depths.

On our way back to the hotel, we passed a shepherd with his mixed flock of sheep and goats. At every turn and corner in Palestine you find Bible illustrations and holy associations. But in Nazareth such symbolism is of an exceptionally tender and intense significance.

* * * *

The next morning flags were flying from the hotel. It was the Kaiser's birthday! German

I was well rewarded. The lights and shades were very beautiful, and the air clear and transparent as only an Eastern atmosphere can be.

Later in the afternoon I ascended an opposite hill to get the view from the other side. It is not from so high a standpoint and is much less extensive, but it is very fine, and shows Nazareth clinging to the mountain side.

One of the English ladies from the Orphanage came to tea with me at the hotel that day. Afterwards we went shopping, and she kindly acted as interpreter and drove some bargains for me. Many interesting curios may be bought in Nazareth, but the shopkeepers, through ignorance,



A VIEW OF NAZARETH.

This photo. gives an excellent view of modern Nazareth. It is supposed that the ancient site of the town was a little further to the right.

settlers in Palestine are very loyal, especially since their Emperor visited the Holy Land.

After breakfast I went in search of a native carpenter's shop, as I very much wished to obtain a photograph of one. With some little difficulty I succeeded in taking a negative. But the back of the shop was so dark that I could not get the picture I desired. Still, it is something to have one at all of such a subject. The chief object in the foreground is a cradle. The mothers of Nazareth seem to use these cradles more than the women in other parts of Syria.

After this expedition I again climbed "Nebý Ismal" to gaze upon the scene in the full sunlight.

keep most of their really valuable things in the back as insignificant. And unless you hunt into the innermost recesses of their shops, you may not meet with anything out of the way, or of genuine native manufacture.

I bought a very pretty native cloak called an "aba." The man asked twenty francs for it at first. My companion, however, proceeded to bargain with him, beating him down dexterously. At last the man said that "for her sake" he would let me have it at native price. This is a favourite Oriental expression for coming to terms, but it means nothing. Thus I became possessed of the cloak for less than half a napoleon!

We also went to an olive wood shop, where pretty and useful articles made from genuine Nazareth olive wood may be bought. The models of the cradles already mentioned are particularly charming and well made.

* * * *

The next day was Sunday. In the morning I climbed my favourite hill, following a narrow, winding path, which is hedged in by cactus. As I passed many small houses the peasants cried out to me, "Fodalie, fodalie" ("Come in—come and sit down in our house"), with true Oriental hospitality. They would have been surprised if I had really accepted their invitations! Such is the way of Easterns. They are full of politeness and have the most charming manners—but you can seldom take them at their word.

Whatever you admire will be offered to you. You say to a mounted Syrian, "What a beautiful horse you are riding!" and he will immediately dismount and place the reins in your hands, saying, "It is thine!" but he would be very astonished if you took him at his word and accepted his gift!

I continued walking along the tediously winding path till I reached my favourite haunt. My heart was heavy, for I knew that very likely this was the last time I should be permitted to climb the summit of Neby Ismal. On the morrow I must

return to Caifa. With lingering eyes, and reluctant feet, I walked through the ploughed fields, then passed the white houses of the peasants, till at length I stood at the back of the little German hostelry.

In the afternoon I went to a service in the English church. The service was in Arabic, and the church was filled with an interested and attentive congregation.

After the service I climbed a small hill near the hotel, and waited to see the final dip of the sun into the far west.

* * * *

Never in my life have I felt such real sorrow at leaving a place as I experienced the next morning on going away from Nazareth. But the wrench had to be made, so I packed my things, and when the native carriage came for me at ten o'clock, I was ready to start.

There were several other passengers, who were already seated when I got into the vehicle. So saying "Auf Wiedersehen" to Herr Haselschwerdt and his kind, industrious family, I drove away from the simple German hostelry, but not from the spirit of the place, or without having pictures in my mind which I hope nothing will ever efface. And as I passed through the crowded streets of Caifa, my visit to Nazareth seemed almost a dream.



SING A SONG OF WINTER.

SING a song of winter, snow is in the air,
Loud and long and shrilly the northern trumpets
blare;
Bold Jack Frost is tapping at the window pane—
"Here am I," he's saying, "Here am I again!
Bonnie lads and lasses, who will come with me,
Through the woods and meadows, my handiwork to see?
I've cased the moss with crystal, I've strung the grass
with gems,
I've crowned the oaks and beeches with shining diadems."

"Finch and tit are resting in cosy nests they made,
When March was blithe and busy in every woodland
glade;
The bees are soundly sleeping, a-dreaming of the spring,
And only dauntless robins still venture forth to sing.

But come and see the squirrels that haunt the tree
tops tall,
And rabbits wash their faces, with paws so soft and
small;
And come and see how redly the holly berries shine
Amongst their glossy bunches, in that fair realm of mine."

Thus says Jack Frost, and gaily the children venture
forth,
They love the lusty music—the wild winds of the north.
Sing hey! for winter mornings—sing hey! for eventide,
When rosy faces gather the blazing hearth beside,
When chestnuts leap and splutter, and merry tales are
told,
And all within is cosy, despite the wintry cold.
Sing a song of winter, and let your voices ring,
Till roof and rafter echo the lusty song you sing!

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



A PLAY FOR GIRLS.

BY
A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

Illustrated by HILDA COWHAM.



All rights in this Play are strictly reserved. Any professional performance of it is forbidden, but permission for an amateur production of the Play under certain conditions will be given by the Editor of THE GIRL'S REALM on application.

SCENE.—KITCHEN AT HAZELBY HALL.

Christmas Eve.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. MALONE [*Irish housekeeper*].

STUBBS [*A carrier's boy*].

VIOLET MAUDE HIGGS [*Mrs. Malone's niece, a Cockney factory girl*].

The room is old-fashioned, oak-panelled. Open fireplace L. Door L.U.E. Door with three steps C. Outer door up R. Window R., through which moonlight streams in. Screen up L. Small table in front of fireplace L. C. Chairs by table half, old-fashioned horsehair sofa down R. Dresser back C. Clock strikes nine as curtain rises on perfectly dark stage, lit by moonlight. Knocking outside door. Pause, then repeated knocking. STUBBS enters cautiously; he is a heavy-looking yokel, clad in rough corduroys, with sack round shoulders, carrying lantern. Snow on his hat, and shoulders.

STUBBS. Mrs. Malone!—Eh—she baint here—Mrs. Malone—[*to door C. calls*]. Why where can she be got to!—Come in, Miss [*to outer door, holding lantern up, so that it lights up VIOLET MAUDE when she enters*]. I'm afeard she's out. The Hall do seem deserted!

[*Enter VIOLET MAUDE, nervously. She is dressed as a factory girl; short jacket, large hat with lank feathers, covered with snow, comforter, bright purple skirt. She is blue with cold, carries a string bag containing oranges, a paper bag of nuts, a handkerchief, a half-eaten bun, and a pair of shoes, all loose. A band-box, an umbrella and a newspaper parcel. She is frightened to death; peers round room terrified.*

The stage is still dark, lit by carrier's lantern and moonlight only.]

VIOLET. H'out! You mean to say that aunt's gone h'out! And asked me to this horrid hole cos she's afeard to sleep alone here! Lor and I don't wonder! Oh look at the cobwebs! Can't you strike a light!

[*Carrier strikes match and lights candles on dresser. Lights up.*

VIOLET. Good gracious! [*looking about her*]. Is this the Hall she's talked about? Why, where's the gilding and the marble pillars? Lor, and how aunt's bragged about the place! It looks about as cheerful as a dusthole!

STUBBS. Be you thinking of stopping here, Miss?

VIOLET. Well, that's as may be! [*vigorously stamping snow off boots and shaking damp off hat, which she dries before fire, and curls feathers with a hairpin*]. When aunt asked me to come down to the country, I thowt it ud be all green fields and flowers. I can get enough of slush in the Mile End Road, to say nothing of a bit of company! Why we 'aven't passed a house since we come from the station!

STUBBS. No. It be a very lonely place, the Hall. We all wonder how Mrs. Malone dare be housekeeper here, with the family away and only her in charge! There's no one else as ud have the courage!

VIOLET. Courage?

STUBBS. They do say—as it be haunted!

VIOLET [*screams*]. Ow!!!! [*retreats, stands terrified, staring at him*]. 'Ere, cheese it . . . Cheese it. . . . O' course, you're only kidding.

STUBBS. Well—that's why 'Melia and Mary Ann, the last two maids, left Toosday last. Went off without

their wages rather than stay here to-night. I suppose you've come to take their place, Miss?

VIOLET [*furious*]. 'Ere, young man, I do 'ope you don't take me for a servant. I've come here for an hollerday, cos aunt wrote and said as she was lonesome!

STUBBS. My word, there's not many as ud do it!

VIOLET. Why not?

STUBBS. Well, you see, to-night the ghost walks!

VIOLET [*screams*]. Ow—[*drops all her parcels*]. You—you're joking!

STUBBS. Happen you'll see it! Good night, Miss [*going*].

VIOLET. No you don't! 'Ere! [*catches hold of him*]. You knows as ghosts is only rubbish!

[*She drags him back into centre, her teeth chattering.*]

STUBBS [*scratching his head*]. Eh—I'm not sure—

VIOLET [*sharply*]. Well, I am, then—frightening me out of my senses about something as don't exist!

STUBBS. Eh, I be sorry if I've scared you, but I can't leave my horse no longer—

VIOLET. D'you think I'm going to stop here in the dark alone? Don't you make no blooming error! 'Ere, ketch hold! [*she piles up parcels on to him*]. I'm going straight back to the station if I 'ave to sit on the platform all the night! I'm not going to be shut up here with ghosts and rats and things—not much! You can give me a lift as far as the—

MRS. M. [*outside*]. Sure it's never Vilet Maude's arrived, and me—[*Enter MRS. MALONE, fastening her dress. A fat, comfortable, smiling Irishwoman*] just a-changing in the attics—Well, and how are you? Oh the stoilishness—Oh the beauty! Sure you're the living image of myself.—Isn't she a fine girl, Mr. Stubbs, and my own sister's choild—whom I've not set eyes on these five years.—Well, and how's your mother, child—bless her!

VIOLET [*embarrassed*]. Oh, she's all right! 'Ere! [*producing parcel*]. She sent you this—

MRS. M. Oh—but she shouldn't.

[*Unwraps gaudy fire-grate ornament.*]

VIOLET. Oh, that's all right. She got it off the old-clothes gentleman in exchange for pa's best boots! Oh lor, you should have seen pa's face when he came to put 'em on and found they'd gone. Quite upset him! Fact, home was so unpleasant, ma'thought she'd better send it down to you!

MRS. M. [*holding up ornament*]. Oh the beautiful object! And phwat is it meant for?

VIOLET. Oh, I dunno. More a ornament to set the house off. This place don't half need somethink cheerful neither. When did you have the painters in?

MRS. M. Oh the ignorance! Why, the Hall was built in the time of Elizabeth. I can show you the bed she slept in!

VIOLET [*contemptuously*]. And who was she, Lizzie?

MRS. M. You never heard on Queen Elizabeth! Moi dear! She was the queen as died an old maid, and invented tobacco to cheer her loneliness!



A VIOLENT KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MRS. MALONE AND VIOLET MAUDE SCREAM AND FLY BEHIND THE SCREEN.—(p. 177.)

STUBBS. Yes—and they do say it's her ghost—

MRS. M. Phwat are ye talking of the ghost for, phwen you know that's why the house is shut up all the year!

VIOLET [*sick with fright, clutching at her throat*]. Oh!!

MRS. M. Now you see what you've done! Frightened her out of her wits! Be off with you, you blunderbuss

—[*pushes STUBBS out*]. Sure, my love, you must take no notice of his stupid talk.

VIOLET. He's not the only stupid here! Oh why did I ever leave the Mile End Road? Why did I leave my 'appy 'ome! Oh if I could only see a wrinkle-barrer?

MRS. M. Of course you're hungry, that's what's the matter. Oh, you'll be better when you've had your supper.

[*Goes to dresser, gets things and lays cloth.*]

VIOLET [*tearfully*]. Well, I dunno as I couldn't peck a bit if it was forced upon me. I've not set eyes on nothing but a few ham sandwiches and half-a-pound of cake since I left home—two hours ago—

[*Takes nuts out of bag, eats them, then tries bun and finishes it.*]

MRS. M. I'll make a cup of tay in half a jiffey [*to coal box*]. There! We want some coal! [*to door L.*]. William! It's the boy as does the garden. Now where's he got to? He's gone down to the village for the snow-balling, I'll lay a penny!

VIOLET. You don't mean he's disappeared?

MRS. M. Sure he has! Now who's to fetch the coals in?

VIOLET [*ungraciously*]. 'Ere, give us the bucket! Which is the way?

MRS. M. You can't miss it, love. Straight down the yard till you come to the stable. They do say they found a man there once, hanging. I never go past the doorway without I thinks I see his legs a-dangling—you'll see what a funny shadow there is—[*shuddering*]. Well, the coals are just in there.

VIOLET [*throwing down bucket indignantly*]. Well, you must take me for a fathead! Fetch the old coals yourself!

MRS. M. My dear, I wouldn't go in that yard to-night not if you paid me a thousand pounds a minute—Why it's just behind the stable door [*very mysteriously in an awful whisper*] they say the ghost springs out upon you—yes—you don't see nothing till you feel a clammy hand—If you're quite sure you won't go—

VIOLET. And I certainly won't—

MRS. M. Sure we'll have to poke the fire together and do without! Sit down, my love—supper's ready!

[*They sit at table.*]

VIOLET [*nervously, and playing with her food*]. We might 'ave them ham sandwiches—where's my bag [*looks it through*]. Why, Aunt, they're gone—Oh lor—I do 'ope I didn't leave them in the train—No—[*rising*] I packed them with my—[*thoughtful*] in my hat-box—the one I put my feather boa in—Good gricious, Aunt, it's gone! [*looks among parcels*].

MRS. M. Gone!

VIOLET. Oh lor—and I know I took it off the hat-rack—cos I was in such a hurry to get the sandwiches pushed in— afore the train stopped—I say, Aunt—I think it's that young man—

MRS. M. My dear, Mr. Stubbs has never got your hat-box!

VIOLET [*with conviction*]. It's him! I seed something in his eye the minute I got up beside him—Why, Aunt, there was a pound of walnuts, and a pork-pie in

that box, asides the sandwiches and all my clothes! 'Ere, this is a little job for a policeman!

MRS. M. My love, there's no policeman here! Why we're five miles away from any living human being! Yes—some nights when the wind is whistling down the chimney and I'm all alone in this big house, sitting thinking of all the crimes as has been committed here and the spirits as ought to be onrestful if they aren't—and then think if I screamed and screamed, there'd never be a person as could help me—[*VIOLET watches her, horror-struck, gradually pushes chair away from table, sick with fright*]. My dear, you don't seem to be eating very hearty—

VIOLET. No—I—I do.'t feel as hungry as I did [*agitatedly*]. I can't help thinking of that boy, William!

MRS. M. William—why?

VIOLET. Nothing—only I was reading about a boy as disappeared—as I came down—he was decoyed away! They found him—murdered!!!

MRS. M. My love! You don't think William—?

VIOLET. I hope not—but in a place like this murders seem such natural things to think about!—Oh lor' the candle's going out! [*stage dark, she pokes fire*] and so's the fire!

MRS. M. I'll get another candle [*rising—suddenly stopping centre*]. Did you hear anything?

VIOLET. Hear anything?

MRS. M. [*listening*] No—it's only the wind; what an unpleasant noise it is making [*to dresser*].

VIOLET [*shivering*]. Yes, it makes you think of church-yards, don't it? [*faint knock at door*] Auntie! It was something! [*in a whisper, listening*].

MRS. M. [*in a whisper*]. Whatever is it?

[*Comes back to table and VIOLET, candle still unlighted. Stage dark, moon-light on faces of two women.*]

VIOLET [*listening*]. It's stopped.—Oh, I've got such a funny feeling coming over me!

MRS. M. Have you! How funny! So have I!

VIOLET. Of course, you don't believe in ghosts—

MRS. M. Of course not—though there has been some very funny stories—some as you can't explain

VIOLET. Yes. There was the Cock Lane ghost. They never cleared that up!

MRS. M. Now I come to think of it, they never did!

VIOLET. It's funny now that every ghost tale you hear begins with knocking—Hush [*they listen*].

MRS. M. It's only the wind or the ivy tapping—Let's talk of something else.

[*They sit by fire—MRS. MALONE pokes it vigorously—faint red light on their faces.*]

VIOLET. Yes—something cheerful!! [*pause—they make several false starts—impressively*]. Have you ever seen a ghost?

MRS. M. [*with a frantic start*]. Not as I exactly recollects. Have you?

VIOLET. No—but Pa's second cousin did, though.

MRS. M. My dear—you never say so—however did that happen?

VIOLET. Well, she was sitting by the fire just as we're doing now—when she heard a knock. She heard it once, she heard it twice, she heard it three times. There she sat, hardly daring to breathe—till she felt something sort of compelled her to look up—and there—standing before her was a awful blue thing with a head like a pianoforty-player's—and it begun to come toward her, and fetched up the most horrible groans—Ooooh—Ohhh—ooooh—

[Violent knock at door—both scream and fly behind screen in corner. In a minute VIOLET'S head is pulled down, the knock stops. VIOLET peeps round screen, then cautiously emerges, followed by MRS. MALONE.

VIOLET. Go and see who it is. I'll keep near the fire-irons in case of burglars.

[Kneels behind arm-chair by fire, with poker.

MRS. M. I—I hardly daren't!

VIOLET. Oh, Aunt, don't be a coward. Go on! If it hurts yer—scream!

[MRS. MALONE approaches door, vio-

lent knock, she screams, flies back under table—peeps out.]

VIOLET. It's a ghost! It's come to murder us! Oh, why did I ever leave the Mile End Road?

MRS. M. Oh, Vilet, darlint, be a brave girl, and open the door!

VIOLET. I like that, and me the visitor! Go on! It won't hurt a woman—not if it's got any gentlemanly feelings!

STUBBS. Mrs. Malone! [outside, sepulchraly.]

VIOLET. Oh it's a-calling ye. Go and pacify it!

[Tries to get under chair, takes up tongs.

STUBBS. Mrs. Malone—

MRS. M. [listening, recognising, laughing]. Why—

[Opens door, enter STUBBS with hat-box.

VIOLET [in a frenzy]. Oh, it's a-come in—lock the door.—Save me! I've got a pistol behind here—If you move an inch. I fire—

MRS. M. You silly—It's Stubbs!

[Shakes with laughter.

STUBBS. You left your hat-box—

VIOLET. Well, of course—I knew who it was all the time—I was just—having Aunt on!

MRS. M. Oh, the double-facedness. Oh, the—

VIOLET. There, sit down, young man, and have supper! I've had enough of The

VIOLET MAUDE: "I KNEW WHO IT WAS ALL THE TIME—I WAS JUST HAVING AUNT ON."

Ghost!!! [They all sit down to supper.]

CURTAIN.



Girl Student Life

BY CHRISTINA

IN a city of grey streets and smoke-bound air in which flowers and leaves struggle wearily to live, where light and colour are to be had as the result of human effort, and not by any chance of heaven-born destiny; in these surroundings one of the finest schools of art in any country exists in the city of Glasgow. If green leaves are scarce in the Glasgow parks, and flowers show themselves unwillingly in windows, these beautiful things at least grow daintily in other places—in the pictures and embroideries of the artists who have created a clear and lovely atmosphere of their own by means of their art in Glasgow.

The present article is entirely confined to the work of girl artists of the Glasgow School of Art, and to the special opportunities and methods of training by means of which these girl artists have already come to be famous. Under the guidance of Mr. Fra H. Newbery, every student, irrespective of sex, has equal rights and opportunities. In Mr. Newbery's own words, "There is no premium on the man, and no handicap for the woman." Every opportunity for artistic development is thus placed in the way of girl students.



A PORTRAIT STUDY. BY ANN MACBETH.

Miss Macbeth can rightly be said to be one of the most gifted of those who have passed through the Glasgow Art School.

AT THE
GLASGOW SCHOOL
OF ART.

GOWANS WHYTE.

Long ago (and even in some very crowded artschools of the present day) art teaching was all restriction and no opportunity. One followed a master or a method, and there was an end of it. As a rule, it was the people who had no art training at all who painted the really beautiful pictures. The girl student in particular has been hampered by restrictions in regard to her training, which for a time very nearly eliminated the girl artist altogether. In many art schools of the present day, certain classes are still barred to the girl whose instincts lead her to reject no detail of training which might help her to perfect her art.

The Glasgow School of Art, on the contrary, places every opportunity for artistic development in the way of either the

least or the most important student. Each student is looked upon primarily as a possible artist, and every department of art training is open accordingly. The results of such training are specially evident in the work of the women students of the Glasgow School of Art. This work is strongly diversified, clever, imaginative, and powerful, besides being—as comes more easily and usually to girls—daintily and carefully accomplished.

Mr. Newbery holds that design cannot be taught, yet the Glasgow students have distinguished themselves for the piquancy and distinction of their design. The secret lies in his determination to place every encouragement and advantage in the way of his students, in his ability to detect the artistic instinct, and to allow of its free development even at the cost of all rule and tradition.

Girl students are taught to be craftswomen in the real sense of the word. Those women artists of Glasgow who have most distinguished themselves, who showed beautiful work at important Exhibitions—most recently at the Turin Exhibition—are artists who do not confine themselves to one department of art. Nearly all of them embroider as only artists can embroider. Miss Macbeth, who supplies pictures and other work, besides her beautiful embroideries, frames these last in screens and panels after her own designs. Miss Jessie King, who evolves wonderful drawings in parchment tinted in delicate water-colour, also tools leather books which have reached the collections of connoisseurs. From book illustration to embroidery she is all artist and craftswoman. Other girl artists who tool in leather, hammer in brass, or work, like Miss Dorothy Smyth, in beautiful stained glass and gesso, in enamels and mosaic, are nearly all of them known as clever artists in painting and embroidery.

Mrs. Newbery, who superintends the embroidery classes at the school, is well known herself for some very pretty work in water-colour. Her plan of teaching embroidery is not only to teach stitches—the mere craft of the needle. By encouragement and help in the matter of design, which she supplements herself, in the first instance, she teaches the student to draw in embroidery, to create effect, and in the end only to be content with original work. If the school has any traditions, they are these: that artistic success has always been attained by judicious suggestion, and encouragement through artistic example, never by arbitrary rule in any coercive form whatsoever.

In the school itself there is every structural facility for the teaching of art, though it is still the purpose of the Governors to add to the

present beautiful building, opened to the pupils at the end of the year 1899. The rooms are wide and lofty and are exceptionally well-lighted both from side or top by lights of glass and by electric light which may be used in every part of the building. The architecture of the whole school is dignified; restrained to the point of simplicity. Its white walls, its wide central hall and staircase, its rooms to be devoted to special arts and crafts, all give one the same comfortable sense of beauty and appropriateness—a place designed by artists for artists.

For technical art students a special set of workshops has been constructed. These are fitted with kilns, muffles, stores and other



"THE QUEEN OTOMIS." BY JESSIE KING.

A book illustration by Miss King, an old student of the Glasgow Art School.

appliances, so that students may become skilled in the whole process of development from the initial design to a completed work of art. The subjects to be studied in the technical studios are stained glass, decoration of interiors, needlework, book-binding, ceramic decoration, enamels, block-cutting, mosaics, sgraffito, gesso, lithographic design, posters, metal work, wood-carving, stone-carving and furniture.

Skilled artist craftsmen from workshops in Glasgow instruct personally in each department. To show the process of weaving, for instance, a loom has been erected and a practical weaver gives demonstrations. For those students who study drawing for the Press, a

lithographic printing press, worked by a practical printer, is provided; for etchers there is an etching press.

The advantages of proper technical training for girls in decorative art are not to be over-estimated. The possibilities of ceramic decoration, of modelling, of tooling in leather, of illumination, of weaving, and of embroidery, are boundless so far as the modern girl of some artistic talent and thorough artistic training is concerned.

Students in life, antique and anatomy classes have every possible opportunity for working under the best conditions. Besides the school equipment of models and casts, further facilities for study are provided at the



AN EMBROIDERY SQUARE.

Designed and executed by Mrs. F. H. Newbery, who superintends the embroidery classes of the school.

Glasgow University for those who desire them.

For the perfecting of still-life and flower painting, besides the usual school routine, a special class for the study of plants and flowers is conducted in the Botanic and other

A FINGER
PLATE
DESIGNED
AND
EXECUTED
BY
AGNES B.
HARVEY.

public gardens by the design master.

One of the features of the Glasgow School of Art is a very finely equipped museum of applied and decorative art. Loan exhibits from some of the Fine Art dealers in Glasgow, and from private collectors are shown there. By special concession a case of

carefully selected art objects from the Victoria and Albert Museum is also on loan to the school, and is changed every session. The school possesses a very adequate library, with facilities for the loan of special books from South Kensington as well as from private owners.

The prize scheme of the Glasgow School of Art embraces some valuable travelling scholarships, together with a long list of local scholarships, medals and prizes. A number of these prizes are given for work which is not executed in the ordinary course of school work, but under special conditions. So extensive and adequate is this prize scheme that no student of the school who possesses individual talent of any distinction is likely to see it die for want of material as well as artistic encouragement.

The Glasgow School of Art Club may be joined by any student of the school. It is a club which produces work in odd hours and holiday time. There is a vacation sketching class in connection with the club, also another quite elaborate prize scheme. And every year the club holds a public exhibition, where one may see sometimes very clever work, or very immature work, and sometimes very startling and wonderful work by the students past and present of the school. And though the startling and wonderful work may be labelled grotesque by the world at large, it has clearly had a way in the past of leading in later years to work of very well-defined artistic merit.

Past students of the Glasgow School of Art not only keep up their connection with the School by means of the School of Art Club, but they may be enrolled as Associates of the School on payment of a special fee. For this



A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED SCREEN.
BY ANN MACBETH.



AN EMBROIDERED QUILT. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY MARGARET LEADBETTER.

they are allowed access to the antique and modelling rooms, to the architectural classes, the technical art studios, to the libraries and to the lectures. Only for study in the life classes must the usual fees be paid. So that in every way, whether one is in the school working, or out of it and still working, there are always the best means at the artist's disposal for keeping in touch with the never failing interest of a very progressive School of Art.

Although the prospectus of the school pro-

vides a certain prescribed course of study, the prescribed course is only insisted upon in the case of those who desire to take the diplomas. Students on entering are not required to commence at the beginning of any course. Their work is tested, and on the result they are advised by Mr. Newbery as to which course they ought to pursue. If during this term they are successful in subsequent tests they are passed on at once to a higher group of subjects. No student, therefore, is ever handicapped by unnecessary drudgery at a time when every moment of progress is of value. On the other hand, students are not only advised to supplement their training in one direction by taking classes which will widen



A CANDLE SCONCE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY DE C. L. DEWAR.

their knowledge and their artistic horizon; supplementary classes in special subjects are made free to them in every particular.

In this way, while students in modelling have the modelling rooms open to them at all hours, where by the use of material they "attain to the knowledge of each particular craft," they are asked to make use of classes and lectures for which no extra fees are charged. In the case of modellers, these classes are for drawing from the ornament and from the cast, for study from the antique and drawing from the life. The lectures they attend are on ornamental design and figure composition.

Evening classes are arranged for such students as are at work during the day. In consequence, such training as the training of an architect is to be had in conjunction with office work, and is specially designed to fit in with the requirements of students. The architectural training which is to be had at the Glasgow School of Art is complete in every respect, and as in every branch of art it provides the same privileges for girls as for men, it ought at least to produce in time that special

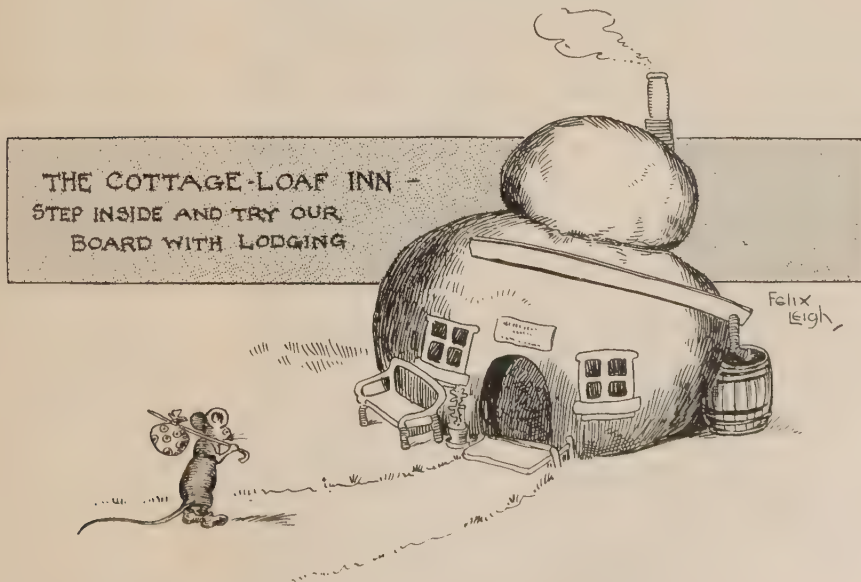
person who is to revolutionise domestic architecture, the lady architect.

If lady architects have not yet appeared in force, however, the Glasgow School of Art has, by reason of its full training in other particulars, opened up many fields of usefulness to girls. Mr. Newbery informs me that there are many restrictions in factories, etc., so far as the engaging of artist craftswomen are concerned, but that in spite of these restrictions, many ways are being opened up towards the fuller employment of girls as artist workwomen. In his carpet-factory in Glasgow, for instance, Mr. Templeton has arranged a room for his female designers, who are all of them former students of the Glasgow School of Art.

In every department of art, therefore, the Glasgow School encourages its girl students. It evolves every year something new and beautiful in the way of dignified workmanship.

The accompanying illustrations are selected from the work of Mrs. Newbery and of women artists, now much distinguished, who have all been students of the school.

FOOD AND SHELTER COMBINED.



MR. SQUEAKS (a weary traveller). "Just what I've been looking for—plenty to eat and a good sound roof over one's head."

THE JOURNEY TO LOOKING-GLASS LAND.

By Alice Corkran. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

WONDERLAND! It is the land of our dreams, the land peopled with dragons and genii, with fairies and elves that obey us; with talking beasts and wise fishes, with jewels as big as turkey's eggs; and where gold abounds and can be had for the asking.

Oh, Land of Dreams! Dear Wonderland! The rapture of recognising one's own particular city of dreams embodied in the dear old books! Thumb-stained, dog-eared little volumes on the pleasant nursery shelves. There are the two Alices, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice

Through the Looking-glass." We have a new edition before us, published by Messrs. Harper and illustrated by Mr. Peter Newell, an American. As I finger these quaint and delightful books, all my childhood comes back in a rush. Once more I am with happy Alice and I have entered the enchanted territory. I am talking and handling and playing with the creatures in the land of wonder. No unnecessary and foolish laws as to the number of legs and arms and tails, hold there. What we have to say and do, we say and do unhampered by the unnumbered restrictions of the actual world, and without giving a thought to the edicts of those solemn gentlemen who call themselves naturalists, and have no notion of anything so erratic and so alive as the Mock Turtle. Here is the White Rabbit, always in a fuss and a flurry, with his white gloves and his fine waistcoat and his big knob of a watch. I always thought Alice very silly to sit down and cry just when she was in a world so full



"THE POOR KING WAS WRIGGLING WITH TERROR IN ALICE'S GRASP."

of surprises, peopled; with such eccentric inhabitants. I wanted to be off and to look about me and to ask questions. Alice was waiting there getting bigger and smaller and sitting in a pool of tears. Just like a girl! I thought. There was the Dodo, the extinct Dodo, with a skull-cap on his head; and in his hand a walking-stick, his arms sticking out of his feathers like those of an old gentleman from under his great-coat. He had much to say although he did not say it, and I was angry with the other animals for always interrupting, and with Alice for mentioning her cat, just when the conversation began to be exciting. It was a pleasure also to meet the Caterpillar smoking a hookah. He had a short, snappy way with him, just like a major in the Indian service whom we knew. A crusty sort of elderly gentleman who suffered from gout and who said disagreeable things about "youngsters," as he called me and my brother. Yet he had a soft corner in his heart. He gave us slices of plum cake, good generous slices, with

a sly wink in his eye, and half-a-crown when we went to see him in our holiday-time. Then there was the Fish Footman, an impudent sort of rascal, very like one who opened the door at our aunt's; who looked above our heads into space when he let us in with the "grown-ups," but who was quite familiar and companionable when he met us in the kitchen or the pantry. Ah! there is the genial grinning Cheshire Cat, the wild wise creature



"WE SAW THE MONARCH AND HIS WIFE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE. WITH PUCKERED BROWS THE KING WAS STRUGGLING TO WRITE DOWN HIS IMPRESSIONS.—(p. 186.)

who gazed at us from the branches of a tree, and who faded away in a wild weird smile.

But all this was nothing to compare with the delights of the Mad Tea Party: with the Hatter and the Dormouse and the March Hare. What excellent company they were! What riddles we asked each other, to which, however, there never was an answer. And the Mad Hatter was always singing a song that was like a song I had heard before. Then the Mock

Turtle came upon the scene and he was weeping bitterly, and with sobs he offered to tell us his story all over again. But before he could get on with it there entered the King and Queen, and the Griffin and all the creatures of Wonderland pelting each other, and the shrill voice of the Queen was ordering us off to execution—and the voice turned out to be that of our nurse ordering us off to get ready for dinner.

And now Mr. Newell has stirred my memories of "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." I remember waiting for Alice and presently she

were doing just what they were doing then. There were the King and Queen, talking together on the shovel, and there were the two Castles walking arm in arm, and there were the Bishops and the Knights in high argument. The Queen knocked down the King when she heard her noisy little daughter screaming; and the King looked just as Mr. Newell has drawn him with his eyes getting rounder and rounder, and his mouth opening wider and wider, and his little legs and arms wriggling in terror in Alice's grasp. The poor King fell quite flat on his back on the table upon which Alice had



"I BEHELD ALICE DANCING IN A ROUND WITH TWO LITTLE BOYS . . . THEY AND ALICE SEEMED TO BE ON DISGUSTINGLY GOOD TERMS."—(p. 188.)

came from nowhere, with her hair tumbling bewitchingly about her neck, and she was wearing a pinafore.

"We must jump up," she said, "on the mantel-piece, and we must be quick about it or they'll catch us up and prevent us going." So we jumped up, taking the greatest care not to upset the vases and things upon it, and presently the glass became like a silver mist and we struggled through and lo! we were in Looking-Glass Land. We saw all the people just as Alice had seen them before, and they

deposited him. She and I were conversing in whispers as to what next we should do, when we saw the monarch and his wife sitting side by side. With puckered brows he was trying to write down his impressions and to wield with the greatest effort his thick pencil. Alice and I ran off together and left them at their task. We ran out into the open country. It was very fascinating—a delectable land all cut up in green patches, through which ran little brooks and green hedges; dividing the land into squares. A land to go and be happy in,

to take refuge in, from lessons and from the pursuit of Nurse when she came to soap us and dress us, to go in to dessert. The sky was a cloudless blue, the trees rustled in the breeze, and we set out to explore, running down the hill together.

Just as were jumping down upon the first square, there came an awful sound something like a whiffing and a burbling, and through the tulgey wood there came a fearsome sight. A cloud of steam obscured the sky, and out of the midst of it the Jabberwock pranced forth. He tore up the turf with his claws, his spiky tail, his eyes of flame, his wings like those of a monstrous bat, his skin like scales of leather, his teeth glimmering an awful white, and from his angry nostrils a jet of steam and of fire. It was an awful sight! No wonder I felt Alice's little hand tremble in mine. The Jabberwock charged us with a roar and a squeak. I put Alice away under shelter and I stood my ground. There was a moment's entanglement of scales and of spiky tail, and a terrible sense of heat and moisture, and I felt I was carried away I knew not whither. I was limp and wet and draggle-tailed with the breath of the monster. It was soap bubbles with which he was pelting me. They fell on every side of me; a thousand bubbles blinding, bewildering, burning. Once more he made a dash forward, and once more there was a confusion of claws and spiky tail and scales of leather,

and then how it happened I know not, but the Jabberwock was lying dead and I was standing beside him. It was natural that I should feel triumphant, and I turned round to see the effect of my prowess upon Alice, but she was gone; she had fled from the scene of that terrible combat. Where she had gone I could not tell, but at a little distance I heard the sound of voices singing. I walked in the



"THE JABBERWOCK, WITH EYES OF FLAME,
CAME WHIFFLING THROUGH THE TULGEY WOOD,
AND BURBLED AS IT CAME."



"ALICE DRAGGED ME TO WHERE FLOWERS GREW THAT HAD FACES IN THE CENTRES, AND THAT WERE ALL TALKING."

direction from which it came, and I beheld Alice dancing in a round with two little boys.

It was mean of Alice, I thought, to be dancing and making merry, instead of being anxious about me, ready to wipe my brow and tenderly inquire how I felt. I was inclined to pass on and to take no notice of her or her companions, but I could not help casting a supercilious glance at them. The two boys were dapper little lads, dressed exactly alike. They wore check trousers and nice cuffs

and collars: upon the latter was inscribed on one Dee and on the other Dum; their little hats fitted to perfection. They and Alice seemed to be on disgustingly good terms. The boys sang as with one voice, and Alice joined in. They sang of many things; of oysters, of their sweetness and their succulence; of the greed of the Carpenter and the perfidy of the Walrus. They sang—

"Of shoes—and ships—
and sealing-wax;
Of cabbages—and kings."

It was quite enough to spoil one's temper to see them so happy together, and so I wandered away, and I was just entering into conversation with the White Knight, who kept tumbling off his horse, and who was telling me of a pudding, a plum-pudding, that was never cooked at all, although Christmas Day was at hand, when Alice came running up, and she dragged me to where flowers grew that had faces in the centres and that were all talking. And then, I do not know how it all happened, but the world, the world of lessons

and nurses, of struggle and disappointments, of dreams and hopes and memories, was upon me, and Alice and Looking-glass Land were gone.

The dear old picture-book days are over; "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty," the "Two Alices" and "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp" are put away; but still there remain the wonderful visions of childhood. It is good to dream at Christmas-time; to forget the turmoil and the torment of the actual world, in the golden haze of Wonderland.



SOME NEW IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY EDITH YOUNG.

Illustrated by HELEN PAXTON BROWN

I CANNOT always defend the "useful" present. Every one of us secretly desires most the pretty, perhaps vain thing we cannot personally afford. Girls who have money should remember this little human feeling when they set out to make a present. And girls who have not much money but a great deal of talent must remember that their gifts may bestow what money cannot buy, and work heartily accordingly. It is to suggest something new to supplement the old ideas of Christmas gifts, that I give the following hints as to the making of Christmas presents, and provide the accompanying illustrations by Miss Helen Paxton Brown who has made special designs for the readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM*.

For the nice long shape required for the proper boxing of ties, cardboard must be cut to shape, covered with

A TIE inches by 4, with a depth of 2 inches,
Box. forms an excellently shaped box when finished. Two pieces 10 inches by 4,

two 10 inches by 2, and two 4 inches by 2, give the requisite amount of pieces. The edges may be bound with narrow ribbon, or the linen may be used in a piece so as to connect the different sides. This tie box makes another excellent gift to the brother at college.

If he does not want to use it at first, it may cultivate very desirable habits later on.

The Germans, when they present parade towels embroidered sentimental mottoes on the pretty surface. Else they sometimes advise the recipient to

A PARADE be up early and catch the early worm.
TOWEL. Being English and more matter-of-fact, the design for a parade towel

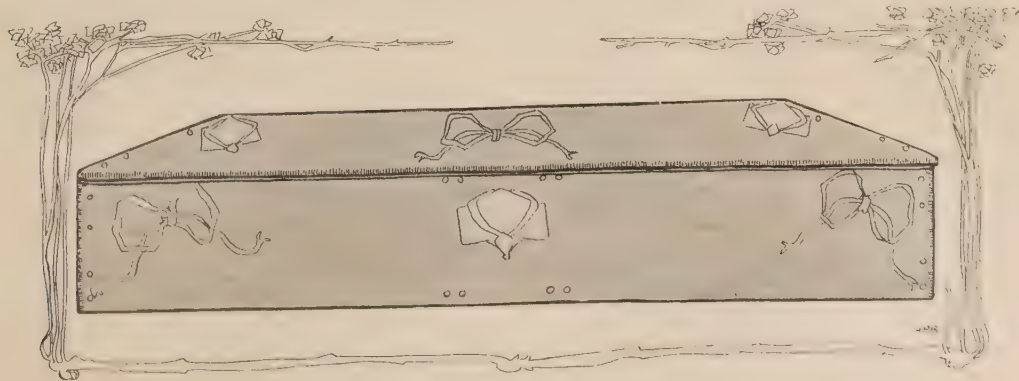
which I would advise would include initials and a pretty conventional design. Parade towels are specially desirable as presents for people who travel a lot; who like to see their new home for the time being look as like the real home as possible. Parade towels ought to be made in purest white linen, with as much embroidery and hem-stitching as one can put on them.

To match the comfort of a parade towel which covers the usually rather unsightly towel rail, the neat traveller finds much use for linen "spreads"

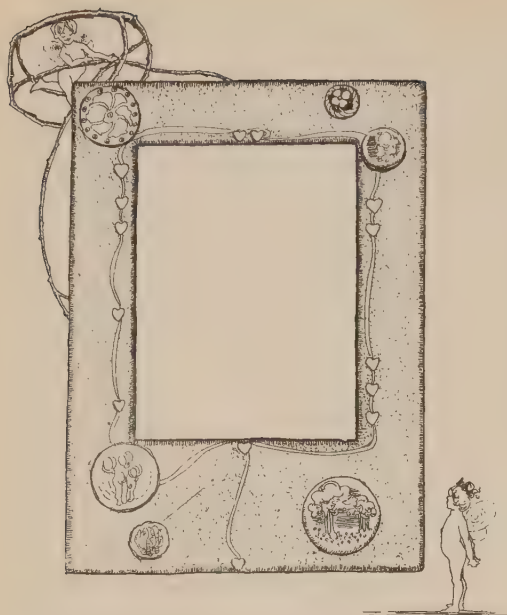
LINEN TRUNK which cover the trays of her boxes.

SPREADS. These may be made merely in coarse grey linen, bound neatly with tape or ribbon. Or they may be elaborated into something very pretty, with, again, initials and encircling design.

I give here valuable details as to the making of a new



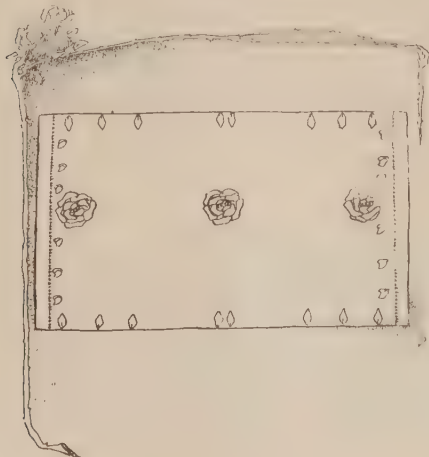
A DAINTY DESIGN FOR A TIE BOX.
An excellent gift for a brother or a cousin at college.



A HOME-MADE PHOTOGRAPH FRAME IN SUEDE
LEATHER OR CHAMOIS.

This frame is greatly enhanced by silver buttons being introduced into the scheme.

photograph frame, though the method may be carried out in book covers, blotters, and music PHOTOGRAPH cases with very pretty effect. First of FRAMES. all one must have heavy cardboard cut to the size of the photograph frame desired. This is to be slightly padded with cotton wool, then covered with suede leather or with chamois, or with silk or linen. Suede leather looks prettiest, but any of the others are effective. Leather may also be used, and may be burned or tooled; or, in the case of chamois, silk or linen, the material may be painted in water colours, to



A DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED
NIGHTDRESS BAG.

Made in grey linen. The rose pattern is traced on to the linen.

the pattern shown in the accompanying illustration. At certain points of the design the cardboard and material must have a hole bored, and into these holes the catches of silver buttons are pressed, until they reach the back of the cardboard, where they are securely fastened. Silver is now so very cheap that buttons of very beautiful design are to be had for a reasonable price in the shops. In Russian and Turkish shops, buttons of various metals and in all sizes may be procured for even less money. Openwork ornament may be used also, and sewn on to the frame with invisible stitches. Indeed, there are many ways in which the beautiful designs with which the new art jewellery is crowding the shops may be adapted to these silver studded frames. I have seen them cut ingeniously into carved wood frames. The clever girl carpenter or poker worker, may adopt the idea as best pleases her.



A DAINTY WORK BAG IN BLUE LINEN.

The accompanying design for a nightdress bag is so entirely original that I can recommend it to the girl who wants to do something new and not NIGHTDRESS to be copied at least until after Christ- BAG. mas. It must be carried out from start to finish by the embroiderer herself.

One yard of linen is ample material. The bag ought to measure 15 in. by 13 in. when finished. Draw the design fully out on paper, then transfer it carefully to the linen with tracing paper and pencil. Sew in filo floss silk, the rose purple with pink centre, loose petals pink, and the leaves green. These on grey linen.

I knew a lady who made from seventeen to twenty work bags every Christmas, and she was always glad to get a new design or pattern. I give a

WORK BAG. beautiful and original design for the ordinary work bag. It should be executed on blue linen, the stalks green, the hearts red, in filo floss silk.



A CAT CUSHION FOR THE BROTHER AT SCHOOL OR COLLEGE.

This cushion can be made in linen, silk, or velveteen.

Boys are supposed to scorn such things as cushions, yet I have always remarked that at school and college,

A CAT CUSHION. exist. I can recommend the following to the girl who wants to provide

her college brother with a cushion. The form of a cat must be carefully drawn according to the illustration, on linen, silk, or velveteen, preferably the last, since it is soft and more like the silky daintiness of a cat cushion. I recommend a tawny yellow background. When the cat is carefully drawn, alike on the velvet and with chalk on the back of black rabbit fur, Sir Cat must be carefully cut and stitched on in appliqué to the figure in the foreground. The other cat is white and of small importance. Great attention must be paid to the drawing in both cases, or the whole effect goes. Sir Cat's whiskers must be sewn in black silk or linen, the outline of the eyes left black, with eyes of green silk or beads, while at the mouth a red bit of tongue should show. Madame Cat must be sewn in white. The edge of the fur is to be carefully button-stitched. Rabbit fur is to be had at a reasonable price in any fur shop.

This cupboard is made of grey linen with innumerable pockets. It hangs on the wall, or on pegs, and must

TRAVELLING easily filled or emptied. It ought to hold hair pins, ribbons, laces, tape,

CUPBOARD. cotton, reels, wool and silk for darning, needle-book, scissors, labels, calendar, and everything else which would come usefully to a traveller who needed all these things and is glad to do without the different heavy cases and boxes in which they are sometimes contained. Take three-quarters of a yard of broad linen for a background, and on it raise pockets of every size and shape. On each pocket, if desired, sew letters, indicative

of what is to go inside. Bind round about and in and out amongst the pockets with ribbon.

To match this traveller's outfit of "coverings," a boot bag may be made, of grey linen bound A BOOT BAG. with ribbon, with initials in rough linen flax.

From the accompanying illustration and diagrams, one may discover a good and easy way of making a rag doll.

A RAG DOLL. The head and body are cut like the diagram—two pieces, exactly alike, being required. Then one sews down by the nose, etc., and also down the

back of the head. Beads are introduced for eyes, while any complexion may be worked up in water colour. The legs are left to the imagination, but stuffed arms may be made according to the pattern. Clever girls may adapt hair (from an old doll, perhaps), but serviceable clothes and a good physique are of more account in a rag doll than delicate ornamentation, and I should advise the makers to be sensible of this. All babies love their rag dolls, partly, I think, because rag dolls manage to look the same through everything. They don't melt, and they never break, and the uglier they become, the prettier they are—to a baby.



A NEW IDEA FOR A RAG DOLL.

A welcome present for the baby sister or cousin.

So please remember the contradictory tastes of a baby when you are making a rag doll.

A wholly useful present, rendered attractive and welcome, is an excellent sort of gift to make. Therefore, to

those busy

CAP housewives
AND who might
APRON. consider it
extravagant

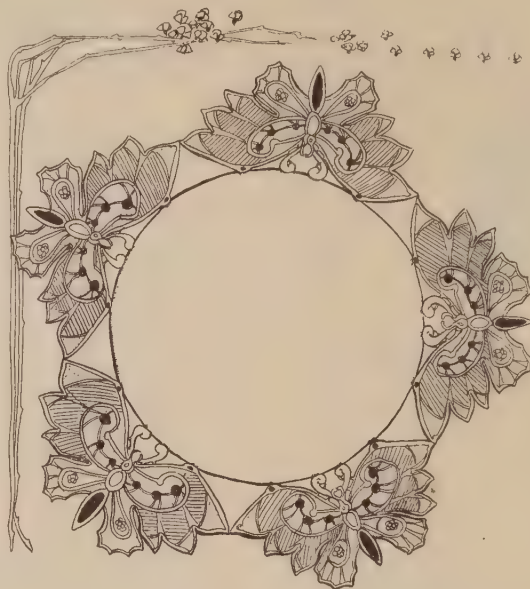
to spend time and some money over their equipment for their work, I should like to present a pretty housewife's outfit. I should make it of dainty holland, herring-boned and stitched in rough white, a cap like a Dutchwoman's, with wide wings to the shoulders (to keep dust from the hair), a painter's smock or overall, with wide sleeves, tight at the wrists, and two pairs of gloves, one for dusting, the other for coals. I should decorate the smocked overall with

feathering like a Liberty dress. Not too much, of course, but just enough to make my present dainty. I always think that housewives ought to be quite as picturesque as sick nurses, and picturesque they are not at present, as a general rule.

Lace butterflies, loose, for appliqué trimming, are to be

A had as
BUTTERFLY cheaply as
D'OYLEY. is. 6½d. per
dozen in

the shops. A very dainty d'oyley may be made like this illustration, by affixing these butterflies to the edge of cambric silk or net, and embroidering the spots in different colours of filo-floss silk. These pretty things may also be jewelled. If butterflies are difficult to procure, all manner of patterns in lace applique are to be had which are delightful to treat in this original manner.



A BUTTERFLY D'OYLEY.

Made in lace and cambric silk or net, the butterflies being embroidered.



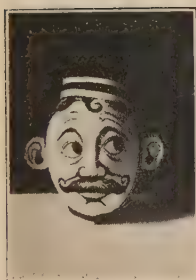
Christmas Revels



THE PARADE OF THE PEANUTS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AMUSING DRAWING-ROOM GAMES.

BY BEATRICE BARHAM.



AN EFFORT THAT
WAS REWARDED
BY A PRIZE AT
AN EGG-SHELL
PARTY.

seem to imply, for the guests themselves do all the "racing." A rather large room is best for the race-course. The first item on the programme may be an egg-shell race. For this are required some egg-shell's from which the contents have been blown through small holes at each end. To everyone who enters for this race an egg-shell is given, and a fan. A chalk line is then drawn round the sides of the room, and a straight line across as a starting place. The egg-shells must then be fanned from one end of the course to the other, the one whose egg-shell performs the journey in the shortest time gaining a certain number of points which are credited to him or her on their race card. It may be thought that to fan an egg-shell in a given direction, would be an easy task, but an egg is no more tractable to drive than a pig, and as easy to steer as a tub, consequently it is a thrilling moment

WITH the return of winter, the enterprising girl is on the lookout for novelties in games, with which to entertain her home-circle or girl-friends during the long fire-light evenings. A delightfully exciting form of diversion for an evening party is provided by means of a "Race Party." It has no connection with horses as the name might

when one of the steeds persists in blowing perilously near the boundaries. This is one of those games in which the instructive fable of the tortoise and the hare may with benefit be borne in mind.

These same egg-shells may later on be used in an exceedingly diverting competition. Give each person a shell and let them display their ingenuity in converting it into a representation of some animal or person. This is quite easily done, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration of a guardsman's head fashioned from an egg-shell. They also lend themselves admirably to the con-

tours of any plump bird, such as an owl, for instance, or a chicken, in which case a bit of paper may be added to represent the beaks and feet.

The next number on the card may be a Butterfly Race. For this the fans



THE PRIZE
AT A
BUTTER-
FLY RACE
GOES TO
THE COM-
PETITOR
WHO KEEPS
HER
BUTTER-
FLY
LONGEST
IN THE
AIR.



THE FAN AND EGG-SHELL RACE.

The egg-shells must be fanned from one end of the course to the other.

should be retained, but the steeds are "butterflies" made of bits of twisted tissue paper. A little practice—for which time should always be allowed—will enable anyone to keep up a tissue-paper butterfly almost indefinitely, and to guide it in any required direction. The race is from point to point, there being a given goal—say the top of the piano—to which the fluttering scraps of paper must be lightly wafted, the competitors whose butterfly first alights being of course credited with further points.

A capital item for the next in order is an obstacle race. For this portion of the programme the course is dotted with tables and other impediments, which must be negotiated *en route*—not by jumping over them, but in other ways, as will be shown. First of all, at the starting line each person must pick up a very large potato with a very small spoon, and with it they must speed to the first table. Here are found knives with which each competitor must peel his potato (the peel being in one piece on pain of losing a point) ere he hurries breathlessly on. He is next confronted by a table, on which are twelve small, numbered, but nameless packages, the contents of which he must correctly name—by means of his sense of smell alone—on

a list for the purpose. They contain common household commodities, such as coffee, tea, cinnamon, clove; one, perhaps, of lavender, another with lemon peel, and so on. It is highly diverting to watch the agonised sniffings of the competitors as they wildly try to identify some elusive odour. This accomplished, at the next table each person is given a slip of paper with some fairly long word written upon it—say coronation, for instance—and from the letters of this they must, in five minutes, form as many other words as possible, not using the same letter twice in a word. For instance, such words

as tin, tan, rat, not, and so on, would occur to the mind instantly.

Other games of the same nature may be added, if desired, according as time permits, points being allowed for each, the one having the most points at the end



A TABLE DECORATED TO REPRESENT
"MY JAPANESE WIFE" AT A BOOK OR
FICTION LUNCH PARTY.

of the evening being declared the winner, and presented with a prize of a cup or plate.

A very bright little entertainment and one which is always sure to introduce a note—in fact a good many notes of gaiety—into the proceedings, is a musical contest. The first requirement is to find someone able to play without music all sorts of popular and well-known airs. This person must then make out a written list—to which she must afterwards carefully adhere—of such tunes as she thinks suited to the purpose. Each guest should be provided with a pencil and a piece of paper with numbers upon it corresponding to the number of tunes on the list. The pianist then proceeds to play a few bars of each one in turn. The audience must attentively try to identify each snatch as it is played and write the name against the corresponding number on the list. Most people have experienced the difficulty of naming even a quite familiar tune on the spur of the moment, and the difficulty is, of course, much enhanced where one only hears the opening bars, or perhaps a line in the middle or at the end.

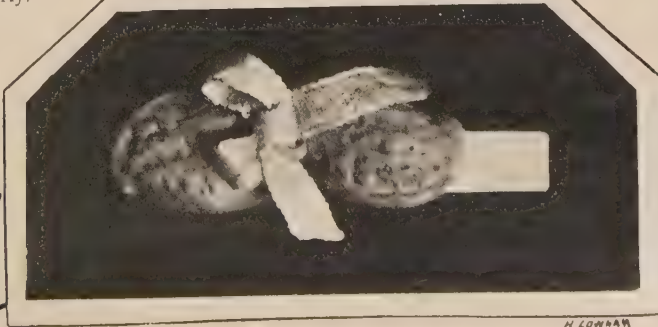
An amusing and certainly novel form of merry-making is known as the Peanut Party. Those who have never crossed the Atlantic are perhaps unaware of the important position held by the peanut when it is at home. It is, indeed, called the national nut, and although it is not perhaps to be regarded as a high-class edible, it undoubtedly holds a distinct and popular position of its own. At public places of entertainment one can nearly



AT A VEGETABLE PARTY—A
"SALAD" FANCY DRESS.

always perceive the familiar, slightly-burnt odour of peanuts drifting down from the cheaper seats, while in higher society the salted peanut, the devilled peanut, and various kinds of peanut sweets are regarded with favour. The latest honour to which the little nut has attained is to lend its name and presence to a special party. The first thing about a peanut party—like most other entertainments—is the invitation. It comes wrapped inside a long peanut, tied round its middle with baby ribbon. On untying this, the nut opens and the invitation drops out, asking you to “drop in” to the house of your hostess at the appointed time. On arrival there, each person is presented with a small fancy bag or basket. When all the guests are gathered together, everyone starts forth on a nut hunt. The nuts are hidden in every conceivable corner of the room or rooms. Behind pictures, under rugs, in

An invitation to a peanut party.



vases, over doors, under fenders, behind books and cushions, in fact, in all sorts of likely and unlikely places.

After an hour or so of nut-hunting a halt is called, and a nut is chosen every-

one must at once cease his search. The spoil is then counted, and the competitor who has been the most successful nut gatherer is proclaimed the victor, and presented with a prize. This is sometimes a nut charm mounted in silver, or a nut pencil, or a pincushion doll made of peanuts. A very amusing and unexpected

turn is sometimes given to this part

A pincushion doll made of peanuts—a prize at a peanut party.



H. LOWMAN



A CHIC HAT MADE FROM A NEWSPAPER.

of the proceedings, especially if the party should chance to be held in the neighbourhood of the first of April. The person who has secured the largest bag of nuts is naturally feeling particularly self-satisfied, and looking with proprietary eyes at the prize, when the hostess makes the unexpected announcement that the prize is not to the greedy, but to the one who has collected fewest nuts! At this there is a general laugh against the supposed winner, who invariably appears to enjoy the joke as much as anyone—and subsequently receives a well-deserved consolation prize. At supper there may be several dishes in which the peanut plays a part. Little cakes, sprinkled with chopped peanuts in place of almonds; salted peanuts, sugared peanuts, burnt peanuts and peanut sweets. (These may be had at Fuller's—where, by the way, freshly roasted peanuts are also to be procured.) The idea may be

further carried out in the table decorations: peanuts dangling from the candle shades, and peanut owls, looking very funny, standing about here and there on the tablecloth. The same idea may be adapted to other kinds of nuts if wished.

A new and very pleasant form of entertainment is the Book or Fiction Luncheon. This might be described as a newer development of the book teas which a short time since were in such vogue. In this case, however, the hostess has to provide the problems as well as other features of the entertainment, and all that the guests are asked to do is the puzzling. The luncheon is served at small tables. The central decoration of each table represents some well-known novel. This may be

done by means of flowers or other articles of a decorative nature mentioned in the book, combined with something indicative of the name; or the decoration chosen may involve a play on words, or any similar means of expressing the idea may be utilised. In addition to this, at each table is read an extract from the book in question (which extract must of course be written out on a piece of paper so that it will not be recognised), to assist in the task of guessing the hidden title. For instance, a very charming table might be dressed to represent that dainty little book "My Japanese Wife." Chrysanthemums, arranged *à la Japonais*, would strike the key-note. In the centre might be a little Japanese doll, while any Japanese china, curios, or doilies might be very effectively displayed.

Another novel which would lend itself to the idea would be "The Luck of the Vails" by E. F. Benson.

More especially would this be a convenient book to give, provided an old silver cup were forthcoming to be utilized as the famous "luck." The central idea in "The Princess Sophia," by the same author, could be suggested by a green table-centre, to represent a card table, and some cards interspersed among the other decorations. It is quite easy to call to mind any number of other books which lend themselves to the fancy. The prize to the person most successful in guessing the books might suitably be some new novel.

A fancy dress entertainment of a very humorous description which has had some popularity is the Vegetable Party. Pope tells of "Ladies like variegated tulips," but in

this case the fair dames appear as "variegated vegetables." At a party of this kind one of the most admired dresses was worn by a lady garbed as a "salad." The foundation of the dress was palest green *crêpe de chine*. Round the bottom, pieces of crinkled green silk were cut out and veined down the centre to represent lettuce leaves. Above this, round pieces of red silk were appliquéd intended to appear as slices of beetroot. Alternating with them were embroidered wheels of white and yellow to simulate hard-boiled egg. Round the waist hung a graceful fringe of small artificial leaves supposed to be mustard and cress, and round the low neck were festooned loops of small red radishes (cut from red velvet). The costume was completed by a scarlet silk tomato on each shoulder, and a wreath of watercress in the hair. The wearer achieved further realism by carrying a salad spoon and fork in her



"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" CONVERTED INTO A HIGHLAND CAP.



"THE DAILY MAIL" MAKES UP INTO A STYLISH TOQUE.



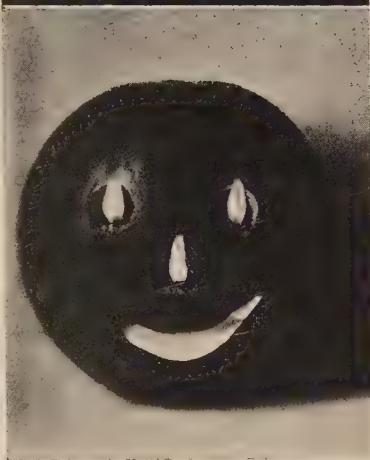
"THE STANDARD" IS INVALUABLE AS MATERIAL FOR A SMART BONNET.

hand. Another exceedingly pretty vegetable dress would be a cauliflower carried out in cream colour and green.

A party which would seem to lend itself particularly well to the celebration of the festival of Christmas Eve—although it would be equally appropriate on other occasions—is one in which the element of chance and all the symbols of good luck are the prominent features. The invitations to this festivity are sent out on cards in the shape of horse-shoes, or four-leaved clovers, and bear the head of a black cat or other symbol of good fortune.

A certain hostess who gave a party of this description, had her rooms lighted with Chinese lanterns and illuminated here and there with one of those quaint heads shaped from a hollowed out vegetable or fruit, and known to country children by the name of Jack o' lanterns. These are most effective when made from pumpkins, where available, although big melons, turnips, or even apples may be pressed into service. The mode of procedure is to cut a piece neatly from the top—this is to be afterwards replaced—and then scoop out the inside, leaving

Lemonade served daintily in a lemon is a new feature for children's parties.



only a thin outer shell. In this is cut a grotesque face—eyes, nose and mouth. In the interior a lighted candle is then placed, which illuminates weirdly the hideous features. One or two of these placed in dark corners of the hall stand out very effectively.

When the guests first enter the door of the room where the hostess receives, they find themselves obliged to do so under a ladder, and at once pay the penalty of thus risking ill luck by having a shower of confetti descend upon their heads. This is

arranged by having a string attached to a basket hung over one of the rounds of the ladder, which can be manipulated by the hostess or a willing friend.

All sorts of games of chance are in order at this party. When partners are necessary either for dances or games, they are chosen by chance. One amusing way of doing this is to have two baskets,

one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen. Each basket is filled with half horseshoes cut from cardboard. On one half are written the first lines of rhyming couplets, while on the other half are written the last lines. When you have found a mate to your rhyme, you have



THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN INVITATION CARDS FOR A YOUNG PEOPLE'S PARTY.

also found your mate for the dance. Another way is to hang up a large sheet or curtain, and behind this place the men with only their feet showing beneath. The ladies are then permitted to choose their partners by their feet.

At most gatherings of young people the distribution of sweets is a feature. A way to make this distribution doubly attractive is as follows: spread on the floor a tablecloth or a large sheet of white paper. On this place a quantity of sweets. One of the guests then goes out of the room. While he is absent the others select a certain sweet which is known as Tip. The player is then invited to return and pick up the sweets, trying, however, to avoid choosing Tip. If he can succeed in picking up all the sweets without alighting on Tip till the last, it is all his by right, but if he is so unfortunate as to choose the dread marked piece early in the game he forfeits all he has so far gathered. Thus the game continues until some lucky individual has gained the pile of sweets, which he then shares with those who have not been so clever in avoiding Tip.

Any little novelty in the mode of distributing gifts is always welcome. One of the latest is very pretty and at the same time easy to carry out. This is by means of a "rainbow." To the chandelier or some other prominent object are affixed as many long pieces of bright ribbon as there are people to receive presents. These are wound in and out among each other and then among the furniture, and very often out of the room—upstairs and downstairs—in fact, everywhere. Each one must faithfully follow and disentangle his bit of rainbow wherever it may lead him, and at the end of it he will finally find his present; so for once the fascinating childish vision is fulfilled, and one does indeed find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

The most novel competition I have lately seen, is one in which hats, replete with feathers and trimming, were made out of nothing but ordinary newspapers, and proved veritable triumphs in millinery. Scissors, pins,

and human brains were the only implements used in the manufacture of them. The time limit was half an hour.

The results were amazing. There was a large and varied selection of hats suitable for all occasions. The latest designs were on view. Every style was worthily represented, from the top hat to the Glengarry cap. There were smart toques, artistic Tam-o'-Shanters, fascinating sailor hats, becoming boat shapes, dainty tricorn hats, all reproduced in a manner which would not have done discredit to New Bond Street itself.

There was even *chic* millinery for elderly ladies built up with coquettish bows and strings to tie under the chin. Three twisted spiral spills standing up in front were a happy conception, and took the place of aigrettes!

A most bewitching picture hat, with a waving brim, under which nestled a choux, artistically cut out of paper, took the first prize. The loops were made by slitting a narrow strip of paper into twenty or more vertical slips, leaving an uncut margin at either end, and adjusting the whole with a pin or two.

Of flowers, for this sort of millinery, chrysanthemums and daisies are the most effective, and the most quickly made, but roses and pansies also lend themselves to the cutter's art. And buckles which present no difficulty give just the touch that is needed to a stylish hat.

Toques require nothing but a roughly-made crown, under a neatly folded covering, and a quill or two in front. Quills are the most easily contrived form of trimming, but an ambitious competitor can try her hand at plumes and ostrich tips; indeed, there is hardly any design in millinery which may not be requisitioned for this competition.

There should be a small entrance fee of sixpence, or one shilling, to be spent, if the funds will allow, on a first and second prize, and consolation stakes. A little previous practice is permissible, and is, indeed, a necessity if mistakes are to be avoided, and the time allowance economised. Then, with sharp-pointed scissors, and an unlimited supply of pins, success is assured.

EVA BLAIR.





The Christmas-Eve Experience of "Garrick," a Stage Dog.

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

Illustrated by R. H. MOORE.

IT was in the Ranger's cottage that I first saw him,—lying full length beside the empty fireplace, in company with a mongrel terrier, two cats, and a lame hare. Berkly, the Ranger, had as strange an assortment of pets as I ever saw; never a limping, starving beast that came to his door did he drive away; but though the least curious was perhaps the big fawn-coloured mastiff, it was to him that my eyes were attracted, and about him that I felt curious.

He was an old dog, evidently. His limbs were stiff when he rose slowly and came towards me to inspect me, and his coat was ragged and ill-kept. In his day he had been a magnificent specimen, and even now, as I laid my hand on his broad head and met the gaze of his full dark eyes, my touch had something of homage.

"Making friends, are you, Garry?" said the Ranger, looking up from the gun he was cleaning. "'Tain't very often he does that, sir! (He's mighty particular—*my* friends ain't often good enough for 'im?)"

"You have had him a long time, Berwick, surely!"

"Matter o' five years, sir, no more. And he's never been thoroughly reconciled. Misses his old life, poor fellow!"

"And his former owner, perhaps."

"You might make it owners, sir—but he never had no particular master that I know of. Belonged to a

theatrical company, he did, and toured with them for the first six years of his life. Then the piece was taken off, and he was taken off with it, poor beast! They'd no use for him in the new play, and he most broke his heart about it."

I pulled the soft ears through my fingers and looked into the tragedy of the dog's eyes as he stood beside me. He might have been listening to and understanding every one of Berwick's words from their expression.

"How did you get hold of him, Berwick?"

"Well you see, sir, I was in Canterbury at the time the company was playing there. It was their last week—they'd been all through the States, and out in the Colonies—Australia, and New Zealand, and I can't tell you half. The piece had been very popular, and had lasted 'On the Road,' as they call it, for nearly six years. They was ending up in the south counties of England, because when the piece first went out it had only been through the northern counties and Scotland."

"How did you know all this?"

"Got to know the stage door-keeper, sir. It was like this—I saw the pictures on the boards, and there was this old fellow in them." He stretched out a knotted hand and patted the mastiff's thin flank. "Well, I'm a fool over a dog, and I went to see. Lord! you ought to have seen him play, sir—he made that piece! Did his part like a Christian, he did, and as earnest over it as

any of the actors. I was so fetched I saw the piece three times, and then I got behind talking to one and another, all to see the dog really, and the door-keeper told me about him. No one knew what was to be done with the poor fellow when the play ended; he'd been in it from the first, and it almost seemed as if all the reason for his living at all was over when he'd no part to play. And yet he was a fine dog!"

The Ranger lifted his head and looked out of the narrow-paned window among the tossing green trees. An antler showed against the green, and the patter of light feet down the mossy wood-ways made both dogs lift their heads.

"There's a fallow deer," he said. "First I've seen down our way this year. They mostly herds up higher in the forest. Strange, ain't it, sir, to think how beast and men may lose their place in life?"

"The dog found one with you it seems!"

"Yes, I took him," he said simply. "No one wanted him, though they'd been mates for so long—it seemed a bit hard, didn't it, Garry? But he's a big dog, and they were all living in lodgings till they went out again, you see, sir. The stage ain't the kind of life in which you can keep pets. It's too shifty and up and down like. The poor beasts want a quiet corner, settled, same as a wife and child—actors oughtn't to marry, I sometimes think."

"What is the dog's name, do you say?"

"They called him Garrick, but Garry's good enough for me. He's been with me for five years now, but he's never got over bein' turned off the boards like that. Look at 'im now—askin' you if you can't take 'im back! He always does that when he sees any one as he thinks looks more likely than me and my friends."

The dog had pushed his great body against my knee, and was nuzzling his head into my waistcoat. His eyes were dim as he looked up at me, and the great jaw quivered.

"He is not much of a companion to you, then?" I said. Berwick shook his head.

"That terrier down there is more of that, sir, ugly mongrel though he is. But Garry's welcome as long as he wants a home."

I did not notice the quiet suggestion of the words at the time, but I knew that the mastiff had offered me his friendship, and I often used to drop in at the Ranger's cottage after that, as much to see Garrick as anything. I was living within a few miles at the time, in a small house on the outskirts of a country town, and my bachelor quarters were comfortable enough, though lonely. Except for my servants, I was alone in the place, and cared to know

nobody in the neighbourhood. Berwick's cottage was the only house I ever visited, owing to a friendship struck up between the old man and myself from a similarity of tastes. The woods and the animal world were a connecting link between us; but he surprised me one day by asking if I would like to have Garrick.

"He's not valuable now, though he was once," he said honestly. "He's an old dog—not so much in years as from the hard life and the knocking about he's had. He won't last very long, but you seems to have taken a fancy to each other, and so long as he has a good home I'd be quite willing to part with him, sir!"

So I took Garrick, for it was true that we had grown fond of each other through an unspoken sympathy. There was no tragedy in this leaving; the dog rose up when I called him, and gave one of his strange human looks at the hearth where he had quietly worn his heart out for the last five years. Then he laid his muzzle in the Ranger's hand and spoke his silent thanks for hospitality received. Berwick patted him, buckled his collar, and gave the chain into my hand. It was an old brown collar, studded with brass, and on the name-plate was the inscription which had meant the motive power in the dog's poor little life—"Garrick. No. 1 Co. of 'A Faithful Friend.' On the Road." They had probably had it engraved like that in order that if the dog got lost by any chance—but it would not have been easy to lose Garrick!—those who found him might know that his company were touring, and could easily find out where they were from the theatrical papers. Berwick had respected Garrick's calling and had left the old plate on the collar. It was all that was left him now to prove his dignity.

I took the dog home with me, and he settled down at once. There was no need to reconcile him to the new house, but the difficulty was to reconcile him to life. Perhaps he had hoped, when I took him from the Ranger's cottage, that he was going back to the theatre. He walked with slow investigation from room to room and sniffed wearily at the wainscot; then he lay down at my feet and gave up his hope in the old patient fashion. It was worse than a human trouble, because he was so humble in his resignation. Sometimes he would give that long heavy sigh that dogs will, and his big dark eyes would fill with great tears. It was heartbreaking, and he was as grandly pathetic as a dethroned king.

For some time I tried to coax him to alien interests, but he was too old and too weary to change. Then I startled and horrified my housekeeper by a bright idea. I got Garrick out of the way, and had

in the local carpenter to fit up a rough stage at one end of my sitting-room. The slope was not much, but it was a stage for all that, and I rigged up a curtain and a back-cloth and wings, and contrived footlights with a piece of pipe fastened on to the gas-jet. Then I showed Garrick what I had done. He wasn't deceived, but he was grateful. It was a toy stage for our mutual benefit, but it took him back to old times, and he gave his deep bay that I seldom heard, and bounded on before me from the wings. I followed, but try as he might he could not teach me my part. I had never seen "A Faithful Friend," and I doubt if I could get a copy of the play at this date.

Nevertheless, the little stage was a tonic to Garrick, and he brightened up for a time. He would snuff about the wings, and then lie down patiently in the middle of the stage, and wait for his comrades who never came, and the ring up of the "rag." Autumn had merged into winter, and we had lived together for some months when his faithfulness of five years was rewarded.

He had been ailing, and I began to think that the Ranger's prophecy of his not lasting long was coming true. I had grown just so fond of him that the thought fretted me as though I were losing a friend who could never be replaced. The local vet. could do nothing except administer medicine and tell me to take care of him. It was cold weather, and I would not take him out with me, but a few days before Christmas business took me into the town near which we lived, where there was a fair-sized theatre. I felt a pang for Garrick as I passed it, glancing mechanically at the bills. There is generally a pantomime running at this time of the year, but I observed that the announcement of the first performance was fixed for Boxing night, and another company were filling up the Christmas week with drama. . . . Then my heart throbbed, and almost stood still. I made my way into the vestibule and demanded the manager.

A greasy gentleman in an old top hat was unearthed from somewhere behind the scenes after a while, and stared at me with the indifference peculiar to his profession.

"Are you the manager of the company here?" I said.

"I am!"

"You are playing a piece called 'A Faithful Friend' for a few nights this week?"

"Yes, by special request. You see it's an old favourite—always takes, even now. And when we're hard up for a draw we generally put it on. There's the panto. coming next week, and we wanted to get good houses if we could—people generally save up their money for that."

"Have you a dog in the piece?"

"Yes, a retriever. He's not very good at it, but he belongs to one of the crowd, and they've half trained him. He doesn't get much practice you see, for we don't often play such an old piece as the 'Faithful Friend.' May I ask why you inquired?"

"Well, I want you to do me a favour. Will you leave your half-trained retriever at home and take on an old performer who knows his part line for line?"

"I don't understand."

"Did you ever tour with the piece before?"

"Oh yes, I was with it from the beginning. I went out to America with 'A Faithful Friend,' and half round the world besides. But all my old crowd are scattered to the four corners of the earth. If you'll excuse my asking it, what *are* you driving at?"

"I happen to be living with one of the original cast—'crowd,' rather—that is all. Do you remember the mastiff?"

"Garrick! our old Garrick? You haven't got *him*? I thought he was dead years ago. Dear old boy! a real pro. he was—never happy off the



"WHEN THE LEADING LADY BROUGHT HIM ON WITH HER HAND ON HIS COLLAR THE HOUSE ROSE AND SHOUTED."—(p. 202.)

boards. The crowd ought to have got up a subscription for him when we broke up."

"He has been steadily breaking his heart since!" said emphatically.

"Ah! he always hated being 'out,'" said the manager complaisantly. "Didn't know what to do with himself in the evenings."

"He has not known that for five years!"

"Poor brute! I should be awfully pleased to see him again. Is he up to the work though, do you think? I expect he has forgotten."

"I don't think he has forgotten," I said slowly; "but he is getting very old and stiff. Suppose I bring him down to the theatre on Christmas Eve?"

"All right, and we'll have the retriever behind as understudy in case he does forget. Look here, you take the book and read him his cues, and you'll soon see if he remembers the business. It's all marked for you."

I took the book—and it was the dirtiest wreck of an acting edition that I ever saw—and drove home with a lighter heart than I had had for days. Garrick was lying before my study fire; he acknowledged my entrance with the rhythm of his thick tail on the floor, and I went up to him tingling with excitement.

"Garrick," I said, "it's Christmas time. And you're going to have the Christmas treat you would choose in all the world, old boy!"

And then I showed him the book.

We rehearsed most of the days that followed, and he looked after me with wistful eyes when I went out in the evening. I did not like to take him with me that first night, for he was very feeble, though he braced up at the first sight of the book and was ready for his cues. I wanted to see the play in case there was anything we had forgotten, for I meant him to be as perfect as ever—it would have broken his heart to play badly. I saw the performance that night, and the retriever, though a mere amateur whom Garrick would have scorned, gave me some notion of the work. By the appointed evening I had Garrick perfect, and wrapping him up in a blanket I put him into the

closed carriage I had hired, and we drove in to the theatre. He was quivering with excitement as we went through the stage door, and the stage manager cried over him when they met with the ready emotion of his class. None of the company besides knew him, but they had all heard his story and welcomed him back as if he had been a Bancroft. I left him in their care, his patient old eyes shining like a puppy's and his chest rising and falling with deep sighs of satisfaction, when I went round to the front of the house to see his performance.

And he rose to the occasion. From first to last he was an artist, and the house, catching some feeling of the sympathy in the air, cheered him to the echo. Before the last act the manager came before the curtain and told his story, and when the curtain finally fell the little provincial theatre had never heard such an ovation. It touched them more than all the sorrows of the heroine, or the noble sentiments of the hero, and as for the villain they forgot to hiss him. Garrick was the interest of the moment—it was his great hour and his crowning triumph. When he took his curtain call and the leading lady brought him on, with her hand

on his collar, the house absolutely rose and shouted. I looked at him across the footlights, his limbs strung up as tensely as in his prime, his great body held motionless before the applause, and his head lifted as I had never seen it. The full dark eyes looked upward round the house, and his tail gave one irrepressible wag. He knew it was all for him, and whatever happened now I felt consoled for him. Garrick and I were both satisfied.

There was some delay in getting out of the theatre—the crowd was jovial, and it was nearly midnight. As I came out of the vestibule to

walk round to the stage door I heard people wishing each other a "Merry Christmas," and a minute later the bells from a church near by struck up a peal simultaneously with the striking of the clock. I went in the stage door, and made my way round the wings. The curtain was down, but the side-



"GARRICK HAD MET THE HAPPIEST FATE HE COULD HAVE ASKED—TO DIE ON THE STAGE WHERE HE HAD PLAYED."—(p. 203.)

lights still flashed brightly on a crowd of people gathered round something on the stage."

Before they made way for me I knew how it was. It had been Garrick's last performance, and in the hour of his success and his satisfied desire he had met the happiest fate he could have asked—to die on the stage where he had played. They stood round him in silence, save for the sound of the women's crying, and I knelt down beside him and took his big noble head in my arms. All the strength of a few minutes since had gone out of his limbs, once the excitement was over. He had dropped down, and lay on his side breathing his life out gently, but when I spoke to him he lifted his head feebly and licked me,—it was his thanks

and acknowledgment for my agency in giving him what he wanted. I held him till the last slow breath, my hand on the old brown collar with its tributary inscription—

"Garrick. No. 1 Co. of 'A Faithful Friend.' On the Road."

When I laid him down the limelight man turned off the sidelights as quietly and respectfully as for a comrade. The stage door was open, and across the snowy world outside I could hear the Christmas bells ringing. They rang me no requiem, but a chant of praise to the God who has made a brute creation of which we know nothing. And I was not sorry, though I had lost a friend.



A DESIGN FOR A FLEMISH LACE FAN.

"THE GIRL'S REALM" NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

VIII.—A DESIGN FOR A FLEMISH LACE FAN.

ACTING on the suggestion of one of our readers, we are giving this month a design for a lace fan. Since the original design here given is especially intended to be wrought in Flemish lace, our readers cannot do better than refer to Miss Hadley's excellent article on the making and working of that lace in the November number of *THE GIRL'S REALM*.

On the one half of the fan design the pattern is indicated in outline only; on the other each object is filled in with the stitches so ably explained by Miss Hadley in the article referred to. The strawberries are intended to be worked with "Genoa" stitch, the leaves with "filling-in stitch," and budding stems with "cross-bar stitch."

After a careful perusal of Miss Hadley's "lesson," the working for this fan should be easily accomplished.

A clear outline is half the battle. Mr. Ainsworth, who has originated this design for us, will trace the pattern in full size on glazed calico for a moderate fee. His address is 4, Campden House Terrace, Kensington, W.

THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD—VII.



From a drawing by F. Y. Cory.

TO BE DRAGGED IGNOMINIOUSLY TO BED WHEN ONE'S ELDER SISTER IS HAVING
AN EVENING PARTY,

SIX FANCY DRESSES MADE AT HOME.

BY THE HON. MRS. MONTAGU
FORBES.

Illustrated by ELSA HAHN.



"HURRAH! here is the invitation to the Lutterell's dance."

"Not really?"

"Do let me see."

"I was so dreadfully afraid we were not going to be asked."

These exclamations came from a group of girls, six in number, who were gathered together in an eager cluster, their bright eyes fixed expectantly upon the eldest and more composed of them as she leisurely examined the card in her hand.

"The Misses Wrottesley," she began; "(Do you think that means three of us or only two?) 'Mrs. Lutterell at home, Wednesday, January 4th, 10 o'clock. Dancing. R.S.V.P. Fancy dress.' Oh! dear," in tones of dismay, "girls, what shall we do? I don't think we can afford new dresses."

"I cannot," said Isobel Wrottesley. "I have spent every penny of my last quarter's allowance and can get nothing more till April. A new dress is out of the question for me."

"And I am deeply in debt," said Rose Lindsey, looking wistfully at the card.

"I know that we are to be asked, for Mrs. Lutterell told mother so; but oh! I wish we were not obliged to go in fancy dress. I am sure father will be vexed at my owing so much money, and I *do* so want to go to the dance."

"Oh, Marjory," said Kitty, "could not we *possibly* manage to go?"

"I was just wondering," said Agnes Lindsey, speaking now for the first time. "I was wondering if we could make our dresses at home, out of things we have got already. It seems to me that if we were to put our heads

together we could think of something which would not cost much money, perhaps none at all."

"Then you think we can go after all? Oh! you clever, nice, kind Agnes," cried Kitty ecstatically.

"You will have to be industrious, Kitty," said Agnes, laughing, "if you mean to make your dress yourself. What do you say, girls, shall we try and make our costumes at home?"

"If you think we can," Marjory began, hesitatingly, only to be silenced by her more enthusiastic younger sisters.

"Of course we will," Isobel said decidedly.

"We will all set to work together, and I vote, to begin with, that we put Agnes into the chair and make her commander-in-chief of our operations."

"And I second the motion," chimed in Mabel Winteringham, who had also been invited, but had hesitated to incur the expense of a new gown.

Marjory, Isobel and Kitty Wrottesley were the daughters of a clergyman whose small income was crippled by a large family of boys, whose maintenance, education and settlement in life were a perpetual anxiety to their father; thus the sum of money that he was able to set aside for his daughters' dress allowances was so small that those who were in the secret wondered that the girls managed to dress on it at all, much less to be daintily and freshly turned out as they always were.

Little wonder, then, that the prospect of buying new dresses for one night's amusement filled the girls with dismay, or that they welcomed the suggestion that these could be managed for little or no expense.

These six costumes turned out on the eventful day to be amongst the prettiest and most successful in the room, and it has occurred to me that there may possibly be some readers of THE GIRL'S REALM who will like to hear how they were contrived.

The first thing the Wrottesleys did was to look over the resources in hand. Agnes made a careful examination of the things they possessed before making any suggestions as to the character each girl should represent.

"You shall be a White Witch, Kitty," she decided; selecting as she spoke a white silk petticoat, white bell bodice, and soft chiffon fichu from the heap of garments laid out for her inspection. "You, Isobel, shall be a gipsy fortune-teller; this bright-coloured silk handkerchief will suit your dark hair. We can easily shorten your yellow silk skirt, and I have a red cloak at home which is just the very thing.

"You, Marjory, because you are so tall and stately, must be a Queen of some sort. You must wear a crown—how would the Queen of Hearts do for you?"

"Not for worlds," cried Marjory indignantly. "I should never have the effrontery to appear in such a character."

"And yet it is the very thing for this old white satin of yours," sighed Agnes. "Do be Queen of Hearts, Marjory, the red and white will suit you so well."

In the end Marjory allowed herself to be overruled; and the stately Queen of Hearts, in her white and crimson

robes, was one of the most admired guests at Mrs. Lutterell's ball.

Of the other costumes, Rose elected to appear as her name flower, Mabel Winteringham, arrayed in an "In croyable" costume, and Agnes called herself her



"KITTY WAS PRETTILY ATTIRED AS A WHITE WITCH AND ROSE IN A DRESS THAT REPRESENTED HER NAME FLOWER."

great-grandmother, and the dress, though simple, was most becoming.

And now to give more minute details as to how the costumes were carried out. Marjory's white satin was merely a modern ball dress. Agnes arranged silver panels on either side of the front breadth of the skirt, making them wide at the foot and narrow at the waist, so that the front of the skirt was V shaped, the wider part of course being at the foot; this did away at once with the modern appearance of the dress, and as the panels were made only of silver paper pasted upon calico and sewn lightly on to the dress, they cost little, and were easily removed afterwards. The front of the dress was powdered with hearts cut out in red velvet, and arranged in graduated sizes, with the largest at the foot. The back of the bodice was made high with a piece of calico, and surmounted with a medici collar made of a small piece of lace wired, and the calico was hidden by a red mantle (composed of a silk shawl borrowed for the occasion, and lined with white wadding flecked with black to represent ermine); this hung from the collar to below the waist, thus concealing the back of the bodice. Marjory wore long hanging sleeves made of white butter muslin, fastened at intervals with small red hearts; the bodice of the dress was sprinkled with the same design, and outlined with tiny beads of silver, while on the shoulders were fixed upright two large hearts made of cardboard, covered with velvet. The girl carried a silver sceptre surmounted with yet another red emblem of power,

For head-dress Agnes made a circlet of cardboard and silver paper, supporting five hearts, cut out of cardboard and covered with red velvet, upon which had been sewn a powdering of silver sequins. On the night of the dance the girl-queen dressed her hair high, arranging only three long curls which fell on the neck, as in some old pictures; in addition to the coronet she wore a long white veil and feathers, arranged as a court head-dress.

Isobel's gipsy dress was easier to manage. She had only to shorten the plain yellow silk skirt and sew round the hem a border of playing-cards surmounted by various cabalistic signs cut out in black velvet to represent the magic art by which she foretold the future. A high black velvet band was laced across the front over a white cotton blouse which was worn with the collar turned in and finished with a gay-coloured scarf knotted loosely in front. From her shoulders the red cloak hung, while in her dark hair she wore the bright red and yellow handkerchief on to which had been sewn a bordering of quaint gold coins.

Kitty's costume was contrived from an ordinary white silk petticoat which, being shorter and much fuller than a dress, was most suitable to the character she represented. Elbow sleeves were added to the white bodice and a full



"MARJORY MADE A STATELY QUEEN OF HEARTS,"

front of white chiffon, over which was arranged a white silk lace crossed backwards and forwards to look as though the bodice was laced together; the top was softened with a chiffon fichu. A short white silk cloak hung suspended from one shoulder, made from a couple

of yards of white pongee silk, lined with sateen. This silk was the only thing Agnes found necessary to buy for the dress. A white owl made from tissue paper was worn upon the shoulders and mystic signs cut out in silver paper were arranged upon the skirt. The hair was of course worn powdered. The high-peaked hat—the historic head-gear of a witch—was made of cardboard covered with white sateen and ornamented by a white paper snake twisted round the high crown. The broom-stick carried by the young witch, was composed of white goose

way down the skirt at the back. The lapels were faced with white silk and the coat finished with large mother-of-pearl buttons; the sleeves had large turned-back cuffs with lace ruffles at the wrists, and the loose front was made of white chiffon with a small *directoire* lace tie. A pretty finish was a gold fob chain with a large bunch of seals hanging from it, together with a very tall white stick and a single eyeglass hanging from a slender gold chain. The eyeglass and seals were borrowed for the occasion, but the stick was made at home from a piece of bamboo cut the required length, painted white with Aspinall's enamel, and finished at the top with a bunch of scarlet ribbons. Mabel made the hat from a buckram shape cut and bent into the required three-cornered form, then covered neatly with black velvet, and finished with a couple of scarlet and white rosettes, and she wore her hair powdered and tied up with black ribbon, after the manner of old-fashioned pigtails.

Agnes herself wore merely a white muslin dress (the modern narrow skirt is well suited to this purpose if cut to the same length all the way round), but the appearance of the bodice was materially altered by the addition of a very high black velvet waist-band, and a large white chiffon fichu fastened with a couple of pink roses in front; the sleeves were cut to the elbow and finished with a chiffon frill and, of course, mittens were worn instead of gloves; a small black silk bag and a bunch of keys hanging from the waist completed a very picturesque costume. Few would have recognised the muslin dress which had done duty all last summer.

Agnes wore her hair powdered, with long curls falling on the neck in front, and the large black velvet hat was set rather far back on the head, showing the hair which was dressed high over a cushion in front.

The wearers of these six fancy dresses enjoyed their ball none the less because of the trouble they had taken beforehand; indeed, the elation which comes with success added not a little to their enjoyment.



"ISOBEL WAS A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER."

feathers fastened securely to the silver handle.

The other girls were willing to spend a little money upon their dresses, and as material could be bought it was easier to contrive their costumes. Rose's dress was made of three shades of pink batiste cut in the shape of enormous petals, and arranged one above the other, the lightest shade, of course, at the top. A pale green satin evening bodice, which she already possessed, formed a most suitable finish to the flower, especially when trimmed with sprigs of artificial rose foliage. The head-dress was made of the pink material wired in the shape of an upturned rose, the stalk being covered with green sateen.

Mabel's "Incroyable" costume turned out to be the most elaborate and difficult to arrange; she was fortunate, however, in possessing a clever maid, who undertook the cutting out and actual dressmaking. The gown, when finished, was certainly picturesque and uncommon. The white satin skirt was rather narrow and straight all round (in this case it was an old one remodelled), and the coat, which was made of scarlet Liberty satin, was cut with wide lapels, and very long coat-tails reaching half-



"AGNES CALLED HERSELF HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER."



Miss Hadley's Needlework Lessons.

SECOND LESSON: NEEDLE POINT LACE.

1. Point de Sorrento—
Two Stitch or Double Line
Stitch : After the loops are
formed from left to right the
thread is carried back to the
left in a straight line, then
two loops are made in each
single loop, taking in the
line. This is done in every
loop. Then another line is
crossed from right to left and
the working stitch is begun
as in the preceding line,
two stitches in each loop.
Duplicate this until the space
is filled.

2. Point d'Angleterre :
The threads are carried at
regular intervals across the
space and worked back or
twisted. Cross lines are

similarly formed at right angles to these. Work a small
rosette on every spot where two lines cross by working
under and over the two lines six or eight times or as
many times as may be necessary. When one line is com-
plete another row of squares may be formed in this way.



WORKING PATTERN OF BERTHA WITH BRAIDS PARTLY BASTED.

The pattern is stamped on blue material, and is backed with cloth or heavy paper to stiffen and preserve the shape in working.

IN needle point the braids used are sheer and narrow, allowing as many stitches to be placed in the piece as possible. The best of linen material only should be used.

In basting braid to the pattern make it go as far as possible without cutting. Frequent joins will be necessary in any point lace. These should be done neatly. Baste with fine thread to prevent injuring the texture of braid, and make short stitches. In joining, the ends of the braid should be folded over before basting. It need not all be basted before the stitches are begun ; a part of that may be finished later. If the braid on curves or abrupt turns does not lay perfectly smooth on the pattern it should be overhanded and drawn into place.

Two or three sizes of thread are required—fine thread for overhanding or whipping, a finer for the lace stitches, and heavier for the background stitch. The foundation for working all the fine point lace stitches is a single row of loops or the Brussels stitch. This should be worked from left to right, taking in the merest edge of the braid. The four stitches used in the bud are ;—



A FLOWER, BUD AND OTHER FIGURES.

It requires eight different stitches to complete this section of the design, besides the groundwork stitch.



OF THE BUDS.

It includes four of the stitches used in this design.

then carried over and under several times round, leaving a hole or opening in the centre. Buttonhole the edge of the centre to form a ring or wheel.

4. Point d'Alençon or Double-Point Bars: Pass the thread back and forth in space to form a footing for the stitches, then come back over the lines, working three

3. Rose Point Lace Wheel: Either five, seven or nine lines are made by putting the needle in the edge of the braid and winding the thread two or more times around the needle and drawing up to form a loop. Repeat until all the lines or loops are finished. The thread is

or four button-hole stitches on each wide space of the stitch. Work these back and forwards on top of the lines already formed, making a diagonal pattern.

One style of stitch is used throughout the pattern for the background. A single thread is crossed from left to right of the space. It is then twisted back to, say, its centre, and secured with a loop knot.

To form the little picot, make three single stitches in this loop, securing with a knot. The thread should then be twisted over the single line to its end. Repeat these lines until the space is filled. Two or more picots are made on each thread if its length permits.

The body of the flower illustrated is worked entirely with the Church stitch. Make four rows of close loops after directions given for the Point de Sorrento stitch, and with no spaces between. Then make a row of open loops, twisting the thread back and spacing for another four rows of loops. Continue till complete.

To finish the edge of the bertha use a fancy loop, made with single buttonhole in edge of braid, containing three single stitches and a knot to secure. This is worked closely around the outer edge.

After the work is removed from the pattern, to give a raised effect extra braid is gathered quite closely and sewed to the outline of the flowers as shown.



SMALL PART OF DESIGN FINISHED.

Showing method of applying shirred or gathered braid to outline of flower.



COMPLETED BERTHA IN NEEDLE POINT LACE.

This is the second of a course of six lessons in needlework which Miss Hadley, whose fame as an artist with the needle is world-wide, is contributing to THE GIRL'S REALM.

The Literary Page.

By ALICE CORKRAN.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

CHRISTMAS Carols, as Jeremy Taylor tells us, begin with Christmas night itself, for it was on the night of the nativity of the Blessed Babe that the heavens grew full of light, and earth was filled with the divine song of the minstrel angels. The shepherds watching their flocks by night heard the holy carol filling the great spaces above, and the burden of the song was, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." If we turn to our dictionaries we find that the word carol means *cantare*, "to sing," and *ol*, "an exclamation of delight." It is a song of happiness of all upon the earth at Christmastide, the simple song of folk rejoicing at the awful mystery that filled with joy the herald angels.

There used to be carols for every season of the year, for Christmas Day, for Midsummer Day, for Easter Day, for May Day, but little by little the carols became connected with Christmastide alone. It is thought that the habit of carol-singing began when the humble folk ceased to understand Latin, and chanted sacred ditties in the vulgar tongue. In the old times the bishop stood up amongst his clergy to sing a carol, and there is, in the British Museum, one dated the fourth century by Aurelius Prudentius, the words of which are all Latin. Somewhat later we find that the carol was often accompanied with dancing, for we are told that "many performers joined hands, and formed a ring, and sang as they went round." Early in the fourteenth century we have the old mystery plays with songs of sacred meaning introduced. Thus in the play of the shepherds that used to be represented at Coventry, humble herdsmen were seen tending their flocks, quarrelling and jesting among themselves, and just when their mirth was at the highest and roughest, heavenly forms appeared, filling the air with ineffable grace, and the night became melodious as the angels sang *Gloria in Excelsis*.

The carols were not written down, but handed down orally; this accounts for the variation in the text that exists in different localities, and for the impossibility of finding out who composed them. The first collection that can be traced is dated 1521. It was made by Wynkyn de Worde. In it is found a carol that has little to do with religious ecstasy, and which is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, at the Christmas high festival, as they bring in the boar's head. It is said to have been composed in memory of a student who, on Christmas morning, was on his way to church, and who was attacked by a wild boar in the forest of Shotover. As he had no weapon with which to defend himself, the learned youth had recourse to a volume of Aristotle, which he jammed down his antagonist's throat. He went to his devotions, but returning the way he had come, he found the dead boar, and, cutting off its head, sent it to his college. Ever since the carol has been sung—

"The boar's head in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you to sing merrily,
Quai estis in convivio."

One of the most popular carols still sung to-day, and which in the seventeenth century was hawked about by ballad singers, and printed in the "Seven Dials sheet," has an origin lost in the antiquity.

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day."

The same may be said of the Nowell chaunt. In France, carols are called Noël's, after the *natalis*, the peal of bells still rung in the Languedoc, on Christmas Eve at midnight. And still, as in the old, old time, we sing the beautiful old Christmas song as the peasants and lords had sung it long ago.

"The first Nowell the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel."

Also vanished is the origin of the old Norman song, "The Holly and the Ivy."

The lovely carol known as "The Three Ships" is very old; we cannot fix the date when it first began to be sung in cottage and castle. There is a delightful MS. in the British Museum of the time of Henry VI., wherein St. Stephen is represented bringing a capon on a dish to King Herod, whose clerk he is. Suddenly the Saint sees the star of Bethlehem shining in the heavens, and he tells the King he must forsake him to go and see the child born in the "Faire cittie." To prove the truth of his assertion he declares that the bird lying on the dish will get up and crow; and the ballad tells that—

"The capon crew, 'Christus natus est'—
Among the lords all."

The legend of the cherry tree bending down to the Virgin Mary so that she may pluck of the fruit thereof for her child, has been made the subject of a sweet and picturesque chaunt, sung for centuries. A carol written by Luther for his little boy Hans, aged five, is still sung before daybreak on Christmas Day from the dome of the Kreuzkirche at Dresden.

Herrick wrote in the seventeenth century his beautiful "Star Song," in praise of the star that hung over the manger. Bishop Hall also wrote carols about that time. These are but a few examples culled from the rich literature that sprung about the holy season. I can only indicate a few of the more modern carols the quaint melodies of which sweeten the Christmas season. First comes John Wesley's hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," set to Mendelssohn's glorious music, and that other beautiful song by Nahum Tate, "When Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night." In the eighteenth century John Byrom wrote the Christmas carol that is so dear to many of us, "Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn." And nearer to our day, John Mason Neale wrote "Good King Wenceslas," founded upon an old legend.

In Scotland there is no trace of carols, the singing of which was prohibited by John Knox.

I want the First Class (16 to 25) to write me a paper of some 750 words, on some of the old carols and songs that celebrate the Nativity; and I want the Second Class (under 16) to write about 500 words concerning favourite chaunts—what it is they like in them, and why they like it. In the First Class the prize will be half-a-guinea and in the Second Class five shillings. Twenty portfolios of the beautiful Longfellow drawings, for framing will be awarded as extra prizes. The papers should be addressed "Literary Page," THE GIRL'S REALM, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C., and should reach me not later than December 20th.



My CHAT WITH THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

By ALICE CORKRAN.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—Your letters are pleasant to get. They tell me of your doings, of those of your friends, of your hopes, your fears, and I welcome them all. Some of you ask me questions difficult to answer. Others have asked me to put their questions as problems to the readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM*. The letter of "Phyllis" that comes all the way from Australia contains a vital problem which I am glad to place before you for discussion. "Phyllis" neither wishes her name nor her address to be given, but I do not think I am breaking her confidence by telling you that her letter comes from the great continent in another hemisphere.

"One of my friends has got into trouble, and I do not know whether the course she has adopted is right. I want to see what the readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM* think. I am very worried about it, can you help me? It cannot be undone now, I am afraid, but I should be so glad to know she has not done wrong. She has a sister younger than herself, and very delicate, whom she has supported for several years. But lately the means of support failed, they were far away from all their friends, and besides, I don't think she would have let us know even if she had been here. Her sister was in need of all sorts of comforts (I think really she is very selfish and a great strain on her elder sister, who is devoted to her). Well, there was a man, and he asked my friend to be his wife. She did not know anything about him and did not love him at all, but her sister was in need. The man was willing that the sister should live with them. He was a rich squatter, a rather rough sort of man. She married him, entering into it as a sort of bargain. He knew why she did it. But the question is, was she right? I am afraid she will be dreadfully unhappy. She is a girl with very high ideals."

The problem, you see, amounts to this—Is a girl justified in marrying a man she does not love in order to give a home to her sister? No girl, I hold, is justified in marrying a man she does not love under any circumstances

whatever. She swears at the altar to love, to honour and to obey, and if she has any doubt in her heart as to the possibility of fulfilling any of these obligations, she should not take them on herself. It is easy enough to plead as an excuse that she had a good reason for so doing. Many girls have married, before Phyllis's friend, for their father's or for their mother's sake; because their home life was a narrow one, because they wanted a larger outlook, and to be their own mistress; fully resolving at the time to do their duty towards their husband, to be faithful to him, to be his comrade, to attend to his comforts, and yet they have failed because the supreme condition of the engagement was lacking: they did not love him. The chain of obedience proved too heavy for them to carry, it chafed them beyond endurance. The sense of honour became one of lip honour. They had deliberately set themselves to increase the misery of the world, and the burden was heavier than they had thought it would be. Often, also, they put themselves in temptation, instead of shunning it. Phyllis's friend has decided upon her own lot. The situation she found herself in was, I admit, a difficult one to face. To see a younger and a dear sister suffer is hard to bear. The decision she took was in a measure disinterested. She did at any rate the best thing she could do, she told her future husband that she did not love him, and for what reason she allied herself to him. Did it never occur to both of them that the woman to whom he was about to give his name, to confide his honour, to endow with his wealth was doing him a great injury, and that he accepted the consequences thereof? They both, as it were, gaily leapt into the unknown. They joined hands over the inevitable. A moment before the clergyman had uttered the fateful words that declared them man and wife they were free; the next moment they were bound together for the term of their natural life. Whatever be the consequences of this marriage, whether something like love will grow up in the girl's heart, whether little children may bind the two together by a link of common interest, the risk they have run is incalculable, and nothing can make the situation a right one, or a just one.

I would advise you all, whatever happens, never to let

yourselves been trapped into a loveless marriage. You may never marry at all, your life may be a difficult one, but at any rate you will feel that you have never done a man the irreparable injury of giving him a wife without the first condition that ensures happiness. Will you answer this question of "Phyllis" and after due consideration will you tell her what you think of the act of her friend?

"RENA" writes: "I am nearly 'grown up.' I hate it for some things, and I am impatient to be grown up for others. I have lived in the country all my life, and I have had delightful times with picnics and rides, I have had dances, but they are mostly country dances, that are sorts of romps. Next year I shall have to put up my hair, and come up to town; I shall wear low dresses and go round and round sedately with my partner at balls. I do not know what I shall do. The thought of it sometimes fills me with fright. I have never been about; I have not been to school, and I have no brothers or sisters, and my mother is too great an invalid to chaperon me. I wonder if other girls feel like me. Do you mind asking them if they mind feeling 'grown up'?"

"I loathed it," said Carrie, who was helping me with my letters, and unto whom I showed Rena's letter. "It was a horrid nuisance. To dance made me feel hot and the low dresses were an abomination. But before I knew how it had come about, I found myself liking it. I enjoyed talking to men and women. I saw things in a broader light. It was a larger life I had entered into. I was devoted to animals. It was a pain to leave my old dog, Jack, every time I went out to a dinner party, or to a dance, but Jack had to take a secondary place when I began to enjoy the larger world, with all its living interests, its keener pleasures and disappointments, its bigger ideas. No, no! tell Rena to take up heart. It is the newness of the idea that terrifies her, just as we shiver at the thought of a cold bath. There is nothing the matter with the bath; it is only the first plunge that we dread."

Carrie has answered Rena. It is the thought of the new world that she is about to enter that frightens her. To young girls, first stepping into the confusion, the light air, the clever chatter of society, the experience, is bewildering. They can hide so little of what they feel; you can almost count their heart-beats by the flushes those thrillings and pulsations send to their cheeks. But there is a secret enjoyment even in the bewilderment; and I have known young girls who have stepped trembling on the brink of the new experience, grow so absorbed, so intoxicated by its strange fascination as to seem under a spell. It is difficult for them to keep their heads cool in the enchanting whirl. They lose their reckoning, and cannot distinguish the paths that lead, one to the dissipation of the spirit, the other to a higher standpoint from which they will behold life more clearly, and which will lead them to wisdom. Meanwhile, Rena is still in the schoolroom, preparing for the day when she will enter the new conditions. Much may be done

in that last year of seclusion and study. She may cultivate tastes that will stay with her through life, and develop interests that will not desert her in the din of society's manifold distractions.

"VODKA" is somewhat dispirited, and her letter has in it a tinge of discouragement. "Do you not feel," she writes, "the incongruity of the world? how its simplicity, its holiness, seem to be dreams of the years long past? I hate pessimism, and I do not mean to be pessimistic, but I do not feel at all sure that the progress of to-day is progress at all. May it not be the direct opposite? May it not be retrogression? What does the world mean by Progress? Wealth! It is not progress, but destruction. I do not think that to-day the way of living, in this nation and all nations, can stand the test of God's commandment." "Vodka" looks round and does not see a painter to be compared with the painters whose works are to be seen in the National Gallery or in the Tate Gallery. Nor does she see a poet to-day who can hold his own with the poets of the years gone by. Dear "Vodka," this is taking too severe a view of the present. In every age we have periods when the genius of the nation seems in abeyance, but that does not mean that the inspiration that blows down from Heaven's gate upon it has ceased to blow. There is a lull in the noble aspirations of man, but his spirit is divine, and he must soon grow weary of the frivolities with which he has sought to satisfy himself. Already I detect the young taking more serious views of life. You ask me to tell you what my girl correspondents like, what they ask for? In all those who write to me I find the same eager spirit for tasting and touching the best that life can give them. The rich girls are mindful of their poorer sisters, the poor are full of hope to cast their lives into channels that may be of use to others. There is no lack of fine purpose actuating them. This age may fail in much that conduces to art and poetry, but it has the love of humanity at heart. All its great spirits are absorbed in the thought of what will help to lighten the burden of the poor, and in devising means to give them a fairer and a larger share of life's bounty.

I have space but to answer one letter more. "Autumn" tells me that her ideal "is to go in for farming," but that she must earn her own living; "so I fear it is impossible. Is farming for girls anything but a pleasure?" An article on farming for girls is being prepared to appear in an early number of THE GIRL'S REALM. "Autumn" will find there her question answered more fully than I can answer it. Her ideal is a delightful, open-air one. I can imagine nothing more appealing than a tramp in the early morning among the growing things and the dear dumb beasts, but it will be hard work, I know, to make the two ends meet in the practical, hard life of a farmeress.

I must let my other letters remain over till next month. Good-bye, my dear girls. This is the Christmas number, and so I wish to each one of you, and to all those you love, a very happy Christmas.



From a drawing by ANGUSINE MACGREGOR.



The
Spirit
of
Winter.

BY B. OFFOR.



Daughters of President and Premier.

Miss Alice Roosevelt and
Miss Mary Seddon.



ALICE ROOSEVELT WHEN SHE WAS
A SCHOOL-GIRL.

I.—ALICE ROOSEVELT. By CLIFFORD
HOWARD.

ALICE ROOSEVELT, the daughter of the President of the United States, is a typical American girl in the best sense of the term: modest, self-reliant, democratic. Pleasant, indeed, are her charming freshness, her youthful enthusiasm and her girlish love of life and pleasure. She is gracefully slender and a little below the medium height, with clear-cut, regular features, soft blue eyes, and a fair complexion, crowned with a wealth of wavy, light-brown hair.

Miss Roosevelt is eighteen years old. She was born on the eleventh of February, in the year 1884, in a roomy old-fashioned house at 6, West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. The child was destined never to know her mother, for three days after Alice's birth—on the fourteenth of February, 1884—the young wife



MISS ROOSEVELT IN HER COMING-
OUT GOWN.

passed away. It is a singular coincidence that as she lay ill in one room the aged mother of the future President was ill in an adjoining room in the same house. Both wife and mother died within a few hours of each other on the same day in the same house, and were buried from the same church at the same hour two days later.

The President's first wife was Miss Alice Hathaway Lee, of Boston, a daughter of Mr. George C. Lee, a member of one of Boston's oldest families. Alice was named after her mother.

The present gracious mistress of the White House is the second wife of the President. She is the only mother Alice has ever known, and it was under her tender and loving care the girl grew up and received her training. Never for a moment has Alice been allowed to feel that she is not in every way co-partner with her sister and brothers in the wealth of mother-love that makes the Roosevelt family an ideal household.

In person this most-talked-of young lady in America to-day is said to resemble her mother's family, from whom she inherits a strain of sturdy Puritan blood. But to the average acquaintance she seems to possess many of the personal as well as mental attributes of her father. Her colouring is almost an exact reproduction of his, while in disposition she is

warm-hearted, impulsive and demonstrative. Although she is slight—and in this respect differs from her father—she possesses an erectness and suppleness of body that betoken vigorous health and good physical training, which qualities manifest themselves in her fondness for outdoor exercise and all forms of wholesome athletic sport.

Horses and dogs are loved by every member of the Roosevelt household, from the greatest to the least. Miss Roosevelt's special pet is a black-and-tan dog which revels in the undisturbed possession of all canine privileges in the living-rooms upstairs, and accompanies his mistress on many a long walk or drive over the city. Miss Roosevelt's saddle-horse is a beautiful animal, and she rides, like the President himself, as if she thoroughly enjoyed every moment on her mount.

In speaking of her once to a friend the President said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skee, shoot—though

she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has enough of it to keep her well."

The outdoor country life at Oyster Bay, the Roosevelts' private home, is largely responsible for the absolutely healthy and natural tastes, habits and aspirations that make Alice Roosevelt the typical American girl of good health and sane ideas. Most of her life has been spent at Oyster Bay, which has always been regarded as home by the Roosevelt children, no matter where they have happened to live from time to time as the result of their father's various official positions. There, surrounded by a circle of family connections, together with many friends of their own social station, and many more recruited from the plainer walks of village life, Alice Roosevelt has



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT.
The youngest son of the President.

learned the true meaning of fraternity, hospitality and good-fellowship.

In no sense has her elevation to the highest rank of American society brought with it any change in her affections. She never waits for any special attention to be paid her as the



QUENTIN AND A LITTLE FRIEND, THE SON OF THE WHITE HOUSE STEWARD.

President's daughter. She entered into all the gaieties of the past season with the natural joyousness of the *débutante*, and did not in any way separate herself from the other young girls who were also having their first season.

Miss Roosevelt has an excellent knowledge of French and speaks the language with much naturalness. The artistic side of her temperament shows itself not only in a more than average ability as a pianist, but also in a decided talent for painting. This talent on her part finds expression in dainty water-colour sketches, which are among the most prized gifts that some of her more intimate friends possess.

Her time at home is occupied much in the same manner as that of any other girl of similar domestic environment. The mornings are given to leisure and reading and outdoor recreation, interspersed with piano practice, the writing and answering of letters, and such other occupations as naturally fill the time of a bright and energetic American girl. As a matter of course, her afternoons and evenings are devoted almost entirely to her social engagements.

While her father's associations have naturally brought her in contact with distinguished men of varied gifts and attainments she has ever had but one ideal of manhood, and in her father this ideal finds its complete realisation. Since her babyhood he has been her idol; and in turn she has been to him not only a cherished daughter, but also a comrade and intimate companion. It is owing to this strong desire of the President to have his children about him in the few leisure

moments of his busy life that Alice was never permitted to go to boarding-school, the mere suggestion of such a course years ago receiving the prompt veto of her father.

The President's literary productions are as much a source of pride to his daughter as are



THE BEST PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

his brilliant political achievements. Her own enviable position as daughter of the President of the United States appeals less to her than her father's honour and dignity.

There is no task that the servants of the White House would not perform to please Miss Roosevelt. The only trouble they say is that

she so rarely asks a service from them that it is hard for each one to get a turn. There are always four or five doorkeepers or ushers at the White House doors. They are changed three times in the twenty-four hours. Miss Roosevelt is a prime favourite with them all, and it is such an unusual occurrence for her to ask them to carry a message that when she does do so the men scramble for the honour. On festive occasions during the season she asked their advice as to the best or easiest way to get round the house, so as to cause the least disturbance among the throngs who were at the moment the guests of her father and mother.

II.—MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER CHILDREN.

MR. JACOB A. RIIS, a friend of the Roosevelt family, contributes to *THE GIRL'S REALM* this eloquent sketch of their public and private life.

Happily, there is an hour in the White House when even postmasters cease from troubling, and the President is allowed to become again husband, father and playmate of his little ones—hardly a quiet hour, that last, as the echoes of the old mansion would bear witness could they be called in evidence.

As mistress of the White House Mrs. Roosevelt has won the hearts of everybody,

and the secret of it, I am persuaded, is as much in her love for her husband that grasps his work with level comprehension—seeking to be truly a helpmeet to him—as in her own genuine interest in the duties devolving upon the President's wife. Easy they are not, these duties. I fancy they would tax the energies of many a less even-tempered woman. Mrs.

Roosevelt, while neglecting none of them, finds time still for the companionship with husband and children, which is, after all, the chief end of her life. It may truly be called well-ordered, whether at Washington, Albany or Oyster Bay, and it is well for the public man of whose home life that can be said.

The White House keeps early hours. Unless some dinner-party or public function keeps it later than usual it is safe in dream-land before midnight—all but the President himself, who must needs steal an hour if he can for

the country's business when it demands it, though all the world be asleep.

The robins stirring early in the branches of the old trees have never long to wait for the children's good-morning. At a quarter past eight—punctuality is the rule of the house, as indeed it needs to be—breakfast is ready, and the day is begun with dignified ceremonial by Quentin, who "scorts" the President down



ETHEL ROOSEVELT, ALICE'S STEP-SISTER, IS THE DEAR LITTLE HAUS-FRAU OF THE FAMILY.



MRS. ROOSEVELT, THE

WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.

stairs with a tune on the mechanical piano, to which his father is expected to keep step as he descends. Quentin is four years old, and his rule is disputed only by his mother and his nurse. When I add that the nurse was Mrs. Roosevelt's in her babyhood it will be understood that this last is not often.

The breakfast is the one meal of the day at which the family are together. Once in a while Miss Alice takes her mother's place and stoutly refuses to make the President's coffee. She knows better, she says, and he assents with a laugh. Perfect equality on the basis of perfect trust between parents and children is a distinguishing trait of the family. Rarely a stranger comes to this meal, where all other formality except such as is ordered by Quentin is laid aside. The great privilege was mine not long since, and in the course of a chat about the children's interests Mr. Roosevelt expressed the wish that he might have shown me

the kangaroo rat, one of the many pets of his boy Kermit.

"I have it in my pocket," spoke Kermit from his "place, and forthwith produced the little beast that hopped daintily across the table, now on two and again on three legs, to sniff inquir-

ingly at a piece of sugar held out to it by the President. When it had made its bow he pocketed it again, and it snuggled down contentedly.

In the morning, when the cards of visitors have been passed in review, and a list made up of those she wishes to see—for the first lady in the land does not call—Mrs. Roosevelt finds time, now and then, for a short ride, perhaps a little shopping, with the youngest two boys, Archie and Quentin. Archie goes to his public school in the afternoon. All the morning the two boys are privileged intruders upon their mother, except when on Tuesday she entertains the Cabinet ladies in the library. She is never in a hurry, and never too busy



ALICE ROOSEVELT IN HER FIRST VELVET VISITING DRESS.

to stop and hear their little stories of pleasure or childish trouble.

Mrs. Roosevelt believes in children owing their parents obedience, but she receives much more; their unbounded affection. Nothing is lost that is of value where Mrs. Roosevelt has the choice, for she is, above all, sensible and calm of judgment. She believes in the open air as a great educator, and in vigorous exercise — except, sometimes, when the baby ought to be sleepy, in the game of "bear."

I have a very vivid recollection of stealing upstairs with Mr. Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to have a look at the children, upon the express stipulation that he should not play "bear" with the baby; and of his guilty

look when, five minutes later, Mrs. Roosevelt opened the door upon a most tumultuous game, with the baby in wild ecstasies. I can see him now, stopped in the middle of the little Dutch ditty of which I never heard the end, handing over the child with an apologetic "Well, Edith! it was——". But he got no further. The situation was too much

for the gravity even of sternly offended motherhood.

It is a downright comfort to be able to pick a flaw in President Roosevelt under the guise of disinterested friendship. It is my deliberate opinion that he cannot sing. And he is not the fearless being he is generally supposed to be.

There is one thing in the world he is afraid of — Ted's macaw, with its jaws that suggest nothing so much as the shears they clip armour plate with in the Navy Yard. I do not fear contradiction on that point. He owns it. And so were we all afraid — all except Ted.

Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt home on the hilltop, is their sanctuary, the fireside to which they return, young and old, to renew their pact of mutual love and trust, and where the

outside world intrudes at its peril. Here they find one another after the busy day and its doings.

Ted is fourteen and is as like his father as two pins in his absolute fearlessness and occasional disregard of conventionalities when a direct point is to be gained. He it was who insisted on mounting "Texas," his father's war pony, when it was in a troublesome mood.



A GROUP OF THE YOUNG ROOSEVELTS.
Showing Alice, Ted, Kermit, Archie, Quentin, and little Ethel.

Being thrown, with cut and bleeding face he chased the horse, caught it and rode away, to return in the dusk of the evening with all the skittishness gone out of "Texas." And he it was, according to the story, which I cherish, who appeared at the inauguration of his father into the Vice-Presidency, arrayed in garments of three different shades, and, to his mother's look of amazed inquiry, broke into righteous protest.

"Now, mother, you know you wrote to put on the very best clothes I had; and these *are* the best: the best coat and the best trousers and vest, too."

I say I cherish it, for I can almost hear Mrs. Roosevelt sigh as the story records, "Oh, Teddy," and send him forth, since there was nothing else for it.

Ted is not afraid of his macaw, but puts his hand into its murderous bill with perfect unconcern. He is the third Theodore in line, and will some day serve his country well if heredity and character count for anything in this world.

It is an old observation that no two children are often alike in a large family. Kermit, whose name is of Manx origin, with the family trait of persistence strongly developed, is, nevertheless, as different from the others as can be. So, at least, he seems to me. He is the great patron of the pets that swarm about the White House, from the kangaroo rat in his pocket to the "gamecock and his wife" striding through the flower beds under the south windows as if they were theirs by right. His guinea-pigs at Albany, which he marshalled before the Governor and me in the sub-cellar while some distinguished statesmen were waiting for an audience upstairs, live yet in my memory, though not in the flesh. Their untimely death was not known in the Executive Mansion until they had been decently buried and mourned for some time. It is his way. When death claims his pets they silently disappear, and

inquiry concerning them is quietly discouraged by their master, who prefers to bear his grief alone.

Kermit is twelve and has just reached the stage of autograph collecting. It was with many misgivings that the family permitted him to take up this fad, fearing that he would make a trouble of himself to busy people. It is entirely safe to predict, however, that in twenty



ANOTHER EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

years Kermit will have one of the great autograph collections in the country. As with the pets, it is his way.

Archie is the handsome, affectionate little fellow whom everybody loves. When his swift little legs flash through the corridors of the White House the oldest doorkeeper thaws and smiles to think that spring has come. Archie is the sworn comrade of every policeman about the grounds. When not gardening with Quentin in the flower-bed under the East

Room windows, which has been appropriated to their exclusive use, he takes riding lessons on his pony that is just about of a size with a big dog, and looks as if it had come right out of a toy-shop. But Archie at Sagamore Hill, hatless, guiding a stalwart Rough Rider lieutenant through the twilight woods, telling him to follow his white head and not be afraid

of bogies—they won't hurt him—is to me a joy for ever.

Ethel, who is two years older than Archie, is, at ten, the dear little hausfrau of the family. She has the mother-heart. But though she loves her studies, and to call, quite in the formal style of the grown-ups, she is by no means backward in the family games.

A DAUGHTER of the COLONIES

A Talk with Miss Mary
Seddon,

The Daughter and Secretary of the New
Zealand Premier.

BY ALICE STRONACH.

"I LOVE England and the English people. We call it 'coming home,' you know, when we visit the Old Country."

The words sounded strangely, spoken as they were by one who looked a thorough English girl. Her bright face with its rose-leaf tints, the blue eyes, the wide forehead, the masses of real gold hair, and the frank, straightforward manner were those of the type of English girl of whom Old England is proudest. And in the wider sense of the word, the sense that includes the Britain over seas, she was English. For the words were spoken by Mary Seddon, English in name as in person and in character, the daughter, secretary, and general right-hand of that energetic statesman, the Hon. Richard Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, who was one of our most distinguished guests at the King's Coronation.

There was a note of regret in the Colonial girl's voice, for the Coronation was over, and the visit to the dearly-loved Motherland was



Photo. Gunn and Stuart.

MISS MARY SEDDON.

drawing to an end. Already "King Dick," his wife, and daughters were packing their trunks, saying their good-byes, and making ready to fly from the Hotel Cecil, which had been their home during their stay in London. Indeed, I had feared that I might be too late to capture the girl politician for a talk about her work, and it was welcome news to hear that she would see me. She was receiving a deputation. There would be tea as soon as the meeting was over. Would I wait and join them? was the message brought me.

While I waited, voices from the adjoining room assured me that the meeting, whatever its

object, was a friendly and informal one, for the speeches were punctuated with laughter. Then a door opened, and the deputation trooped in—ladies mostly, with one or two men who proceeded to hand round tea at the invitation of a young fair-haired lady. I guessed her to be the Colonial girl, about whose work the Editor of *THE GIRL'S REALM* had asked me to get some information for his readers. There was not time then for more than a cordial greeting from my hostess, and a word of explanation of my errand.

From some of the ladies present, with whom I chatted, I heard that the object of the deputation had been to ask Miss Seddon and her mother to help to organise a New Zealand branch of the Guild of Loyal Women who had undertaken the task of caring for the graves of their countrymen slain in the South African campaign. The deputees had carried their point: Mrs. Seddon had promised to be president of the branch, and Miss Seddon honorary secretary, until the enterprise should be fully launched.

"Miss Seddon is such a splendid worker, you know, and though she has already much on her shoulders, we feel this will be well done since she has undertaken it."

The look of enthusiastic affection with which the words were said, spoke volumes for the character and popularity of the young hostess. Evidently she was regarded as a tower of strength by her countrywomen when it came to an occasion for tact and business ability.

It was no small compliment to *THE GIRL'S REALM* that Miss Seddon should have made a special appointment for our talk, giving up the best part of the morning of a busy last day in London.

"My mother is not at all strong," she explained, "so my sister and I have to undertake most of her social duties."

"Then you are not an only daughter?" Through all the time of her father's visit I had somehow heard of only one Miss Seddon, who was her father's constant companion, and included in most of his many invitations.

"No, indeed. I am the fourth daughter. Two of my sisters are married. My unmarried sister, who is with us, is the home daughter.

She is much with my mother. I, you know, help my father with his secretarial work."

"Yes, so I have heard. I have heard, too, that you influence him a great deal; that, for instance, it is really to you that the women of New Zealand owe the suffrage."

"Who can have told you that?" The smile that accompanied the question told me that there was more than a little truth in the rumour. As we talked of matters political, I was more and more convinced that the charming girl who looked the antithesis of the traditional advocate of woman's rights counted for much in the politics of her country, and as an influence in her father's life. I learned from her much that was interesting about the laws and the lawmakers of New Zealand, and it was evident that Miss Seddon's chief interests centred round the somewhat curious-looking building, half stone, half wood, in which the New Zealand Parliament transacts its business. Judging from her answers to my questions, the women voters of New Zealand use their privilege wisely and well. So far, no woman has been returned for Parliament, but one township has a lady Mayor.

"To be secretary to a Prime Minister must be no easy task," I remarked.

"The correspondence is, of course, very heavy as a rule, and I also see a great many of the people who seek interviews with my father. Knowing his opinions and to a certain extent his plans, I am often able to tell them what they want to know, and in this way to save my father time and trouble."

"I expect you come in contact with all manner of interesting visitors," I remarked, remembering the prominent part the young lady politician had apparently taken in the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales in their visit to her country.

"Yes, I meet people from all parts of the world who come to see how we deal with our problems of state in our remote corner of the globe. My hours? Well, they vary, according to the work. I usually get down to Parliament Buildings—they are in the heart of Wellington, near the Post Office—about ten o'clock, and leave early or late in the afternoon, just as the work is finished. When an exciting debate is

on in the evening—and the exciting debates usually come off late—I go back.”

“You have a ladies’ gallery, I suppose?”

“Yes, but *minus* the grille. I’ve been behind your grille, in the House of Commons, but it is horrid. I could neither see nor hear. We treat our lady visitors better. There is a special gallery for the wives and other lady relatives of members, but besides that we have a large gallery for the public. No admission card is necessary for the afternoon debates, but you must have a member’s card to admit you to evening debates. Members of our Upper House and distinguished strangers are admitted to the floor of the house.”

Some remarks on the present burning question of education drew from Miss Seddon the interesting fact that, before becoming her father’s secretary, she had passed through the state schools of New Zealand first as a pupil, later as a teacher.

“I taught in our state schools for five years, and these were the happiest years of my life,” she said, with the enthusiasm that always betrays the born teacher.

The training of a New Zealand public school teacher, to judge from Miss Seddon’s account, seems to be very much the same as in England.

“I trained as a pupil teacher in a country school at Westland, South Island. I was fifteen when I began. Whose idea was it? Partly my own, partly my teacher’s. He thought I should make a good ‘school-marm.’”

We plunged into a comparison of experiences. When I mentioned a certain experiment in a tiny village school in one of the western isles of Scotland, it was my turn to be interviewed; for Miss Seddon had just returned from a visit to Inveraray Castle, full of enthusiasm for the Highlands, the Highlanders and all things Highland, including the music of the bagpipes. She had heard the pipes played by Miss Elspeth Campbell, the niece of the Duke of Argyll, whom she described as “a real Highland girl.”

“She is proud of her Highland ancestry as she well may be, and she knows all about the Highlands and the history of the clans. There is a stone at Inveraray I should like to own,” she went on, “for it is a bit of Scottish history.” She referred to a stone that stands in front

of the Castle, possibly a fragment of a Druidic circle or a souvenir of a battle fought there.

“But teaching in a Highland village school is very different from teaching in one of the big Board schools in town,” I remarked, as our talk turned back to a subject which we both found absorbing. “Do you know that side of the work at all?”

“I had some experience of that, too, in one of our city schools in Wellington. I taught a class of boys—I prefer boys as pupils, don’t you? Yes, they were fairly big boys, fourth standard, but I never had any trouble with them. I think a woman teacher can often get more influence over boys than a teacher of their own sex. Have we big classes? Fifty is about our maximum. Yes, many of our teachers in the state schools are graduates of our own colleges, and of course an English or Scottish degree ranks high with us. Our colleges and degrees are open to women equally as to men.”

“And your secondary schools? How are you off for these?”

“We have high schools which are much the same as yours. One of the best of these for girls is the Nelson College.”

“And your games and sports? Is the New Zealand girl as devoted to athletics as the modern English girl?”

“We played hockey, and even cricket. We—at least, I can speak for myself—love tennis and long walks in the country, and riding, horse-riding rather than cycling.”

One of a fairly big family of brothers and sisters, Miss Seddon had evidently had her share of romping and healthy outdoor exercise.

“The openings for women workers in my country? Well, very much the same as here,” she replied to a question from me. “Teaching—we have many women lecturers and professors—nursing, doctoring, authorship; yes, we have women journalists, and with us girls have equal chances with their brothers for appointments in the Post Office and other departments of the Civil Service.”

“And the woman’s club? Have you that modern institution in New Zealand?”

“Not yet to any great extent. In fact, the only woman’s club in New Zealand that I know personally, is at Wanganui, a little country

place. We have nothing like your Empress Club, your Women Writers', or your Pioneer," she added, speaking with enthusiasm of some of the women's clubs where she had been entertained during her visit to London.

In the gaieties of the memorable Coronation season to which our talk frequently turned, Miss Seddon and her sister, as their father's daughters, had enjoyed a Benjamin's portion, with places of honour at the Abbey, at the reviews, and all the notable state festivities. Of the reviews of the Colonial and the Indian troops held by the King after his recovery, the girl from Britain over seas spoke with warm enthusiasm as the finest and most impressive sights of all.

"It made us feel that the Colonies and the Motherland are really one though seas divide us. That, after all, is the one great lasting good result of that terrible war," she added. "It has drawn England and her Colonies more closely together."

"It must be a wonderful experience to a Briton born in the Colonies to come to London for the first time. I don't wonder that it has impressed you," I said, as I rose to go, wishing that time had not flown so quickly, for there was still so much that I longed to hear.

"Indeed it was, a wonderful experience. I shall never forget it. This is not my first visit, you know. I came over with my father for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, was in England for two months then, and ever since have been longing to come back, to come 'home' again."

"And now you must really leave us?"

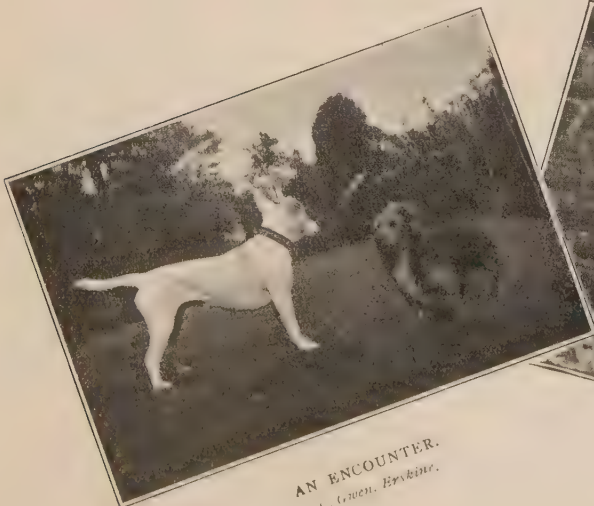
"Yes, alas!" The blue eyes were shadowed with genuine regret.

"Your photograph—may I have that? The readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM* will want to see it."

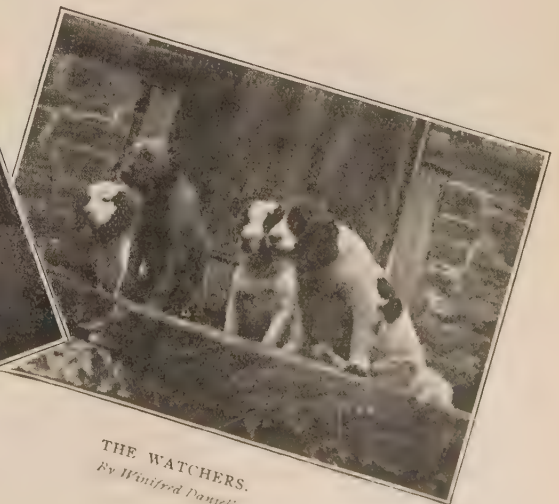
"I've just had some new pictures taken. You shall have one of them. We have *THE GIRL'S REALM* out in New Zealand. I have known and liked it for years. My home? No, I haven't a picture of that, and it will be too late when I get back there, I suppose?"

At the photographic studio in the hotel we parted, and my last glimpse of the daughter of "King Dick," as she ran off to attend to her many duties as secretary and right-hand of the busy statesman, was of a bright face crowned with golden hair, flitting like a sunbeam up the wide staircase.

ANIMAL PORTRAITS BY GIRL READERS.



AN ENCOUNTER.
By C. Owen, Exeter.



THE WATCHERS.
By Winifred Daniels.

A XMAS KIPPER



EDITH FARMILOE

I.

A COLD east wind swept down the street and a few grimy snow-flakes came whistling by in a tremendous hurry. Sammy drew up the collar of his old coat a little higher round his ears and put one bare foot on the other for warmth. He was scanning intently the notice of a Goose Club posted outside the "Blue Lion," and now and then smacking his lips.

So intent was he in this scrutiny that he didn't see a shambling figure with a baby coming towards him, and was only aware of its advent by an exceedingly dirty snowball catching him with some force on the side of the head.

"Ullo!" he said, angrily; but so engaging was the smile that met him that he was entirely disarmed.

"Only my fun," said a husky voice.

"I should tike care of it," he said drily, "or it'll be gettin' yer features altered one day, not," he added, judiciously, "as any change wouldn't be for the better."

"Garn," the newcomer answered, good temperedly, as she shifted her baby from one arm to the other. "Bit parky, ain't it?"

"Nothink to speak of," the boy replied, but

his blue nose belied him. There was silence for a moment while the newcomer came and read over his shoulder.

"Sort o' reads tasty," she observed at length. "P'raps you'll drop in and taste a bit of our's to-morrer?"

He turned quickly with a little watering of his lips and then as quickly turned away.

"Sorry," he said, "but Teddy *would* 'ave us at Buckingham Pellis — wouldn't tike no excooses."

"Come now," she replied, "*that's* funny, for Alexandry's a-dropping in to us."

Then they both laughed and the ice was broken.

"Dad's out o' work again," the lad confided, "and Till and me just jolly well keeps out o' 'is w'y. We slept in a barrer last night."

"Well, our ma's in 'firmary with a born biby, and father allus drinks wuss when she's aw'y. 'E only giv' me threepence to-d'y fer all our dinners, and 'yer'll 'ave to make it do fer to-morrer too, 'e ses."

"Ole skinflint! Look yer, Kite," with a sudden inspiration, "couldn't we get a Christmas dinner on our own? I know jolly well where we could cook it."

"What's to cook?" with derision.

"Oh, well, you can keep yer nose in it's plice. I prefers to dine in quiet, I do."

"No, but reelly, Sammy?"

"Yus, reelly."

"Ain't yer kiddin'?"

with a small person who was hurrying in an opposite direction.

"Now then, stoopid! Well, I never, if it ain't Till. Where's the fire?"

"O, Sammy," she gasped, her eyes bright with excitement, "just look what I found right down by Smith Street. Ain't it a beauty? and quite fresh—you just smell it!"

And she proudly held up a large kipper.

The boy immediately seized it and hid it beneath his coat, casting a quick look over his shoulder as he did so. The kipper had solved the terrible problem of to-morrow's Christmas dinner.

"Come along, Sammy," cried the little sister, dancing with excitement. "Let's ask Mrs. Griddel to cook it for us. I tried to bite a bit raw, it smelt so good."

"Little beast! where's yer manners a-comin' to I should like to know!" said her brother, severely. "A regler young wolf, that's what yer gettin'. Now, this kipper's fer to-morrer."

"O, Sammy!" Hers was a regular wail of despair.

"Stop'owlin' this minut'! Don't yer know what to-morrer is, you young 'eathen?"

"Chr—chr—chris—mus!"

"Well, then, and this is goin' ter be our Christmas dinner. Shut yer 'ead now, and I'll go and 'ave a rummage round at 'ome and see if I can't find suthink. Dad must be out by now."

But slightly comforted little Till waited for her brother outside, trying the while to stifle her sob over the lost kipper. She felt certain that she would



"'SORRY,' SAID SAMMY, 'BUT TEDDY WOULD 'AVE US AT BUCKINGHAM FELLIS—WOULDN'T TIKE NO EXCOUSES.'"—(p. 226.)

"Kiddin' what?" I ses if yer like to come round to Archer Street to-morrer 'bout twelve, I'll stand yer 'a dinner, now then."

"Well, I know yer 'avin' me on, but I'll come. What end of Archer Street?"

"Top part, where the road's up and they 'as the charcoal fire. That chap's a pal of mine."

"Wish I could believe yer, Sammy," wistfully.

"Oh don't put yerself out about it. I'm off now. So long till to-morrer. Be good."

And hitching up his shoulders to better keep the snow out, Sammy slouched off down the street.

At the corner he collided with some force



"'IF IT AIN'T TILL!'"

never see it again, and the disappointment was cruel. However, Sammy was fortunate in his search, and in a few moments returned with a large piece of stale bread and twopence.

"Come, cheer up," he said, genially, as he tore the bread in two and gave his little sister half. "Dad's gone off somewhere, and 'e tole Mrs. Miggle as 'e wouldn't be back till Monday, so we can sleep in ter-night. I found this tuppence a-rollin' about on the floor just as if 'e was a bloomin' ole millionaire and didn't know what to do with 'is money. Dry up now, kiddy, and we'll 'ave a right bust-up to-morrer. It's goin' to be a real party and no mistake—don't yer let on to no one, mind!"

"Oh no, Sammy; a real party! Oh, may I bring little Elfie?"

Sammy thought a moment, scowling into the eager eyes in front of him, and then nodded.

"Yus, but no one else. If yer ask any one else, or let on—I'll—I'll jest skin yer—so mind."

And with a fierce nod he departed.

Christmas Eve closed in cold and snowy; the wind whistled round the courts and alleys and brought the smoke in gusts down the chimneys of the fortunate possessors of fires. Neither Till nor Kate were troubled by smoke, and both retired to bed early in order to get what warmth they could. In both little heads was one thought—the Christmas dinner to-morrow.

"If—if only 'e aint kiddin'!" was Kate's last thought as she held her baby close in the darkness, "it—would be too crool!"

II.

Christmas morning dawned raw and cold, but happily the

snow had ceased and the wind had died down. When Till woke she saw her brother bustling about the room wrapping up some mysterious articles in bits of paper.

"Go ter sleep!" he commanded severely, when he saw her awake; "and look 'ere, don't yer come out till you hear the clock strike twelve, and then you and Elf come along to Archer Street. There's yer breakfast, down by yer side."

He pointed to a crust of bread on the floor, and then gruffly wishing her a "Merry Christmas," clattered downstairs. Till tried to obey him, but she was far too excited over the coming treat to remain quietly indoors, and long before ten she and her little friend Alf were dodging round and round the forbidden ground.

"I do declare if I didn't smell it from 'ere!" Till declared, pausing about two streets

off and screwing up her cold little nose.

"I wish I couldn't," Alf replied with a shiver; "it gives yer quite a pain inside."

In the next street they ran up against Kate and her baby, who tried to look unconscious and to pass them as if she were in a great hurry.

"Comin' to the dinner, Kite?" asked Till.



TILL AND ALF WAIT FOR THE XMAS DINNER.



"WITH A MAD RUSH THE THREE BURST INTO ARCHER STREET."—(p. 229).

E. F. F. F.

"Dinner! what dinner?" Kate replied.
 "But oh, now I comes to think of it, I do remember yer brother kiddin' 'bout something."

"Kiddin'!" cried Till, shrill with disgust, "and 'e's a-been a-cooking it all this last hour! Well, I wonder yer aren't ashamed of yerself, Miss 'Opper!"

"'Ulloa!" replied a well-known voice, as Sam stuck his head out of the canvas shelter. "Oh, it's you, is it? Well, what do you crowd want? Me and Mr. Judkins is very com-for'able 'ere."

But the guests all knew his fun and were not to be discouraged.



"'WE DON'T WANT NO CHARITY FEEDS WITH THIS ABOUT,' SAID SAMMY."—(p. 230.)

A gleam of hope shot into Kate's blue face.
 "Well, now," she said, "I was only a laughin'—course I'm a-comin' too."

"We've not to go till twelve," said Till, only half mollified; "and it's only ten now."

"Well, we can walk round a bit. Come along."

For the next two hours the trio killed time by walking round until at last the magic hour of twelve boomed out from the big clock of St. Peter's.

"Come along!" shouted Alf, and with a mad rush the three burst into Archer Street and only slowed down as they neared the further end where the wood pavement had been taken up. Here a little canvas shelter had been put up, with a charcoal stove beside it which burnt brightly in the frosty air. A delicious and strong smell assailed the guests as they drew nearer, and Kate could hardly repress a scream of excitement.

"Sammy!" called Till, tremulously, for he was not visible.

"It's twelve o'clock jist gone and Oh we *is* that 'ungry!"

A big man with a red comforter and still redder hair, stuck his head out and growled.

"Git off!" he said, "or I'll 'ave the copper after yer!"

The company burst into a loud wail as they backed off.

"O, Sammy, Sammy, and you *arst* us and you said 'e wouldn't mind!"

"Git off!" growled the big man, taking up a wooden brick.

The company fell over each other in its precipitate retreat. It was a cruel blow. When they got to a safe distance Kate and Alf began to call names with shrillness and broken hearts, but little Till was too crushed. Kate was just pausing for breath as she shifted her baby, when all of a sudden the big man shot out of the shelter, and before they could even fly a few yards, he was upon them. He caught Alf and flung him over his shoulder, and seizing Till under one arm, caught Kate and

her baby with the other and marched them all back roaring with laughter as he did so.

"Well, if ever I did see sech a go in my life!" he panted, "'ere young man, 'ere's yer comp'ny! I've caught 'em all alive fer you!"

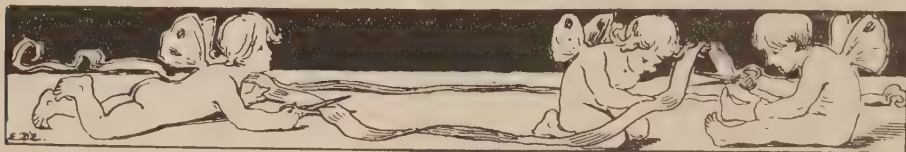
"Yer goats!" said Sammy, with withering scorn, as he crawled out of the shelter to receive his friends. "Fancy bein' took in by a little bit o' chaff like that!"

The guests tried not to look foolish; but soon all thoughts were swallowed up by the delightful prospect in front of them. Inside the shelter, on a wooden box, a large kipper was laid out, done to a turn, and beside it smoked four large potatoes and twelve chest-

nuts, besides a wedge of cheese and some bread and a jug of steaming coffee.

"'E gave the corfee and cheese and bread," Sammy observed, indicating his big friend with his thumb, "'e said 'e didn't want it, but I gave all the rest. There's a spread to make yer mouths water. We don't want no charity feeds with this about, eh? Just you sit round, my beauties, and we'll soon mike this kipper look silly."

And smuggling in round the big man's legs the little frozen things entered for one long blissful hour into that land of warm things and comfort and satisfied desire where the rich always dwell and yet are not content.



TO A YOUNG GIRL ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Ah, child! What wilt thou be in far-off years?

What smiles or tears

Will that mysterious, unlit future hold

When all is told?

Will bridal flowers wreath that fair white brow

Like fragrant snow,

Or crown of thorn, with sharp uplifted spine

Thy head entwine?

Will peaceful home be thine, or lonely grave

Neath tropic sun or deep in ocean cave,

Lulled by the dirge of weary, restless wave?

Ah, child! How long will that fair, dreaming brow

Be pure as now?

How long until in those deep, wondering eyes

Shall dawn life's tragedies?

Although of earth, our ways lie far apart,

So near to Heaven thou art!

How some old master would have loved to paint

Thee for his saint;

Or with calm brow and sweet, mysterious eyes

Madonna wise,

With dim, pathetic dawn for future years

Of rain of tears.

Sweet, who shall dare to prophesy thy life

As joyous wife,

With flower-like faces gathered round thy knee.

Or fireside peopled but by memory?

God only knoweth what is best for thee.

Yet if so be that sorrow must draw near

With haunting fear,

Then as sometimes across a stainless glass

Dark shadows pass,

Or as the calm moon's luminous, white face

Black clouds erase,

And leave the surface bright and clear again,

So may the pain

And sorrow of life go quickly by,

Leaving sweet azure sky.

Washed fairer by the rain clouds passed away

Than if prosperity, with scorching ray

Had shone upon thy life the live-long day.

DOROTHY NEVILLE LEES.



LONDON possesses a girl potter who not only designs her pots but sells them, too. This is Miss B. G. Vulliamy, a lady who has discovered by bitter experience that the wiles of art dealers are heathen and Chinese. Her dainty little shop in Pitt Street, Kensington, is a sermon in the common-sense transference of goods from the producer to the consumer. Here comes no percentage-absorbing middleman. If you should want to buy a vase, a tobacco jar, a door-plate, you receive the article from the hands which fashioned it.

Gruesome and slightly unfeminine though it may sound, Miss Vulliamy's new art depends for its existence on — *bones*. "Beautifying Bones" is the best description which can

be given of Miss Vulliamy's work. She takes a dry, lifeless, and altogether hideous bone, and therefrom evolves a thing of exquisite craftsmanship and wittily ingenious imagination.

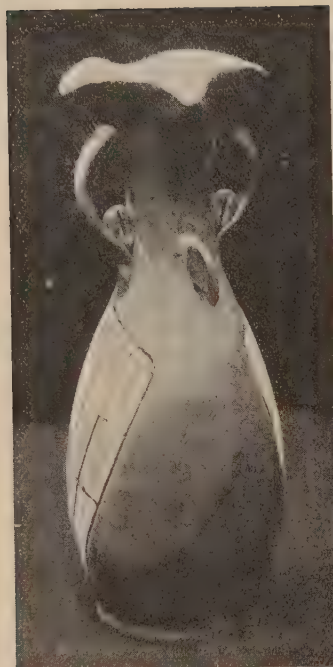
Miss Vulliamy's speciality, it should be explained, is the grotesque in art.

Faces and forms which are half repulsive and half humorous, stare at one from the shelves of her little shop. Vases and pots in the form of goblins' faces, malignant or benign; in the form of inanely-smiling frogs, of bats with nightmare jaws and wings, of ultra-owlish owls, and of fish and fowl which never swam nor flew anywhere but in fairy books—these are the whole of her stock. She makes nothing to which the adjectives



A Weeping
Goblin Pot.

"Oh, St.
Helena!"



THE VULLIAMY OWL.

"pretty," "dainty," and "nice" could be applied. Ugly her productions certainly are, but it is the ugliness of beauty. And, oddly enough, the uglier the pots the greater is their attractiveness.

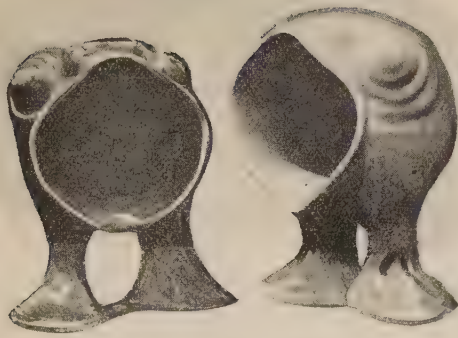
Miss Vulliamy may have once—in the days of her inexperience—been ill-advised enough to turn out some vases which weren't ugly. If so, it is safe to say that those vases are now in a lumber cupboard, still unsold.

The stroke of genius which raises Miss Vulliamy's pots above those of any other grotesque designer in England is their boniness. Of course the pots you purchase in the shop are clay and china. But the original models from which each was duplicated was nothing of the sort. They were bones—no more nor less than fleshless bones, with a superstructure of "gesso" to clothe them.

The suggestiveness of the shapes of the bones of animals must have occurred to nearly every one. This suggestiveness struck Miss Vulliamy and she decided to turn it to account. She obtained (and still obtains) bones from the Zoo: vertebræ, skulls, leg-bones, ribs, and so forth. On receiving a new bone she examines it carefully, and rarely fails to observe some remote and bizarre resemblance to, or hint of, a living form. Often she has to fit two or three bones together with string before this likeness becomes complete. When it does, the scaffolding is glued. Then upon it is built the pot or the figure. "Gesso"—a species of sticky plaster which dries very hard—is used, being laid on in tiny, worm-like morsels. When com-

pleted, the object is painted, and finally sent to a pottery where a number of reproductions are made. In due course these reproductions appear in the window of Miss Vulliamy's shop. The originals are never seen by the public. The owner of a Vulliamy jar little guesses how laboriously it has been turned out and how strange are the materials utilised. A peep at its designer at work would be a revelation both surprising and instructive. But the visitor

A CHERY-LOOKING
TOBACCO-JAR.THIS CLEVER POT, IN THE SIMILITUDE
OF AN OPEN-MOUTHED FACE, IS MADE
TO HOLD A GOLD-FISH BOWL.



THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THESE GROTESQUE POTS WAS BUILT UP FROM BONES, OYSTER-SHELLS, AND "GESSO."

might depart with mingled feelings, for he would be unable to decide whether he had explored a studio or a medical museum.

Needless to say Miss Vulliamy occasionally dispenses with the use of bones. Sometimes (but less often nowadays) she makes a vase in the ordinary way. Sometimes she introduces sea shells—oysters and mussels, as well as rarer foreign shells—into her constructions. The head of the frog in one of our photographs is a shell, and its legs are bones—that is, these were in the original model. Mussels and rib-bones were used for the arms of the cheery "I'm off to church parade" griffin tobacco jar which is standing on the floor of Miss Vulliamy's

workshop in another picture. Bones and shells complicatedly mingled form a long-eared demon. Another pot (which, however, contains no bones or shells) represents the weeping Cronje. The words



TWO OF MISS VULLIAMY'S "NIGHTMARE" CREATIONS.

"Oh, St. Helena!" are inscribed below the face—which was a delightful caricature of the great Boer leader at the beginning of the war—and when the vase is filled with water a simple device causes it to ooze from the figure's eyes, simulating tears. This and the other pots in the group were purchased by Her Majesty the Queen, who expressed her admiration of Miss Vulliamy's art.

Another clever pot, in the similitude of an open-mouthed face, is made to hold a glass gold-fish bowl, and the finny denizens may be observed (through the mouth)



THE WINDOW OF MISS VULLIAMY'S SHOP IN KENSINGTON.

swimming within. The gold-fish, it should be noticed, are much happier in a half-dark receptacle such as this than in the ordinary open bowl, where they are apt to suffer from the glare of light streaming on them from all sides.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the new art. That Miss Vulliamy will find imitators no one can doubt. Flattery of this sort is only too apt

to reward the inventor of a positively novel pursuit. But by the time the flatterers have assimilated her ideas, the clever lady will probably have launched out into some still less explored sea. Before that time arrives the girl potter, we may be sure, will have invented another art.



MISS VULLIAMY AT WORK ON HER BONE CREATIONS.



ONE OF MISS VULLIAMY'S MOST GROTESQUE ACHIEVEMENTS.

Miss Vulliamy is the possessor of a charming studio-workshop in Pitt Street, Kensington, a visit to which would reward any girl interested in the weird puck, pogg, and pixie pots and the beautiful bones which Miss Vulliamy's nimble fingers execute with such happy results. In this workshop one mixes freely with bats and griffins, and all the strange beasts and birds that we see pictured in this article; here one can elbow an oyster, and hobnob with a mussel in a way that is impossible when the same greet one stiffly from a plate. Here, too, history repeats itself: from a corner Cronje

watches tearfully Miss Vulliamy's flight of angels which seems to recall unpleasant memories to the great Boer leader.

The place is one in which to while away a wet afternoon, for where those merry pucks and pixies are there depression cannot be. On grey days such as these one feels indeed grateful for the spirit of light-hearted gaiety which Miss Vulliamy breathes into her bones.



THESE DELICATE LITTLE BONES GAVE MISS VULLIAMY THE IDEA OF A FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

And that is what she finally turned them into.



THESE BONES TIED TOGETHER WITH STRING SUGGEST A BIG-HEADED GROTESQUE CREATURE OF THE CENTIPEDE TYPE.



LITTLE MOTHER MEG

BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

By ETHEL TURNER,

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbie," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

"LITTLE MOTHER MEG" has to do with the family at Misrule—Meg, Nellie, "Pip," "Bunty," and Poppet, the sons and daughters of Major Woolcot, by a first marriage, and with Peter and Essie, the children of his second marriage. His young wife, whom they call Esther, while she regards her step-children as her own—and they reciprocate her affection—often finds them "a handful." Misrule is an old rambling house situated on the river, with great paddocks and fields attached. The family is a happy-go-lucky one. Meg, the eldest girl, is married to Alan Courtney, who, at the time of their marriage, was a prosperous young hospital surgeon. It is not long, however, before a blow comes to them. Alan loses his private income by the failure of a bank. The young couple have still a sufficient income from Alan's hospital appointment, and they are unperturbed by this loss. But worse is to come. Alan's eyes become affected; he may become blind. He resigns his post, and, borrowing money, goes to Germany to a great eye-specialist, to undergo an operation which will either cure him or render him sightless. After a long period of suspense, the news comes to Misrule that the operation has been performed and is wholly successful. Meg and he return and set up house in a poor quarter, where Alan means to practise. A little boy has come to cheer them in their difficulties.

On the estate adjoining Misrule live the Savilles, father, mother, Jack and Lylie, a little girl to whom the Misrule children take a great fancy. Essie and Nell go to call on Mrs. Saville, "a lady with flashing eyes," and are told by her that she "never sees visitors." A mystery surrounds the family. Poppet is certain there is another little girl whom no one sees. Mr. Saville is a kind man who frequently waylays Poppet for news of her dolls, to take back to Lylie.

The family at Misrule determine to repay the bounden hospitality offered them by giving a dance.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVELRY BY NIGHT.

THE night of nights had come at last. Misrule was ablaze with light. It seemed as if a fairy's

magic fingers had touched all within doors, for the shabbiness had fallen away somewhere, and nothing but brightness was visible.

Such a polish on the dancing-floor! Bunty had scraped up a whole packet of candles, and every one had bruised themselves black and blue with sliding about to make it "slippery." For the three days the carpets had been up in the double room Nellie had permitted no rest to any one. Did Poppet fling herself idly on a chair for a moment, did Peter and Essie attempt to waste their breath playing chasings, she was behind them in a moment.

"Oh," she would entreat, "that floor will be as heavy as possible; *do* go and fill in your time with sliding on it."

And bumps and bangs would begin again instantly in the big empty room.

Oh, the armsful of greenery Bunty cut! The fire-places and overmantels stood out, banks of autumn, trailed across with beautiful foliage and flowers.

In the breakfast-room it was the same. You had no chance to notice that the carpet was thread-bare, the sideboard of common design and scratched and battered at that, the mantelpiece mere wood, vilely ingrained to imitate marble. Your eye was arrested by this great vase where Nellie had stuck a bold branch with beautiful colouring, by that one where Bourbon rosebuds

stood so tall, so slenderly. You stayed to admire the careless droop of that rich drapery that hung on the wall—a curtain, half lifted to display a seascape—and never knew it was the back widths of Esther's old yellow brocade dress, and was drooped there because Essie and Peter had one sinful day striven in eager emulation as to who should draw the best blue-and-green horse on the wall. And the supper-table with its yellow ribbons, and roses and brown leaves and "shivery" grass, with its burden of temptingly-arranged dishes, its glowing jellies, its Alpine trifles—how were you to guess at the anxious thoughts that hovered about it?

Nellie's, in an agony lest those jellies, which had hardly been stiff enough, should melt before the opening of the door. Esther's, because she had a horrible fear she had salted some of the sandwiches twice, and left some quite without flavour. Poppet's, because Peter had made one descent on the room already and carried off two of the bought cream cakes that were crowning with an air and dignity a plate of home-made rainbow and velvet cake. Suppose he made another raid!

Bridget and Martha, in the most stylish of muslin caps and aprons (Nellie's fingers again), were carrying in stacks of little plates and silver, and giving a last polish to the tumblers. You are not to know that the coachman and Malcolm, also enlisted in the service, were waiting just in the pantry, armed with bowls of water and clean cloths, to hurriedly wash up the scanty supply of plates and cups and send them flying back to use again.

Up in Bunty's bedroom, which seemed quietest of all, Meg was putting her baby to bed in a clothes-basket, turned extempore into a cradle. She had been helping all day and was to stay the night, as there could, of course, be no question of his tenderly-watched babyship turning out into the night air when festivities were over and Alan was returning home.

Meg wore a graceful black lace dress that had seen service on board ship and at many German concerts, but told no tale of it. Her face was fresh, bright and full of girlish expectation of the evening's fun; it was only when you looked carefully at the mouth, the eyes, and noticed the faint line across the brow, that you guessed at the storm and stress of the last two or three years.

"You will help me to listen for him, won't you, Poppet?" she said, as she tucked up the rosebud feet, and put the wee hand, always impatient of covering, under the blanket yet again.

"Of course I will," said Poppet, "I'll run up after every dance. I shall have lots of time—not

many will ask me, I know. Nellie says it isn't proper of me to be up at all, but it doesn't matter, does it, just for once?"

"Not a scrap," said Meg. "Come here and let me tie your sash again. How nice you look, dear! Nellie really has very clever fingers; no one would think that was Esther's old white muslin, it looks as stylish as if it had just come home from one of the big shops. And that knot of cherry colour in your hair is just the right touch."

"But I have only got on buttoned boots," Poppet said, in a tone of much depression.

Meg looked at the small feet clad in their walking boots, carefully blackened and polished it is true, but unmistakably walking boots.

"Haven't you any evening ones?" she said.

"I've kept wearing them to play tennis in, 'cause my sand-shoes were worn out, and they are quite done for," sighed Poppet, "they are burst out at the sides."

"Why didn't you tell Esther? She would have let you have new ones," Meg said thoughtlessly. The Misrule income, whatever it had appeared to her in old days, seemed a most comfortable and elastic one now when compared with the narrow one she had to bind herself within.

"Oh," said Poppet, "poor Esther, I couldn't! Such hundreds of things turned up we hadn't put on the list. And I couldn't give anything to it 'cause of being in debt to the bike man. Do you think every one will notice them much?"

Meg reassured her. "There will be such a crowd that feet will be invisible," she said; "just you enjoy yourself and don't think about your boots."

"I've got three dances down on my programme already," Poppet said, eagerly displaying her card. "Pip has promised me one, and Bunty's going to give me two—unless the Chinese lanterns keep going out or flaring up—he has to look after them you know—do you think if I begged hard Alan would give me just one? Or he could halve one and just give me a turn or two."

Meg answered for Alan, if he came at all, and no one sent for him to go back—a sadly unlikely thing.

Bunty came striding up to his looking-glass again. He had shaved this evening—almost for the first time, and was horribly self-conscious about it. Also the white tie he had borrowed from Pip fidgeted him, and he had twice split his white gloves.

"I've a good mind to turn in and not show up at all," he said, gloomily regarding himself. "Every one else will have dress suits on; mine isn't even black."

"It's such a very dark blue it looks black," said Meg, "and it would be useless for you to get a proper dress suit till you have finished growing. Truly, old fellow, it is as right as anything, especially as the dance is in our own house."

"But you feel such an ass with gloves on," said Bunty, glowering at his hands; "you feel as if every one's looking at you. There, look at the fools of things, they've split again—hurry up and sew them, will you?"

"You keep stretching and twisting them so," Meg said, getting out her needle to him for the third time. "Try to forget them, and just be as natural with the girls as you are with us."

"Oh, that's all very well," said Bunty, "but what in the world can I talk about to a girl I've only just met? You just say, 'May I have this dance?' and she says, 'Yes'—if she doesn't say no, thinking I look the right cut to crush her feet to jellies—and then what on earth is there left to say?"

"Oh, you say it's a warm evening, and isn't the floor nice, and have you been to the theatre?" said Poppet, who had also been trying to learn up "conversation."

Bunty still looked unhappy. "Yes, I know those things," he said, "but they don't take a jiffey to say, and then all the rest of the time you *can't* think of a word to say, however much you cudgel your head."

"But the girl generally gives you an opening, doesn't she?" said Meg, "and once you've got fairly started, isn't it all right?"

"Oh," said Bunty, "she generally says, 'How sweet your sister Nellie looks!' or 'What a lot here to-night!' but that doesn't keep you going for long. I often wish I had Pip's knack. He's a smart fellow, that chap, Meg; I often watch him, and his lips never seem to stop moving all the time. And he can make a girl laugh no end. I'll always be an ass at talking."

"Oh, no," said Meg, handing back the glove, "it comes with practice. At your age Pip had just as little to say. But do your best to forget all about yourself, and try to give the girl as nice a time as you can."

The first ring sounded through the house, and a flutter and thrill went with it. Bunty, who was just going out on the landing, dived back into his room again and flattened himself against the wall lest any one ascending the stairs should catch a glimpse of him. Poppet rushed importantly

off to the bedroom to be ready with her delightful distribution of the pretty programmes.

Essie and Peter crept out of bed where they were lying very wideawake, and stole in their night-gowns to a corner of the landing, where they squeezed together and giggled and squeaked and admired the opera-cloaks, and fondly imagined they could not be seen.

Nellie, anxiously contemplating the jellies once more, beat a hasty retreat to be in readiness in the drawing-room to help Esther and her father receive. Nellie, in cloudy white, with white flowers in her shining hair, with fair young arms and tenderly-moulded white neck and shoulders, with dewy, lovely eyes, and a most exquisite, excited pink in her cheeks!

A man—Nellie's "real man"—going upstairs to the cloak-room caught a glimpse of this vision and smiled to himself approvingly.

"Shows up even better by night than day," he told himself. "I'm not so sorry I came after all."

While he had changed his boots and removed his overcoat he looked a little superciliously around at the eager fellows who were doing the same. Friends of Pip's most of them were, embryo doctors and lawyers, University students, all very young and anxious to enjoy themselves, many head over heels in love with the white vision downstairs, and burning to inscribe her name on their programmes. These lost no time in getting on their patent-leather shoes, and dragging on their gloves, and "settling" their ties; quite an army seemed to present themselves to Nellie at one and the same moment, so determined was each not to be last.



"EVERYBODY HAD BRUISED THEMSELVES BLACK AND BLUE SLIDING ABOUT TO MAKE THE FLOOR SLIPPERY."—(p. 235.)

But the blue eyes glanced at the door once or twice over their heads, in the pauses of introductions, and seeing that all the girls had their programmes well on the way to being filled.

And when he came in coolly, languidly, what a throb her heart gave, what a tumult of sweet colour rushed into her face! Nearly all the girls were looking at him, and with eyes so clearly admiring their partners could have gnashed their teeth.

Almost a head taller than any one in the room

he stood, finely made, distinguished-looking. A black moustache with a military cut about it hid his lips, but not the cynical lines around them that thrilled these girls; dark eyes, with a somewhat bored, melancholy expression in them, looked out at you.

This was Captain Reginald Morton, who had been invalided home from the Transvaal with a sufficient amount of commendation for courage to make society delighted to pet him as a hero. He

was enjoying the petting.

Nellie gave him a dance. Those eager youths had left her only one, and when he begged so hard for a second, what could she do but cross off Bunty's name and give him that space?

"But they are both together," she objected, "six and seven."

"That is as it should be," he returned. "I shall enjoy six so much, it would be impossible for me to give you up for seven. We shall sit the second one out and talk to each other."

Nellie moved through her crowded rooms with a fluttering heart.

Bunty caught at her for one second. "It's my left arm I offer the girls, not the right, isn't it?" he whispered anxiously.

"Yes," said Nellie, starting guiltily.

The evening danced along. The floor repaid every bump and bruise it had caused; the jellies melted not; Esther's sandwich fears were groundless; and the trifle promised to stand out against the most repeated attacks, to Bunty's great relief.

In the earlier part of the evening a moon swam out, and helped the soft pink and green lanterns to make the old garden



"THE BREATHLESS, LAUGHING GUESTS TROOPED OUT JUST AS PETER'S SMALL FIGURE CAME STEALING FROM THE SUPPER ROOM, BOOTY IN HAND."—(p. 239.)

and the sleeping river incredibly beautiful. But later she drew a discreet veil over her face, and the grounds were full of sweet shadows, and happy young love was able to whisper its tale in this nook Pip had made among the tree-ferns—on that shaky seat beneath the maple, there on the grass bank by the magnolias.

Perhaps the programme had an unrehearsed event or two. As when Peter, compelled to just two more cream-cakes, miscalculated his time and the music stopped and the breathless, laughing guests trooped out to halls and staircases and verandahs, just as his small figure in its grey and pink pyjamas came stealing from the supper-room, booty in hand.

And when Essie's shrill pipe floated down from a landing—

"Oh, just look at father dancing—oh, doesn't he look funny!"

And when Meg came into the room with a scared face and sought out Nellie, and then Poppet, and then Bunty, and then Pip, to ask whisperingly what they had done with Baby, and please, please not to play jokes, as he would catch a dreadful cold being out of bed so long.

And when at their genuinely-innocent looks she faced round and rushed out of the room so wildly, the guests thought there was a fire at least somewhere, but were able to smile relievedly when Pip came back from the short, frantic search and reported a baby had been lost but was now found.

As indeed it was, in Essie's little bed, between herself and Peter, who had deserted his own couch—snuggled down so closely that Meg's first flying visit had never revealed the fact, and the trio continued its peaceful slumbers while the agonised mother and blank-faced sisters and brothers rushed hither and thither, looking under beds, behind doors and similar unlikely places, while downstairs the guests wondered and waited.

One o'clock and the end of the sweet evening was come. The last strains of the last dance filled the air, plaintive in its gaiety even in the dancing-room, curiously burdened with sadness as it stole out from the bright windows and wandered over the damp grass, and through the dark, midnight trees down to the place where the *cystrum nocturne* bushes flung out the sweetness they keep alone for night.

"I must go back to the house," Nellie said; "every one will be going in a minute."

She stood up from the rickety seat Bunty had contrived so merrily that very morning.

"No, no," her partner said, "you shall not go—a little longer—a little longer." He caught her hand in its white suede glove and held it prisoner.

"See how helpless you are," he murmured, "you cannot move unless I let you."

Nellie tried to release her trembling hand.

"How foolish you are, Captain Morton," she said, with a laugh, quite her ordinary laugh she persuaded herself. "I must go—the girls will be waiting for me to say good-bye."

But still he held her. "I too am waiting," he said softly, and looked down at her with tender eyes. To kiss the exquisite curve of the girl's young cheek seemed to him at the moment the most desirable thing in life.

And yet he hesitated—hesitated as he seldom had done before when he had wanted such a thing as a conclusion to a dance.

"Nellie!" he said.

A shy, frightened dignity came to Nell; she withdrew her hand, stepped away from the seat. "Listen," she said, "some one is playing 'God Save the King,'—I must go at once."

He walked along the path with her, the path where the last of the lantern candles was spluttering to a lingering death. He had not what he desired, yet he assured himself he was more in love with the child than ever.

At the door he paused one minute. "I shall never forget this evening—never," he said, close to her ear, in his deep rather melancholy voice that had said the same thing so often, so often.

Nellie slipped up to the lighted bedrooms, and laughed with her girl friends, and helped them on with their cloaks, and said good-bye to them with almost hysterical nervousness.

Such eyes, such flushed cheeks, such a strange little trembling mouth! But how could any of them know just what had happened to her?

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH HAS TO DO WITH A SECRET.

LYLIE was too spiritual and at the same time too spiritless to attempt to protest against her mother's wishes, but Jack the seven-year-old brother was just a healthy and perfectly ordinary little boy. From the hour he discovered the next-door Peter—Peter engaged in exercising the fowls in a two-legged race—no power had been able to keep him quite away from the dividing fence. He was either pressed up close against it with his eye to a knot-hole, or sitting astride it, or poking bits of whittled wood or marbles or tops to Peter through a place where the wood had shrunk up an inch or two away from the ground.

It was he who extended the invitation to watch the closing scene in the life of a rat.

And Peter had accepted it in the noble spirit in

which it had been offered; he swarmed over without a word of ado; it never occurred to *him* to inquire whether his visit might be distasteful to the lady of the house.

"Come on," he said, "where is it? In your kitchen? If it is, some silly idiot will go and open the door and you'll have lost it."

Jack said, "H'sh," and gave a troubled glance at his house.

"Lie down flat," he said. "Yes, like that; can you crawl that way up to the stables? If she sees you, you'll have to go."

Peter progressed along cheerfully on his hands and knees, close to the fence, for a hundred feet or so.

"Now you can stand up," Jack said, and Peter became relievedly upright once more, for they were well behind the sheltering walls of the stables.

The two little boys spent an exhilarating hour in the corn-room setting the rat at liberty, and then urging on the eager fox-terrier to the chase.

Jack, from long training, only hurraed softly at exciting periods, but Peter, accustomed to freest shoutings and yellings in Misrule paddocks—who could expect *him* to modulate his voice?

The unusual noise penetrated into the grey kitchen, and presently down came the youngest of the black boys to suppress it.

"You clear out of this, Charlie," said Jack boldly, showing off before his new friend.

"Young white boy better go home straight way off," Charlie said. But he was only sixteen, and when the rat rushed up the wall and leapt a corn-box, and used an old saddle for a bridge to take him to the comparative safety of a low rafter, Charlie leaned with his elbows on a bin and became as absorbed as the other boys.

Down came the inky cook and banged Charlie about the head as a preliminary rite. Charlie grinned cheerfully, and Peter waxed bold at the sight. There was nothing alarming after all about these black-faced fellows—indeed an ebony smile seemed a good deal merrier and more boyish a thing than a white one. Peter stood with his ground.

"I'll go home when he's caught," he said, and gave another yell and rushed after the terrier and kicked his excited heels on any and every sounding zinc box in the place. Down came the gardener. Peter mocked at him from the vantage-ground of a beam up to which he had swung himself. His humour for all alien races was the same.

"Welly ni cabbageee—allee flesh cabbageee," he said.

The sable-handed gardener adjured him, in very respectable English, to return to his own dwelling.

"Tleepence—no feah—too muchee money," replied Peter.

The cook stepped on to a box and tried to dislodge the invader by force.

"You, boy Charlie, climb up other side," he said, and the boy Charlie, grinning, went to obey.

But Peter, agile as any monkey, swarmed up higher still.

"Muchee fine cabbageee," he said, "sick-a-pen, all li, some oder day, eh?"

"I say," said Jack, "you'd better go—here's mother coming."

Peter dropped down among the black boys like a plummet.

"Isn't there another door?" he said, with a hunted look around.

Jack gave his head a melancholy shake.

"Get out of the way, then," said Peter, and made a dash at the door and reached it and sprang across the path, and shot over the grass and scraped up over his own fence all in less than one minute.

He even had his foot planted ready for further flight, lest his own territory should not be sufficient and the stronghold of his walls be required for absolute safety. But the lady showed no signs of climbing after him; with his eye to the hole in the fence he saw her returning to the house, Jack walking dejectedly before her, and the dark-faced procession behind.

Three days, however, sufficed for the recovery of Jack's spirit, and he was at the fence again, making that cheerful hole a little larger with a bit of sharp iron. By the time Peter had—for his mind's health that morning—stated the fact, in bad writing and worse Latin, that "the Gauls laid waste the lands of the Romans far and wide," and "before all others Demosthenes and Cicero were the most renowned orators"; had wrestled with the wretched rhyme of masculine exceptions to the rule that the termination *is* is feminine—

"Panis, piscis, crinis, finis,
Ignis, lapis, pulvis, cinis,
Orbis, amis and canalis,
Sanguis, unguis, glis, annalis;"

had limped miserably through the French verb *to boil*, and been rendered vacant-eyed by the statement that it was a *neuter* verb, and with its literal meaning only used in the infinitive, preceded by the verb *faire* in any tense and person whenever the subject was a noun (or a pronoun) referring to a person; had sat through, along with Poppet, while Essie merely wrote a baby copy, an

object lesson on the composition of the air, and had his brain stunned with phrases like "carbon dioxide, nitrogen, oxygen, component elements, molecules";—by the time he had undergone and overcome all these wearinesses and gone dashing out, Essie at his heels, to the fence, lo! the knot-hole was large enough for you to shake hands through and see each other's faces in quarterly sections, instead of sixteenthly as heretofore.

"Did you get it on Monday?" he inquired.

"No, it got loose again," said Jack.

Peter had forgotten the rat; he was inquiring after the punishment that he expected had been meted out to his suffering friend, for Poppet's imagination had seen him stretched on a species of inquisitorial rack in a dark cellar, and Essie had opined that he had been thrashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails like the stow-away in Peter's book.

"Oh," said Jack laconically, when the delicate inquiry was repeated, "had to learn a page of exports and imports—no, that was for telling a stuffer about the tarts—had to sit on a stool for an hour—no, that was for shouting up the staircase—oh, I forget what it was—come on, what shall we do?"

Peter cast about for an employment, but it was the woman who tempted him to the fall.

"*You come over here,*" said Essie.

Jack and Peter both looked a trifle diffident.

"Where is she?" asked Peter nervously.

"Gone out in the Box," said Jack. (It was by this slighting term he referred to the expensive closed brougham in which his mother took a daily drive.)

"Oh, well, come on,"

said Peter relievedly; he had had an unpleasant vision at the moment of Essie's suggestion, of the tall figure striding across their own safe, sunny paddocks in vengeful pursuit of her son. But safe in the Box—!

"Come on," he said, "you'd better not lose any time, or she may come back."

Jack, urged thus by two, put a half-fearful foot into the hole, and then the rest was so easy he was over in a new world in a second, his conscience cast behind him as a snake sheds its skin.



"'I MUST GO,' SAID NELL, 'THE GIRLS WILL BE WAITING FOR ME TO SAY GOOD-BYE.'"—(p. 239.)

"And I can shout as much as I like—you said I could," was his first remark.

"Of course you can," Peter said, staring at him.

But it took Essie, accustomed as she was to Peter's racket, a little time to get used to the yells and halloos and hurrahs with which the small youth from the other side of the fence sought to let off his long-suppressed steam.

Indeed, so very unusual were the noises, that Esther actually put on her garden-hat at last and went down the long paddock to the shed to make quite sure her two children were not hanging by their tortured hair to the rafters, or being burnt at a stake.

"Why, who is this?" she exclaimed; "and what *are* you doing to him, Peter?—have you been fighting the poor little fellow?"

All three laughed cheerfully for answer.

"But," said Esther, troubled, "my dear little boy, I can't let you stay here, though I should like to. You know your mother will not allow you to come to play."

Peter and Essie sighed impatiently—why could not Esther have stayed up in the quiet house where there were no problems for her moral senses to wrestle with?

Jack looked at her quietly. He was a pale, rather stunted-looking little lad, with Lylie's expression, but very wise eyes. He opened his lips.

"Mother's compliments, and would you mind letting me stay in your place for a little while this morning, so I can shout as much as I like?"

Peter and Essie stared at their new friend with blank faces; their own moral rectitude had been so carefully attended to by Esther that they found it hard to grasp such an astonishing want of principle.

But Esther was a very unsuspicious woman and looked merely relieved.

"I shall be very pleased to have you," she said; "stay as long as you like and shout as much as you like."

"Why won't you be let shout at your house?" asked Peter. "Does it make her head ache?"

"It's not her," said Jack, fondling the latest guinea-pig, "it's the secret."

"What secret!" demanded the two children eagerly.

But Jack looked cautious again instantly. "Don't let's waste time," he said; "let's do something," and Esther, thus dismissed, returned to the house.

"Why didn't you tell us she said you could come?" demanded Peter.

But Jack merely gave a peculiar wink he had

copied from Charlie, and went on stirring up the little sleepy guinea-pigs.

The luncheon bell rang. Peter and Essie dragged their guest up to the house.

"He says he can stay to dinner," they said.

Esther duly expressed her sense of honour and delight, and drew up a chair for him at the table, and asked Martha to bring another knife and fork and a tumbler.

"But you must promise to let me go at two," he said, "that's the time we have dinner, and I wouldn't like the pater to be lonely. What room's your pater having his dinner in?"

Esther was busily engaged carving the roast mutton, and Nellie with three vegetables to apporportion also had her attention distracted.

It was Poppet who answered that her father was away in town, at the barracks, and only came home for late dinner.

"Do you take it in turns to stop with him?" asked the guest.

Peter replied that his father and mother and Pip and Nellie and Bunty all had dinner together. Jack digested the information thoughtfully.

"It must look funny," he said.

"What must?" said Esther, resting on her oars for a moment.

"You and him having dinner in the same room," returned Jack.

Esther looked puzzled, but returned to her labours.

"Don't your father and mother?" said Poppet, curiously.

"'Course they don't," said Jack. "Mother has hers in the study, and father has his in the breakfast-room. And Lylie and me takes it in turns where we have it. I had breakfast with mother, so I'll have lunch with pater."

Esther looked troubled, for every one was listening now. "Jack, dear," she said gently, "when you come here you mustn't tell us things that go on at your house—no gentleman does that—just talk about your games and pets, and things like that."

"What did I say?" demanded Jack aggrievedly, "I've not told you anything. I never let out a word about the secret."

"What pets have you at home?" asked Esther, striving to steer into safe waters.

"There's my dog Blinker," said Jack, "and on the station I used to have a kangaroo what would eat out of my hand, only then it got cranky and father sent it away. Wish I had a little kangaroo now."

"Why don't you get your mamma to ask your father to let you have another?" asked Essie, who was always making use of an ambassador herself.

Jack looked at her scornfully. "What a silly you are!" he said, "how could she when they don't speak to each other, scarcely never? Only when Lylie gets ill, or that time I fell out a window, and when——"

"Baked apples, Jack?" cried Esther, "and rice to them, and cream? Pass this to Jack, Poppet. The apples are from the orchard and the cream from that nice brown-and-white cow you were admiring."

"I'll have the cream," said Jack, "and if you've got a little cake I can scoop it out and fill it up, and it'll be a cream cake. You can give the apples and rice to him," and he pointed a careless finger at Peter.

"But I should like you to have something substantial," said Esther.

"Oh, I'm keeping myself a bit hungry," said Jack. "Tairoa was making jellied things with meat inside them, and I always help father eat them, 'cause mother thinks he likes them a lot and gen'ally looks to see if he's emptied the dish. One time when she had been crying a lot——"

"Jack," said Esther, "it is two o'clock, you had better run off at once."

Jack rose at once and gave a glance through the open window.

"You didn't happen to see that Box thing of ours go past yet, did you?" he asked.

"He means their buggy with the big lid," said Essie.

"No," said Esther, "but I think you had better go now, dear."

"All right, but I'll come another day," promised the guest, and went off munching the remains of his improvised cream cake.

CHAPTER X.

RES ANGUSTÆ.

"Then give me leave
that I may turn the
key,
That no man enter till
my tale be done."

"I'M afraid that I've hardly got this wide enough," Alan said, and stood back with a somewhat anxious

air to survey his afternoon's handiwork; "suppose you want to get a really big joint in some time, Meg?"

Meg laughed. "Suppose something a little more likely," she said. "Our butcher would really have a severe shock if he got an order for a joint from us that had not the strict proviso attached, 'Not more than five pounds.'"

"But you have to allow for the dish too," Alan said.

"Our pantry holds no dish that would refuse to go through that door," said Meg.

"Oh, well," said Alan, and took up his hammer again, relief on his face, "that's all right. I've almost finished."

"You are quite sure the door will fit so that no flies or ants can get through?" Meg said, and examined the hinges with much care. "I lose so much meat this dreadful weather."

Alan glanced unhappily at the cheerful crevice or two that plainly showed. "Couldn't you paste a bit of mosquito net over?" he said. "I'm afraid I can't make it fit better."

"Perhaps I can manage," said Meg— "hush, wasn't that the bell? Oh, Alan, I'm sure it is a patient this time—it isn't a bit like a hawk's ring. Oh, Alan, if only it is!"

Alan had laid down his saw and his hammer and was gazing with painful expectancy at the back door. Meg's colour went and came in waves. Oh, the quick, bright hopes that leapt up in her each time that loud gong sounded through the house, and oh, how often they were quenched!

Lizzie, in her neat equipment of goffered cap and apron, crossed the yard.

"Two nuns collecting for the Hospice of St. Margaret, ma'am," she said.

"Hang the Hospice of St. Margaret!" was Alan's pious ejaculation, and he picked up his saw again and began to look for his pencil mark on the length of wood in front of him.

Meg's colour was



"'I SAY,' SAID JACK, YOU'D BETTER GO—HERE'S MOTHER COMING.'"—(p. 240.)

quiet again. "Tell them I am sorry, but I have too many calls on my purse," she said: "and I hope you are listening to Baby, Lizzie."

"He's sleeping like a lamb yet," said Lizzie. "I'm sitting on the verandah near him while I cut my papers for the shelves." She went back through the house to the front door to bear the disheartening news of refusal to the sable-clad sisters waiting there.

Alan's hammer smote the quiet air of the yard from time to time, and the movable meat-safe that the summer demanded and the household purse refused to afford approached nearer and nearer to completion.

It was not a very neat job—indeed Bunty, who was clever with the tools of carpentry, made the mental comment of "clumsy, hulking thing," when he saw it. But Meg had been so worried with the difficulty of keeping the meat good and Baby's milk sweet in this little inconvenient house, the young doctor had laid down the scalpel that never had use enough, and picked up an unfamiliar saw.

"It's time I knew better how to use these tools," he said as he worked; "there must be many things you want, Girlie, though you never worry me to make them."

"Oh," said Meg, "till Bunty got this bicycle fever there was no need, he did all I wanted. But I am certainly just beginning to find out what a treasure he was to me."

"What else do you want?" Alan said; "I've spare time enough, Heaven knows, to build furniture for half-a-dozen houses. What shall I start with? You shall not be worried for want of the ordinary decencies of life."

"But I'm afraid it would hardly do for Lizzie to see you wasting time over such things," said Meg gravely; "she would tell the baker, and the frightful scandal would spread through the suburb. As long as you are out, or in the consulting-room among your books, she considers you are respectably employed. But making meat-safes! I'm sure if she sickened with measles to-night she would make me send for some other doctor."

"Hang Lizzie!" said Alan, "you shall not go without things you want for her. You can give her to understand hammering is my hobby. Now deliver your orders."

Meg had been made comfortable on a cushion placed at one end of the rough carpenter's bench Alan had improvised for himself in the wood and coal shed. She looked up from the baby bonnet she was trying to construct from a white silk blouse of her own.

"I should *love* to have a toy cupboard for Little

Boy," she said with pleased eyes. "Pip and the others give him so many things, the house seems strewn with his toys."

"That's one; what else?"

"Oh, if you *could* make another wide set of shelves for me to put clothes on," Meg said; "your good coat ought not to hang, it gets so shapeless. And where to put my starched blouses and Boy's pelisses after I have ironed them I don't know."

"After *you* have ironed them!" Alan repeated sharply. "Surely Lizzie can iron!"

Meg was swift to cover her slip. "Of course she can," she said, "all the uninteresting things Baby's things and my pretty blouses are specialities I like to attend myself. There's the bell again—this really *might* be some one, mightn't it? A nice wealthy old man with rheumatism, or a messenger to say scarlet fever has broken out at the boarding-school on the hill. Oh no, not scarlet fever, because you might bring it home to Baby. Something harmless but lengthy—an epidemic of sprained ankles, for instance." She talked lightly, quickly, but with anxious eyes all the time on the back door through which Lizzie seemed so long in appearing.

"Oh, it is the children," she said, pleasure and disappointment both in her voice as Poppet first and then Bunty appeared in the doorway.

Such a pair of hot, red faces! It was a heat-wave day; the thermometer had gone steadily from eighty-five to ninety-six degrees in the shade during the afternoon, but a trifle like that never kept those particular wheels idle in the Misrule hall.

"Where's your seltzogene?" said Bunty; "I'll empty it for you in five minutes." He looked around thirstily as if expecting to find it in the woodshed. Poppet reminded him with a delicate poke of her elbow of the fact that seltzogenes are luxuries, costing money for both purchase and keeping up, and therefore strangers in this little household.

"Or water'll do just as well," said Bunty, recollecting; "a tap and a tumbler are all I crave. Hope you don't have a water-meter here, Meg, if you have you'll find I've made a big difference in your bill in a minute or two."

"I've lemons," cried Meg, jumping down from the bench; "you shall have a lemon squash each in a moment. But how *could* you ride such a day? Alan, I'm afraid you'll say there really is insanity in the family."

"Well," said Alan, "and who better qualified than I to minister to such a family? Did I not make a special study in Heidelberg of brain disease, and didn't old Hamburger once actually grunt 'not bad' to my theories?"

"Who was old Hamburger?" said Bunty.

"Only the greatest brain specialist in all the Fatherland," said Meg, open pride on her face, "and he thought so much of Alan's ideas he used to talk to him and argue with him for hours together."

"Fudge," said Alan, "he took pity on a half blind beggar and helped him to pass the time, that was all. Still it qualified me for dealing with Misrule madness. And these two plainly have a virulent attack. Well, my chief desire has been a really good lunacy case, and now I am happy."

"Pooh!" said Bunty; "the heat's nothing to make a fuss about—is it, Poppet? There's Nellie lying on the matting in the nursery and feeling it a lot more just because she keeps thinking about it. You forget all about it when you're riding, don't you, Poppet?"

"Nearly," said Poppet, wiping her streaming, scarlet little face. "Where's Baby, Meg?"

"On the verandah," said Meg, standing at the kitchen table cutting her lemons; "it is the coolest place. You like plenty of sugar, don't you, Bunty?—You take this—here is yours, Poppet—I'll just run with this to Alan—sawing is hot work too."

The cyclists drank with slow and deep enjoyment while Meg went first to Alan with his drink, then to Lizzie, who had just begun to lay the cloth for tea, which on Saturdays and Sundays always took the place of the half-past six dinner.

The cloth was very white and uncreased, pink carnations and feathery grass with wandering pink ribbon made a pleasant resting-place in the centre for the eye, and the simple white china was prettily arranged. Lizzie would presently add a plate of thinly-cut bread-and-butter or a stand of toast, a crisp lettuce or a small glass of some preserve. Nothing more—it was the customary tea, and with the addition of porridge the customary

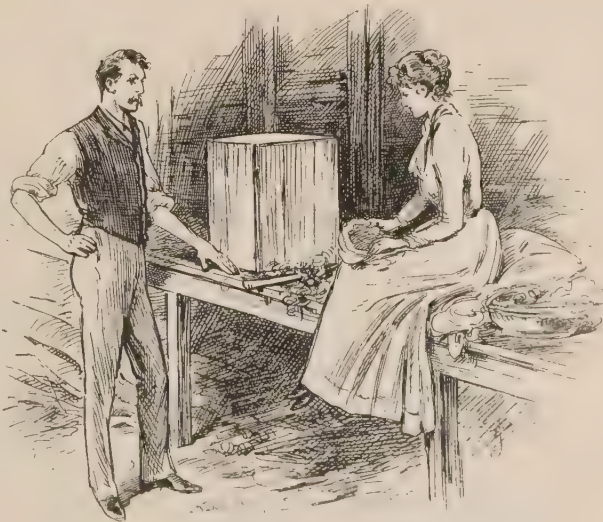
breakfast in the little household. But two hungry cyclists! The perturbed house-mistress went into her pantry and looked anxiously at her shelves. There was a tin of salmon there certainly, and with parsley or egg sauce it could quickly be made into an appetizing dish. But it cost sevenpence-halfpenny! A very large sum when one remembered a tin of Bartlett pears had been opened to make out the dinner of the night before, when Andrew had come in unexpectedly; and a shilling tin of whitebait on Tuesday, when the Major had come to share, as he expressed it, "pot luck." Which, happening to be precisely two small cutlets, albeit they wore frills and reposed on a bed of feathered potatoes, refused to be shared. Eggs! There were just three lying in the basket—Meg had not dared to order more that morning, for they were twopence each. If they were scrambled nicely and put on big slices of toast, they might appease the hungry young appetites just come. And that last jar of pineapple jam up there—Alan's eyes would brighten at the sight of it—he was *such* a school-boy for these dainties, though he professed so strongly he cared nothing for them and had never been in better health than under the present *régime* of strictly wholesome diet. Yes, half the jar of jam and the other half would make a pudding next week. Meg took it down from its resting-place.

And into the pantry came Poppet with downcast eyes and a basket.

"I just slipped these things in, Megsie, to keep my tools from rattling about," she said. "I haven't got a proper tool-bag, you know, so I use this basket, and it's *such* a nuisance when the oil-can and things bang about all the way."

To prevent this nuisance she had padded the basket with a bunch of

parsnips, some beetroot and French beans from the vegetable garden, a bottle of milk, five eggs that her own two fowls had laid, and a bunch of marguerites to keep the table going until next visit. Certainly two of the eggs were broken with the jolting.



"'I SHOULD LOVE,' SAID MEG, 'TO HAVE A TOY CUPBOARD FOR LITTLE BOY.'"—(p. 244.)

Such a weight the basket had been on the already heavy machine! Bunty often called her an obstinate little donkey for insisting on carrying such a large clumsy basket on these rides; he never dreamed it held anything heavier than the legitimate tools.

There was a tear in Meg's eye as she took out the loving little gifts and laid them on the pantry shelves; no one but Poppet realised quite how bare those shelves were, and even she always pretended the little things she brought had no particular purpose.

More than once had she dragged a great cabbage or cauliflower all the way from Misrule's prolific garden, and then said she had just brought it down for Meg to see the funny way the heart curled.

And Meg *would* see, and thankfully, during the two or three dinners which it served and lightened thus her greengrocer's bill.

"Chickie, you mustn't, you really mustn't," she said this afternoon as she put the things aside; "the basket is dreadfully heavy, I *can't* allow it."

"You don't feel a little weight like that a *scrap* on a bicycle," said the child, so anxious not to hurt that truth was left to go to the wall. And Meg, who had never mounted a wheel in her life, was glad to accept the statement.

"Now I'm off to Baby," cried the little girl. "I've been dying for him all the week. He *must* be nearly awake now."

"If he isn't, don't wake him," called Meg after her.

"I wouldn't for worlds," said Poppet. "the very most I would do would be to drop a brick just near."

Meg put the paste-board and rolling-pin on the little pantry table and reached down the flour and baking-powder with a light heart; this extra milk would make a delightful plate of scones—Alan loved the scones she made—and now there would be plenty of eggs to go round. She sang "We are Gentleman of Japan" in gayest voice as she made her dough.

In to her, at the sound of her voice, came Bunty.

"Where's Lizzie?" he said.

"Setting tea," said Meg. "Are you getting impatient?"

"She can't overhear?"

"Not a sound—especially if you shut the door."

Bunty shut the door, moved some crockery aside and sat down on the edge of a shelf.

Meg glanced at him, smiling. "What's she like?" she said. "Blue eyes or brown? Does she frown on you or favour the suit?"

"It's a long way from a joke, I can tell you," said Bunty.

Meg looked swiftly grave. Essie, Peter, Esther, Nellie, Pip—all the dear ones she was no longer among, but who were twined in with all the warm threads of her life—was something wrong with one of these?

"Tell me at once," she said.

"I hardly know how," said Bunty, and changed the position of cups that were hanging on a shelf beside him, and took a lid off a tea-pot and looked in, and spilt the baking-powder, and even then had received no help.

"Who is it about?"

"Nellie."

"Nellie! Why she was down here as bright and happy as a girl could be on Monday," said Meg.

"This is Saturday," said Bunty, with deep pessimism.

"But she was in particularly good spirits," said Meg, "and Esther was here yesterday and said nothing."

"Esther doesn't know—I'm the only one who does, bad luck!" said Bunty. "It's frightful to have a thing like this on your mind and to feel you'll be a low sneak if you tell any one, and yet for her good feel you ought."

"It is something that's come to your knowledge accidentally? Nell would rather you hadn't known?"

"I should smile! She's hardly looked at me all the week 'cause she knows I know."

"Then you must keep it to yourself. It would be very wrong to tell me," Meg said.

Bunty look worried to death. "Just what I tell myself every day," he said; "but she'll get ill. Some one ought to look after her. What can a clumsy fellow like me do? I'll have to tell you, Meg—you never saw anything like how white she is, and she hardly has eaten a thing this week. You'll know what to do—a chap is such a thick-headed ass!"

"Perhaps you had better tell me, then," said Meg, and floured her scone tin with a very anxious look on her face.

(To be continued.)



PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES.*

A Book about Haunted Houses, Historical Houses, and the Old House Beautiful. Written by Allan Fea, Author of "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places."

By ALICE CORKRAN.

THERE is a spell about an old house, the nature of which it is difficult to define. It does not lie in the beauty of its architecture nor in the charm of its garden, for many an old house has neither of these attractions, and yet an atmosphere like an influence gathers round it. Here we feel people have lived and died, rejoiced and sorrowed, sinned and repented. The whole drama of human existence has passed within those walls. Young husbands have brought their brides here; sons and daughters have been born there; in due time they have flitted from the roof tree, but wherever they went their thoughts flew back to the old home round which centred the tenderest memories. The thought of the associ-



Charing Palace.

THE IVY-GROWN REMAINS OF THE OLD EPISCOPAL PALACE OF CHARING, IN KENT.

ations of the home makes Mr. Allan Fea's new book, "Picturesque Houses," fascinating, and gives to it a touch of pathos. His former volume, "Secret Chambers," had the charm of history. We felt pulsing through it the tragedy of a time of religious persecution. We lived through the terror of it; all the sublime patience appealed to us of the victims hidden in the gloomy recesses known as "priests' holes" while the soldiers searched the house. This book has nothing of that sense of turmoil and angry dissensions; everywhere we feel in it the intimate touch that deals with the home.



A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD-TIME VILLAGE OF ALDBURY, HERTFORDSHIRE.

From their conspicuous position the unfortunate victims who did penance in the stocks were subject to assaults on all sides.

* "Picturesque Old Houses," by Allan Fea, profusely illustrated, and dedicated by gracious permission to H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. (London: Bousfield & Co.)



MOYNS: AN ADMIRABLE TYPE OF THE FINE OLD MANSION THAT DATES FROM THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Mr. Fea takes us over Kent, Sussex, through parts of Berkshire and through a corner of leafy Hertfordshire. It is a slice only of England that we visit in his company, stopping at many stately homes filled with traditions of the past, at many sheltered homesteads embowered in green corners or tucked snugly away in some hollow of a down; we go through old-world villages in which the houses are half stone, half timber, with roofs that seem too big for their littleness; we stop at quaint inns, and visit obscure old churches, in which the monuments tell of the piety, the learning of the squires and dames that worshipped there, where, on the floor are whimsical bronzes; and curious epitaphs adorn some of the graves in the bit of God's Acre outside. Everywhere, across meadows and along roads straight and winding, by gusty shores or among the mysterious hills we find those homes

of long ago. Houses over which a puritanical gloom still hangs; houses with spirited memories attached to them, square stately Jacobite houses, Elizabethan farm-houses with gabled roofs, pointed windows and stacked chimneys, churches and mansions that bear the trace of the great Civil War, whose doors and walls are honeycombed by the bullets of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. Then there are the haunted houses in which the timber creaks, and down the vast chimneys of which the wind roars and blusters,

setting the crazy edifice sighing, singing, sobbing, shrieking. The past hangs visionary over all these homes of long ago.

There are the three farm-houses in Sussex at Osbrook, at Bonnett's and King's farm. What a picture of the England of our forefathers these picturesque houses give us. We see the sturdy farmer at work with his men, inspecting, giving



LITTLE HADHAM HALL, NEAR BISHOP'S STORTFORD: THE RESIDENCE OF THE GALLANT ROYALIST SOLDIER, LORD CAPEL.

directions, riding to hounds on holidays. We see his prosperous-looking wife, full of care for her kitchen and ordering her maids about; we see the pretty daughters helping her and intent upon the delicate and useful avocations befitting young damsels in the past.

There is the old manor house of Pluckley, the home of the Derings; the old manor house near Boughton where Queen Elizabeth slept on one of her progresses; there is the house at Peckham standing solitary where we are told the beautiful Mrs. Wetenhall nearly died of *ennui*; East Grinstead, where the curfew is still tolled at 7 in the winter and 8 in the summer, and whose old houses make us think that we have lapsed back some centuries.

East Grinstead is on the way to Petworth House, the home of the Percies, peopled with hallowed memories of the dead. We stand before Vandyck's noble portrait of the ninth Earl of Northumberland

who pined his life away in the Tower. Upon his brow are the melancholy and dignity of an overmastering fate. Henry VIII., Queen Catherine Parr, Edward VI., all painted by Holbein, it is said; and near them merry Peg Woffington, given to us by Hogarth's brush.

There is the noble staircase and the beautiful chapel which tradition says was built by Harry Hotspur. Grinling's carvings enrich the walls; everything holds us in that mansion of memories. We wander off into the park, through the silent alleys of which and the green aisles we catch glimpses of the South Downs running to the

left. Far away we know is Black Down, on the edge of which the late Lord Tennyson's house stands. My thoughts go wandering off to a day when I stood in his garden, amid the white lilies, the fragrant roses, the homely sweetness of a thousand annuals, forming an oasis in the surrounding wildness. I seem to meet the spirit of our Laureate in that privileged spot over which the white clouds threw flitting shadows, as they scudded through the sky, driven by the wind.

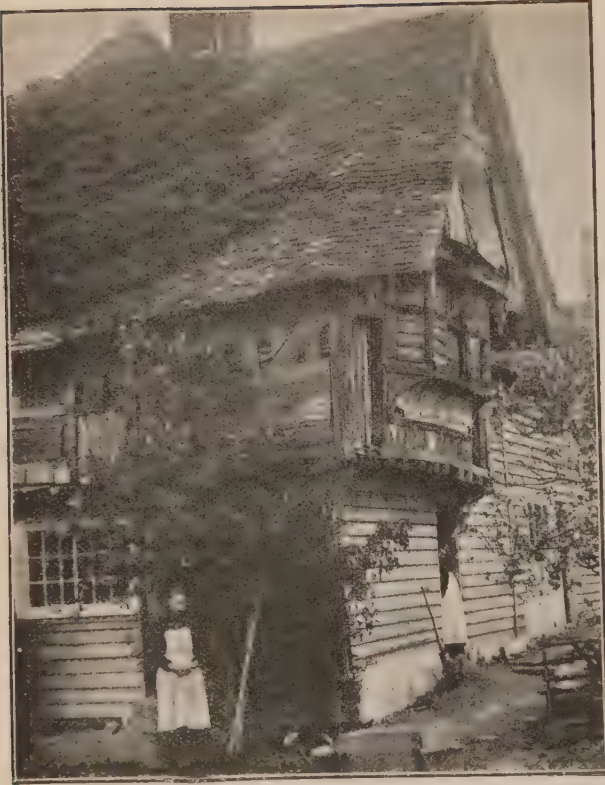
A little way further on is Cowdray House, standing in its solitary park. The house, Mr. Fea tells us, was



BOARSTALL TOWER.

A picturesque old castle round which many a Royalist and Roundhead fight waged fiercely.

one of the most famous in Sussex; it was a shrine illumined by paintings by Holbein and other great masters. Its chapel, the splendour of its banqueting-hall, can still be guessed at by the magnificence of its ruins, for all was destroyed by fire on the fatal night of the 23rd



OLD HOUSE, NEAR ASHFORD.

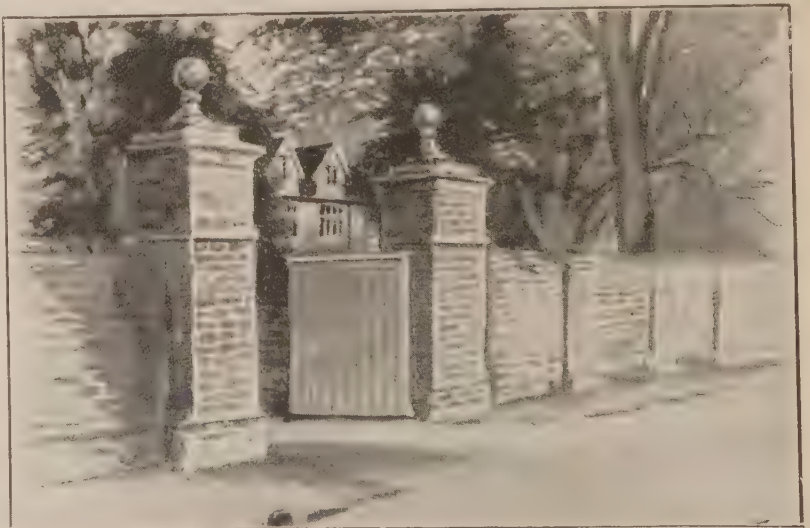
A beautiful example of the old Kentish farm-house.

and 24th of September, 1793. The ivy-clad ruins stand in their belt of trees brooding over the past glories of the house.

There is another important mansion that calls to us: Penshurst, "the Kentish shrine," given by Edward VI. to the Sidneys. It stands alone, a long, low edifice, a relic of five hundred years. In it heroic deeds have been planned and dreamt, immortal works have been written, the reading of which makes the heart throb as if he who wrote them were still alive. There did the great Sidneys and

the Leicesters love and feast, study and make merry. Traces remain of the splendid pageants that house saw, of the wild and chivalrous deeds that were enacted therein. Here Sidney wrote his lovely sonnets, under the oak-tree that is bound round with hoops of iron in the Park; and here Saccharissa, loved by Waller, tripped in the early morning freshness. Her portrait still hangs on the wall of the stately drawing-room, a bouncing smiling maid. There are portraits of Edward VI., of gentle Lady Jane Grey, of vixenish Mary Tudor, of wise and witty Mary Pembroke, of Philip Sidney, the idol of his time. Here, too, Queen Elizabeth came, and in her room on a sofa lies the mandoline tradition says she played upon. Tresses of the hair of the Sidneys and Leicesters are gathered in a glass case; rings and miniatures are in the beautiful cabinets. Ah! house full of dreams and of memories, still through your corridors seems to linger the sound of ghostly music, of the laughter and the whispers of gallant youths and lovely women. An unaccountable melancholy and remote-

ness hang over the Park. It seems to know that no more shall the feet that made green its alleys wander there; that no more



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE HOUSES IN THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF TUNSTALL.

A red-brick Jacobean house; one sees the gables and the clock-house peeping over the high wall.

shall the voices that made sweet its glades be heard.

Then there are the haunted houses Mr. Fea leads us into. The yew-tree avenue, where the lady walks with a red badge round her throat; the famous Manor House that is visited by a headless Spectre; the homes in which poor restless maidens wander. These ghostly visitors drew my thoughts away to a house in Hertfordshire, the "old house at Cheshunt." "They say as Blue Beard lived there," said an old countryman to whom

portraits. A carved mantelpiece stood at one end, and over it was placed a fine melallion of Cardinal Wolsey. Banners rent and falling to dust hung from its ceiling, and all about were placed oak chests full of finery. A small room opened out of this hall; in it was an organ, its pipes and keys all broken. Then we went up another flight of carpetless stairs into the haunted chamber. An open spinet stood in one corner and by the fireplace was a ghastly stain that told of some foul deed done there. In the wall



GREAT TANGLEY.

One of the old Surrey houses in which a circular timber pattern of ornamentation was used with a pleasing effect.

I confided my intention of going to see it. A tradition of mysterious wickedness hangs over the place. It was a religious house, connected by a secret underground passage with Waltham Abbey. On a sunshiny summer day we made our way thither. The house stands away from the high road, in the midst of fields. The woman who opened the door for us was silent and sallow. She led us up a few carpetless stone steps and we suddenly found ourselves in a large room hung with

was a disguised aperture, and as we looked down we were aware of a deep darkness beyond. A child's toy, a wooden horse that tradition says belonged to Charles I. was there, bringing into the spectral gloom a suggestion of sweetness and innocence. Then we went below into the cellar, close to the crypt we saw the opening of the secret passage that leads to the sinister Abbey. In one of the walls of this underground chamber some years ago two standing skeletons of nuns were found that had

been buried alive. A lantern and a platter of bread lay at the feet of each hapless lady. There are more skeletons it is said in that ghastly wall. It was in vain that our guide told us that she had never seen any spectre. She had heardsteps but she fancied it was rats only gambling about. We fled away from that house of evil, with all its pitiful associations of crime and horror, out into the wholesome sunshine, into the blessed amity of the fresh air.

There are many other points of interest in Mr. Fea's book which I have not space to notice here. Memorials of punishment meted

out to our forefathers. There are the stocks for the riotous and the drunkards; the chiding-stone for the scolds. The book is full of matter worth reading; it will people

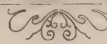


WOODCOTE.

A fine example of the picturesque homes of England.

again the old homes of our native land with memories of those who have lived in them long time ago.

AN INTERRUPTION.



DOWN from the cupboard of toys, one night,
When the children were sleeping sound,
Two dear little dollies softly stepped,
On a trip of adventures bound.
One was a boy, as a sailor dressed,
The other a dainty, wee maid
With sweet eyes of blue and golden curls,
And a gown of satin brocade.

The little Jack-tar remarked with a smile :—
"I love you, my sweet, as my life!"
And, taking her dear little hand in his,
He asked her to be his wee wife!
The sweet little maiden blushed and smiled,
Just as sweet little maidens do,
And curtsied right down to the ground as she
said :—
"Dearest Jack, I love only you!"

Then the sailor he danced a hornpipe for joy
In quite a professional style,
While his dear little maid, in her satin brocade,
Looked on, and applauded, the while.
But, just as the dance was quite at its height,
These sweet little venturesome toys
Were frightened by hearing a voice calling out :—
"Nurse! What is that tapping noise?"

Then away they scampered; and tripped in their
haste,
In the folds of the satin brocade;
Jack tumbled back into that cupboard of toys
Just in time—with his dear little maid!
And their poor little hearts were beating so fast
As they listened to Nurse's voice :—
"Go to sleep again, like a good little girl;
It's only your fancy, Miss Joyce!"

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.



A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

Illustrated by HELEN PAXTON BROWN.

she sang. It was a song made for a child of her own house.

"Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the Castle of Dromore,

Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit to soar.

A little rest and then the world is full of work to do.
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo."

THE wintry winds whistled round the Castle of Dromore, and below the piping of the winds there was a dull persistent sound, the thud of the seas breaking at the foot of the crag on which the ancient house of the L'Estranges was built.

There were four persons in the room, Michael L'Estrange, Mistress Pamela, his sister, Eily, his daughter, and M. le Vicomte de Poitiers.

The last, a young gentleman of about twenty-three years, stood with a bowed head holding a skein of wool which Mistress Pamela was winding into a ball. He was extremely elegant in his coat and breeches of pearl grey silk, with white waistcoat and white silk stockings. His hair he wore powdered, albeit the new Jacobinism was bringing in the fashion of wearing one's own hair; and it could not be denied that the powder was becoming to his face. He wore a slight moustache with points at either end. Its blackness and the darkness of his vivacious eyes were in pleasant contrast with his powder.

Looking at him, bent low before Mistress Pamela's faded beauty, Michael L'Estrange's heart smote him at what he had to do.

He glanced sorrowfully at his daughter's profile where she sat at the old piano with its high back of faded red silk. It threw into delightful relief the rich colour of her cheeks and the outline of her bronze-coloured head which had never known powder. There were soft fires in her eyes as they looked up while

The rich voice, almost too full for her slender young body, broke in the passionate tenderness of the nurse's song, and she turned from the piano with a wavering smile on her lips, though the passion of the music yet lingered in her eyes under the long lashes.

M. le Vicomte de Poitiers made a half-impulsive movement towards her. Then he remembered the fetters on his hands, and with a little murmur of apology to Mistress Pamela kept his place before her. Mistress Pamela had noticed the movement and smiled to herself. The woman was not so dead in her that she could not appreciate the young Frenchman's charming ways towards her, and his coming was an answer to prayer. Yes, surely, an answer to her prayers. What a match for Eily! And the child head over ears in love with him! The son of one of the greatest statesmen and soldiers in Europe. What a chance that in doing the Grand Tour he should have visited these wilds, and fallen head over ears in love with Eily!

But what was Michael saying? What was Michael, with his terrible pride, his fanatical sense of honour, saying? Mistress Pamela turned pale under her powder.

"You go to Dublin to-morrow, I understand, M. le Vicomte?" said Michael L'Estrange.

The young gentleman was so startled that he let Mistress Pamela's wools fall, and made no effort to pick them up again.

"Pardon," he said. "Monsieur L'Estrange. To Dublin? No, I had not thought of it. I had thought to fish the trout in your delightful river when the spring should come."

The colour came and went in his ingenuous cheek. There was a sharp sound in the room as though some one had caught her breath in a sob. Then the door closed: Eily had gone out.

"The trout-fishing is good," said Michael L'Estrange, "but so it is in a thousand streams. You are travelling to see the world, and if I remember rightly, M. le Vicomte, you intended but to spend one night at the *Angler's Rest*, which must have poor accommodation for your suite."

"It is excellent," the young man answered confusedly. "But indeed I was not thinking of it. I have found friends here, in the Castle of Dromore." His eyes pleaded piteously, but Michael L'Estrange had set his face like a flint. "It is what my father would have wished. 'Go, Henri,' he said, when he parted with me, 'see the world, my child, see men and women, beautiful scenery, and strange cities. Make friends, enlarge thy mind, come back to me a man of the world. Yet remember always that the world is not things but persons, that no natural beauty of inanimate things can equal the profound interest of the human character.'"

"M. le Duc is a past master in his knowledge of the minds of men," said Michael L'Estrange; "but you will go to Dublin to-morrow, Monsieur."

The young man threw out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"You drive me forth," he said. "A day or two ago you offered me your hospitality for the Christmas, to see the mummers, the mystery play at your market-cross, those so interesting survivals. What have I done, M. L'Estrange?"

A low murmur of protest from Mistress Pamela in her corner but hardened Michael L'Estrange's face. He turned away, and began lifting one thing after another from the mantelshelf, and putting them back in their places.

"I am sorry, M. le Vicomte," he said, breaking the silence at last, "that your visit to the Castle of Dromore has come to an end."

"I go," said the young man in a low voice,

"there is nothing to do but for me to go with a million thanks, M. L'Estrange, for your gracious hospitality. But I will come again. Ah, yes, I will come again. My father shall plead for me."

"Your father's hands are too full of the affairs of Europe, young sir, to come as a suppliant to the Castle of Dromore and the poor L'Estranges."

L'Estrange spoke bitterly, his eye taking in the great bare room, where every article of furniture cried out for renewing.

The Vicomte bent low over Mistress Pamela's hand as he kissed it. Then he bowed deeply to Michael L'Estrange, and was gone. The clang of the great door behind him seemed to jar all the house.

"Were you wise, brother?" asked Mistress Pamela, lifting her tearful eyes from her knitting. "The young man was unexceptional in every way."

"You are too modest, Madam," said Michael L'Estrange, with bitter mockery. "The minister of a King, who is more King than his master, what has his only son to do with the daughter of the L'Estranges?"

"We are a proud and ancient family, brother."

"Too proud to seek such an alliance. Is the Castle of Dromore a spider's web to entrap the only son of the Duc de Launay? Let him call home his lad. We want none of him, neither I nor my girl."

That night Michael L'Estrange sat late. The next morning at daybreak, Martin, his soldier servant, who had been with him at Fontenoy, set out with a letter in his breast addressed to the Duc de Launay.

After that the sadness which had seemed to lift from the Castle of Dromore fell on it more heavily than before.

Eily shunned her father, and the old spinet no longer tinkled to her melodious singing of *The Castle of Dromore*, *The Foggy Dew*, and *The Lady of Albany's Lament for King Charles*. Michael L'Estrange and his sister had the drawing-room to themselves of evenings, and though he had had his way, and vindicated his honour, he was uneasily conscious of his sister's reproachful eye upon him, and the depth of

her sighs, as she carried on her interminable knitting.

Many weeks elapsed before Martin returned. He had gone in late October: it was snowy Christmas weather when he came back. He carried a letter from the Duc de Launay, the contents of which were somewhat surprising to Michael L'Estrange.

The writer thanked him for his consideration for the family of De Launay, and went on:

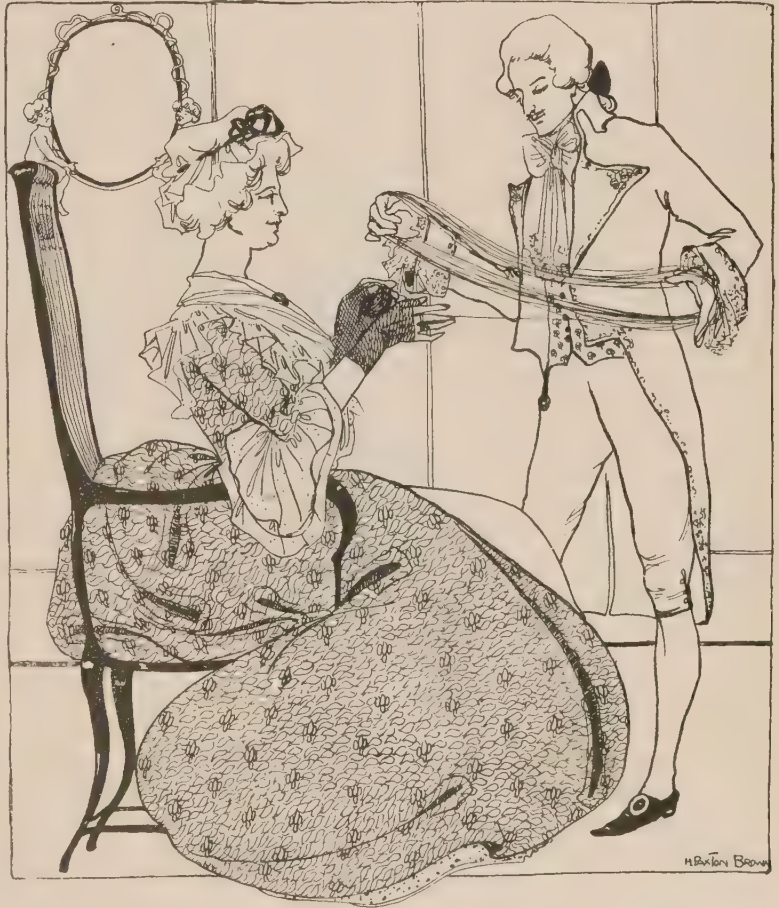
"There will be in your neighbourhood almost as soon as this letter, a friend of our house, M. de Correze, whom I commend to your courtesies. He will express whatever I have failed in of my admiration for an honour so delicate, a pride so generous."

There was no time to decline M. de Correze as a guest, if a L'Estrange could have thought of committing such a crime against hospitality. Briefly Michael L'Estrange imparted the news to his household, that they might look for such a visitor any hour of the day. There was no suggestion on his part that M. de Correze was other than one of

his old comrades in the Low Countries, and as such Mistress Pamela accepted him. Eily received the tidings indifferently, as she had been doing with most things of late. She was not sullen. On the contrary, she was exquisitely gentle with her father when they met. But there was a hint of mutinous spirit about the red lips, and an unextinguished sparkle in her eyes which told that she was not a likely one to give up her happi-

ness even at the bidding of the father she worshipped.

M. de Correze arrived, accompanied only by a soldier-servant on the very evening of the mummers' play. It was not till the supper hour that Eily made his acquaintance. He was a little old man who walked with



"M. LE VICOMTE DE POITIERS STOOD HOLDING A SKEIN OF WOOL WHICH MISTRESS PAMELA WAS WINDING INTO A BALL."—(p. 253.)

a limp, and had the tiniest old parchment face, with a thousand wrinkles upon it.

He came to the supper table in a faded uniform, with a few medals on his breast. Insignificant Eily had thought him at the first moment, if she so much as thought upon him, a mere piece of flotsam from the old wars, but as the minutes passed she began to change her mind. A sense of power, of domination, seemed to hang about the old soldier. His

eyes now, those little eyes in deep sockets under penthouse brows, how piercing they were, how commanding! Eily L'Estrange had an odd thought that if those eyes commanded her to do anything she must obey.

He faced her at the round table, and Eily felt those eyes often upon her. They made her curiously shy, yet their expression for her was a kind one. Now and again she tried to meet his glance, but her eyes got no higher than the medals on his breast. To her they meant nothing. Not so with Michael L'Estrange. At sight of them his eye had kindled, for an instant he had made a gesture as though he would salute like a soldier. From the moment of seeing them his manner had a reverence towards his guest, strange enough in one of his name, seeing how highly they ranked their own house and their own blood. As the supper passed the two fell to talking of battles. They had fought in the same field, for the Lilies of France, and M. de Correze had apparently acquainted himself with his host's distinctions as a soldier; and presently Eily forgot her fear of the guest in watching with sparkling eyes her father's face, and listening to the stirring recital of the things the two old soldiers had passed through.

M. de Correze seemed as loth to leave the Castle of Dromore as M. le Vicomte de Poitiers had been. His stay of a day or two lengthened to a week or more. It was bright Christmas weather, frosty, with icicles hung on every bough. They had had all the Christmas diversions. The mummers, who romped through their strange medley of Christian and Pagan story night after night at the Castle of Dromore, had played their Old Testament mystery-play at the Tholsel. M. de Correze had privately been made free of the bull-baiting, which no longer took place in the bull-ring since modern ways grew squeamish, but to which all the world went when it was held in a deep quarry on L'Estrange's land.

Christmas day came bright and clear, with a continuance of the hard weather. There was plenty of skating on the marshes inland from the Castle of Dromore, miles of it, which reminded M. de Correze, he said, of the Lowlands of Holland in a hard winter.

The two old comrades sucked their pipes on

the banks of the marshes that Christmas afternoon, and talked insatiably of old battles. They had never yet touched the subject which was the cause of M. de Correze's visit—but after a time, as Eily's lonely young figure passed and repassed, they came naturally to it.

"She is charming, charming," said De Correze energetically. "As graceful as yon swan when he is in his native element, as lovely as a goddess."

"She is my one joy in life," said Michael L'Estrange, with a sigh.

"You will not care to give her up to a husband?"

"Ah! I would not have her grow old unmarried. But . . . there is no one here for her. The few gentlefolk enjoy themselves in Dublin. There are only the peasants and shopkeepers of our little town."

"Only those?"

Michael L'Estrange flushed.

"You know she had another suitor, De Correze, since you are the Duc de Launay's friend. But that I did not entertain. It would be no suitable marriage for the Vicomte de Poitiers."

"Ah, my friend,"—M. de Correze took snuff, and then handed the snuff box to his companion—"You say so, yet I think you hold your child the equal of any man."

"Perhaps. I am too proud not to see it as the world would see it."

"What would you have more? Yours is a noble and ancient family, as honourable in you as in any of the line. The child is . . . perfect. I understand the lad's infatuation. I am become infatuated myself."

"His father would not agree with you, De Correze."

"Ah, why not? He is a brave man, a simple in his way. He married for love himself, and he would have set his wife against all Europe. He would have the same happiness for his boy."

"If I could believe it?"

"You would recall the Vicomte?"

"I could desire nothing better. The child loves him. I am in conflict with her. I who have never denied her anything. It hurts me."

Again M. de Correze took snuff.

"Ah, bah! Do not fret, my friend. We

cannot hinder them, these children. We are but a pebble in the stream. They sweep past us."

He had seen, as Michael L'Estrange had not, how in the gathering dusk another skater had joined Miss Eily on the ice and taken her hand, and the two had glided away together into obscurity.

The old soldiers had time to be cold before

Eily tired of her skating. A thin winter moon hung over the landscape as they went homeward, and the Christmas bells jangled from the squat church-tower of Dro-more.

Eily was in furs to her ears. It was M. de Correze's fancy that her eyes sparkled like diamonds in the shadow of her velvet hood. One hand she kept in her muff. The other she had thrust within her father's arm, but when he was detained a little while on the way by some one who had business with him, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to transfer it to M. de Correze's outstretched arm.

The old soldier lifted it to his lips with tender gallantry.

"To think I was afraid of you a week ago!" said Eily with bright confidence.

"You are not now, my child?"

"Not the least bit in the world. Only afraid that you will leave us, M. de Correze."

"I cannot remain much longer. I have a business to finish. Afterwards there are . . . ah! . . . quantities of business for me to do elsewhere."

He waved his free hand with a widely-embracing gesture.

"Let your business here be as long in the doing as possible. How we shall miss you, M. de Correze!"



"TO THINK I WAS AFRAID OF YOU A WEEK AGO!" SAID EILY WITH BRIGHT CONFIDENCE.

"Ah, little Eily, you will not be wholly bereft of company. What of the gentleman on the ice? I grew to fear that you were coming back no more."

"M. de Correze"—Eily's voice faltered—"since you saw us, I must explain. He is waiting for his father to help him. It is all my father has against him, that the Duc de Launay is too great for an alliance with us. But Henri says he can trust his father's love."

"He said that?"

Eily gripped his arm hard.

"He is sure of it. He is an only son, and he and his father are

all in all to each other. If I were to tell you"

"Were all in all to each other," said the old soldier, and his voice had the faintest trace of pain.

"Ah, M. de Correze, you do not know the Duc de Launay, or you would not suggest his being jealous. He is great, so great and noble. He would only think what his love could do

could sacrifice, for Henri, for M. le Vicomte. He loves as greatly as he lives."

"His son says so?"

"He says a thousand times more. When I see him, if I ever should see him, I shall have to fall on my knees. So great, so good. They do not always go together, M. de Correze."

"No, child; but I hear your father coming. Listen now. A friend of mine may come to-night. Will you have another *couvert* placed for him at table?"

"Why, gladly, M. de Correze. It is a night for hospitality. Think how sad it is for those who must sup alone to-night, in a little inn like *The Angler's Rest* at Dromore!"

Eily drew the deepest of sighs, and M. de Correze patted gently the little hand upon his arm, as Michael L'Estrange joined them, putting an end to the conversation.

If Eily was lovely in her velvet and furs, she was no less lovely in her short-waisted gown of white-flowered satin with a bunch of holly berries and leaves at her breast. The little party wore its finest in honour of the festival. Mistress Pamela was in her grey satin and Limerick lace. Michael L'Estrange wore his old soldier's coat, the garment he was proudest of. But the greatest of changes had taken place in the garb of M. de Correze.

He was very richly though quietly clad in a suit of plum-coloured silk, and on his breast a diamond star glittered magnificently, so magnificently that the sight of it seemed to strike Michael L'Estrange dumb. Mistress Pamela was too well bred to express surprise at the beauty of the guest's decoration. But Eily clapped her hands like a child, and cried out in wonder and delight.

"Tush, child," said M. de Correze, "they are dim by your eyes. Hush!"

Over the sob of the sea, and the crackling of the old ship's logs on the hearth, a bell pealed through the house.

"A visitor," said Michael L'Estrange turning to his daughter.

"Your friend, M. de Correze," Eily said in her turn.

De Correze put his hand on Michael L'Estrange's arm.

"My son will join me here to-night," he said. "Will you ask him to sup, my friend?"

"That I will most heartily."

The door was flung open, but no young gentleman crossed the threshold. Instead there stood old Denis, the butler, in confusion.

"There is a messenger below," he said, "a mounted man, and splashed from head to foot with hard riding. He carries despatches for the Duc de Launay, and will not listen when I tell him he is not here."

"Ah," said M. de Correze, with an expressive gesture of disgust, "so they have found me out. The empire might have run a little while without me, seeing that I am an old man and cannot live many years longer. The despatches, my friend. Let me see them. I may receive them here, L'Estrange. Ah, Henri."

"M. le Vicomte de Poitiers," shouted Denis, recovering himself as a splendid young figure in white and gold passed him, and flung itself upon M. de Correze.

"Father!"

"Ah, impulsive one. I came in answer to thy letter. It was the best way. Forgive me, my friend"—to Michael L'Estrange—"my masquerade. I had to see for myself. She is adorable. My only grief is that we rob thee of her, unless, indeed, thou wouldst leave the Castle of Dromore. Shall we not make them happy, this night of Christmas!"

"Supper is served," announced Denis.

Michael L'Estrange took his daughter's hand and placed it in the Vicomte's as the Duc de Launay bent low over Mistress Pamela praying that he might have the honour of conducting her to the supper-table.



THE ELDER SISTER

By G. B. STUART.

Illustrated by HILDA COWHAM.



"Green stockings for her,
I trow, for I am like to
be first wedded."—

Old Play.

unselfishness, high principle, and a hundred varieties of helpfulness are as likely to be its result as a tendency to snatch advantages or to administer snubs, both of which are popularly supposed to be weaknesses of the first-born.

At the outset, no doubt, the Elder Sister has the best of it. Some families, by family tradition, hold strongly to the importance of being the eldest. The eldest daughter is a sort of Princess Royal, and "Queenie" is her inherited pet name. It is natural that her parents' curiosity and interest are lavished upon her in a special degree, and if a dozen brothers and sisters follow her, all as well loved as she, they cannot excel her in this particular, or deny that she will always be "First among equals." She is apt to get more of her parents' society than the younger ones, she is more quickly promoted to sit at their meals, and Mother, herself, begins to teach her to read, generally, I may add, with very little success.

In the old fairy tales the envious Elder Sister and the wicked Stepmother share between them the rôle of Evil Genius. In modern fiction the Elder Sister has been treated even more cruelly than the Stepmother; in numbers of well-known novels she plays the part of tyrant and marplot to the younger girls of the family, snubbing them unmercifully, annexing their clothes, their ornaments and admirers, and, after a fashion unaccountable, keeping them in complete ignorance of their own attractions and charm, patent as these may be to all the rest of the world.

In real life the Elder Sisters we have known are not a bit like Cinderella's family, and still less like the domineering, selfish beauties of a certain style of novel; their position, to be sure, is apt to develop their characters in a special direction, but this cuts both ways, and

By-and-by, when the nursery and the school-room are full, and the younger children pair together according to age and tastes, "Queenie" still has little privileges which are not extended to the others. "You see, I've known her longest!" says Mother, laughing, when the others clamour to know why Queenie goes out driving, while they have to walk with the nurses? and so that excellent feudalism which is the strength of a large family, is insensibly established without any of the heartburnings that the modern novel heroines experience on their way through their three volumes.

Big brothers and small, at the same school, show the same tendency, and it is all part of that first-rate home education which members of a large family unconsciously extend to each other, during their learning years. Nothing that Colleges, or Academies, or High Schools teach is worth half as much as this.



"HER FROCKS FLY UP TO HER KNEES WITH AMAZING RAPIDITY."

Queenie's clothes too! She grows fast, and her frocks fly up to her knees with amazing rapidity! They must be handed over to Molly and Dolly and the twins, but she must have new ones, and the "fry," as she begins to call them, do not know what it is to have first-hand raiment so long as their stature does not exceed their elder sister's; by-and-by, for time flies fast, she goes for a year or two to a foreign school, and before it can be believed, Father brings back a tall, fashionable young lady from Paris or Dresden, who speaks foreign languages and plays and sings delightfully, does her hair in a wonderful twist, and wears high-heeled shoes with twinkling buckles.

Molly and Dolly are still in the *Backfisch* stage, inky-fingered, rough-headed, and occasionally tear-stained; the twins have not emerged from holland pinafores; the boys are at public schools, and are critical of "other fellows'

sisters." Queenie's kingdom lies before her, and she steps into it, on her little high-heeled shoes, eager to taste its delights and genuinely ready to accept its responsibilities as soon as she can discover what they are. But the delights are obvious, and they come first.

For some elder girls there is the Presentation at Court and the "coming-out" ball; most have their own little room freshly done up and refurnished by Mother and Nurse, with a great deal of mystery and frilled muslin; their own allowance, too, comes into force, and "the world is all before them where to choose" their frocks and hats, occupations and pastimes. I think every girl begins her emancipated life with a clearly laid down code of rules for the employment of her time—she means to read so much, and practise so much, devote so much time to helping others, teaching the younger children, perhaps, and taking some domestic worries off Mother; it would seem as if the days were hardly long enough



"DOES HER HAIR IN A WONDERFUL TWIST AND WEARS HIGH-HEELED SHOES."

for all the duties and pleasures (so happily mixed) that had to be packed into them. But very soon the novelty of all this self-enforced method wears off—Queenie gets tired of doing the flower-vases and filling the sugar-basins; she finds practising by herself dull work, and is annoyed that the twins do not grow enthusiastic over her favourite “Hermann und Dorothea,” to which she has hastily advanced them because they made so little way with Ahu’s Grammar: like Naaman of old, she wonders why some greater task cannot be set her, and grumbles over the Abana and Pharphar of her little daily tests. Then Mother discovers that Molly always remembers to fill up the ink-bottles which Queenie overlooks, and Father takes notice of Dolly’s pretty touch on the piano, perhaps because Dolly responds so pleasantly and readily when asked to play, and the poor Elder Sister begins to realise that the younger girls are coming on, and may oust her from her “first position” if she does not take care. It is inevitable, it is a law of Nature, that those behind must press forward, and have



“MOLLY AND DOLLY ARE STILL IN THE BACKFISCH STAGE.”—(p. 260.)

their day in their turn; the Elder Sister must recognise this and make way generously, but she will be wise if she look to her own equipment at this juncture and satisfy herself that no inefficiency of hers causes her sisters to be put over her head.

Happily for us we live in an age when every woman can cultivate her individual bent, and family jealousy is very uncommon, but to avoid friction on small points I would earnestly advise Elder Sisters to “make room” gracefully for the growing-up girls, and I would counsel Molly and Dolly not to be over eager to usurp Queenie’s duties, even though they recollect more accurately than she which is “sugar-basin morning,” or how grandpapa likes his coffee!

Coming out of the region of small domesticities, we are next bound to encounter the girls’ admirers! Of course it would be the right thing if, after Laban’s excellent rule, Queenie became engaged first, but unluckily things do not always go thus even in



“THEY RECOLLECT MORE ACCURATELY HOW GRANDPAPA LIKES HIS COFFEE.”

the best regulated families, and perhaps one of the "fry" sets up an admirer before any one expects it. Molly goes off on a summer visit, and comes home unaccountably shy about a fellow-visitor; she shamefacedly tells her mother that young Mr. So-and-so has asked leave to call, and though she professes to Dolly that she does not suppose he will remember the address, she is apt to grow scarlet when the front-door bell rings about tea-time! When poor young So-and-so does make his appear-

ance she is strangely dumb and ill-at-ease, and here is Queenie's opportunity to be helpful and tactful to both, seeing neither too much nor too little, giving the bashful pair occasions for mutual acquaintance and understanding, showing her sister in her best and sweetest light. At such a time an Elder Sister has more in her power than the mother herself: if difficulties arise she is less formidable to confide in; she is on both sides, as it were, and her innocent matchmaking is a matter to be proud of. Her delight in Molly's happy engagement is only second to that of Molly herself!

At the same time no properly constituted girls ever think that



"SOME GIRLS ARE BORN AUNTS."—(p. 263.)

their brothers-in-law are good enough to be the husbands of *their* sisters! Brothers-in-law tumble into the intimacy of an unbroken family circle in all sorts of unexpected manners, and suddenly become part of it without having any of its associations, or "ways" to build their new connexion upon. The bride-elect naturally finds everything "young So-and-so"—now become "dear So - and - so" — does charming, but the sisters do not care to have all their old family jokes explained to a stranger

and, worse still, perhaps imitated by him with good-natured but clumsy participation. Here the tact of the Elder Sister is specially wanted; if "Molly's young man" irritates the others with his easy-going assumption of their "ways," or perhaps with his indifference to, them altogether—another form of possible annoy-

ance on his part!—Queenie is the person to save the situation, to keep the poor *fiancée* from being mortified and her lover from being mystified over some unintentional offence; to check too much unnecessary criticism of



"IRRITATES THE OTHERS WITH HIS INDIFFERENCE TO THEM ALTOGETHER."

small points of difference, to try and show every one in their best light. She can do this better even than her parents, who are not likely to be aware of the little pin-pricks of constant daily comparisons to which girls give so much importance.

We hope Queenie marries too, as happily as Molly with her boy and girl romance, but in a family of (say) five girls the average of marriages is only two, and it is possible that the Elder Sister may be called upon to watch the wooing and winning of the younger girls without herself finding a mate to her mind. In such a case, the circumstances add age and gravity to Queenie beyond her years; the "fry" begin to talk of her, with careless affection, as "old Queenie," new acquaintances take her for older than she is, because of the married younger sisters and the increasing tribes of small nephews and nieces. Some girls are born aunts, and enjoy their sisters' children as much as the mothers do themselves; but the situation is apt to be a difficult one, and the Elder Sister needs all her steering tact again to hold her course pleasantly among the shoals and shallows of the collateral families.

The young married women think she must be

old-maidish because she is unmarried; they expect she will interfere when they spoil their children or let their husbands smoke in the drawing-room. In their secret hearts they still feel that the old allegiance of their school-room days is her due, though their husbands may cry "Pooh! nonsense, my dear; what can Queenie know about it?" But they grow shy of consulting her until sorrow or sickness or perplexity sends them flying to her for tender sympathy and practical help. She has her own views, clear and single-minded, by which to unravel the tangle of their family complications; she has her own money with which to assist a harassed matron over a temporary difficulty. Her standard is very high, but then she is pitiful in the extreme; her conscience has never deflected towards expediency, but neither has her charity ever failed; she is a little prim, perhaps, for has she not been setting an example all her life? But her very primness is a refreshment in these days of lax opinions and lawless self-confidence. The character built up in girlhood is not found wanting now by the brothers and sisters, who instinctively fall back on her strength and purity, and in her middle age she is once more all-important as the Elder Sister.

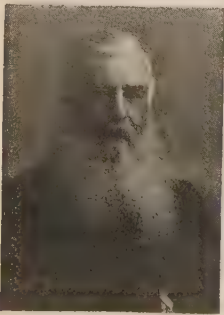


Photo Elliot & Fry.

THE LATE G. A. HENTY.

G. A. HENTY.

In Memoriam.

OUR readers the world over will share our profound regret at the death of Mr. G. A. Henty, whose stories for boys and girls have been more widely read than those of any other contemporary writer. Mr. Henty died—where he had often expressed the wish that he might die—on his yacht, the end coming very suddenly. The great writer was called away in the midst of his work; the last serial story from his pen was the serial for *THE GIRL'S REALM*, which he had promised to write for us a short time before, with a view to its succeeding "Little Mother Meg." Mr. Henty was greatly interested in his girl readers, and confessed in an interview which appeared the

same month in which he died that he got more letters about his books from girls than from boys. He was delighted when the Editor invited him to contribute a short serial to *THE GIRL'S REALM*. And now, with melancholy interest, our readers will await the appearance of the last effort of the man who was the true friend of all youth—which loves courage, resource and fair play, and takes a deep interest in the history of their country woven into rousing story and thrilling narrative. We owe him our gratitude: we will cherish his memory as long as we admire the noble qualities which he displayed

A Girl's Pony.

By GORDON STABLES,
M.D., R.N.

Illustrated by MAV TOURTEL.



"HE WILL FOLLOW YOU LIKE A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG."

A BROAD white moon was sending its beams from above the southern hills, and flooding the whole of Market Street one evening as I turned out of Union Street to descend it on my way to the post office. The light from the two rows of gas lamps was dimmed, but down yonder by the quay, where ships were moored, dots of electric light were gleaming like stars.

This wide, steep thoroughfare leads to the harbour mouth and to the great joint station itself. It is paved with blocks of granite, rendered almost smooth by the iron-shod hoofs of magnificent draught horses. Probably there are no such powerful animals to be seen in any other portion of the British Islands, not excepting Liverpool or even Glasgow itself.

Strong as elephants are they; the curve of their heads is the arc of a large circle, especially when the ears are pointing backwards; their pasterns are deeply fringed and shaggy with hair, each foot with its huge iron shoe would cover a sheet of foolscap. Vast in limb and loin and shoulder, every muscle is strained as they struggle upwards to the head of that terrible "brae" with their heavily laden trollies of merchandise; and downwards, as they stagger with loads of granite stones with which cities in far-off lands are paved, the utmost caution must be used. But listen, it is these noble horses themselves who use caution. Their drivers can trust them, for well the poor beasts know that a single stumble might mean a broken back and slaughter on the spot. And so accidents are rare, for, moving slowly, step by

only goal. I am certain they look forward to this goal with pleasure. For now their heavy harness will be taken off, they will be carefully groomed and fed and bedded, and in sleep will forget all their toils and the slavery that ends but with death.

The trollies are very large and long, and have two horses to each and two young men, one to drive, the other to help in any way. Going home-wards one horse hauls the empty trolley while the other walks stately up behind. And it was "lowsing" time to-night; there was happiness in every equine eye, and joyfully their ears moved to and fro.

And here was my friend, Glancer, an animal for whom I often brought something in my pocket, an apple, a piece of cake, or a coughdrop. It seemed all the same to Glancer. It was the kindness of my act, not the value of the gift, that the honest fellow appreciated. Well, it was Glancer's turn to walk behind to-night, and Jack, his groom, sat easily on the end of the trolley with his legs hanging over, humming a song to himself and fondling his favourite, Glancer. I jumped up beside Jack, for, like his horse, he was a favourite of mine; a handsome, open-faced Scottish lad, with that fearlessness of face you so often notice in the ranks of the Gordon Highlanders, for here the regiment is recruited. After Glancer had eaten his tit-bit—it was a banana to-night—Jack and I sat talking, while the horse had his whole head on board and fondly nibbled his master's jacket, a way that horses have of showing their affection. But I could learn something from Jack, and

Jack, I think, from me. Anyhow, there is good in the boy or girl either who loves a horse.

There may be really vicious horses, but I feel

could recommend for girls. Let the pony your father gets you be young, and it must be broken in by a kindly-hearted man, with yourself to superintend the animal's education. But do not trust your favourite to a boy.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought,"

and he may spoil its temper entirely.

The Exmoor pony is a reliable little beast; about twelve or thirteen hands high, well ribbed up, and with a handsome head and ears; he is, above all things, sure-footed.

The Iceland is about the same height, with less style about him and heavier head; he is equally sure-footed and far more hardy. Then there are Welsh and Dartmoor and Irish ponies. The last soon makes himself one of the family; he takes the world as it comes, is very enduring and will eat almost anything, though he has sense enough to prefer a hatful of oats to a handful of grass.

But as a young girl's pony, the beautiful saucy wee Shetland is *facile princeps*. A mare might suit better than a horse, and is not so easily spoiled. Either sex is daft enough,

anyhow, and very fond of fun, so it does not do to feed too high. I personally prefer him with



"PART AND PARCEL OF THE ARCH NECKED STEED SHE RIDES."

sure it is because the poor beasts have been badly treated when young. I should no more expect to find vice in a foal than I should in a five-years-old child, and I have been among horses nearly all my life, except when at sea, and I know what I am speaking about.

Nobody, I think, can help admiring a girl who rides or drives well, who, in a dog-cart or brake sits straight and steers her proud horse with tender hand and mobile wrist, the animal himself knowing and loving her every gentle touch, or who, on horseback in the field, seems part and parcel of the arch-necked steed she rides.

I will tell you something more about Jack and noble Glancer presently; I want to say a word or two first and foremost about the humane treatment of horses in general, for this is not a story, nor is it an article that will teach you how to ride or drive. This accomplishment must be acquired practically.

There are many breeds of horses I



"THE EXMOOR PONY IS A RELIABLE LITTLE BEAST."

the tail and mane uncut, although the grooming then takes a longer time. You may plait the hair with blue ribbons if you want to, only it must be kept perfectly clean with comb and hard brush.

If you are a girl worth sugar in your tea you will groom and bed and feed your own little nag, and learn to saddle and bridle him too. He will be far more affectionate if you do, and will follow you like a Newfoundland dog. Indeed, I had a Shetland, when a boy, not a bit bigger than my father's Landseer Newfoundland. O, the joy and bliss of a scamper across the moorland early of a summer or even winter's morning along with Pomp the pony and Blucher the lordly dog! The adventures the three of us used to have together during holiday times would fill a book.

Of course, your pony must be broken to harness as well as saddle. Have a light trap and an easy, and I may add, a small but elegant one. I verily believe a pony enjoys being harnessed to a pretty carriage as much as you do driving one. See that the trap itself is well groomed and the wheels oiled and easy. Be as careful of it as you would of your bicycle, and don't allow the stable lad to put it away wet and muddy.

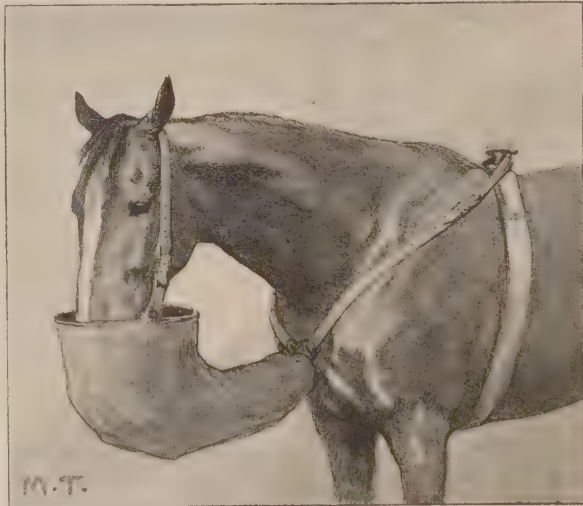
You *must* have a few lessons in driving from one who knows how to drive. But remember the bit is not easy for the animal at best, so never while you have the reins in hand saw at his mouth, nor jerk at them in order to make him go more quickly. If the pony is well treated he will do his best without your using the whip to flick at him.

Before starting, see that every strap and buckle is in its right place. Start easy till Tommy warms to his work; he might be a trifle stiff at first, you know. Keep an even temper, else Tommy will not believe it is you who are guiding him.

Here is an extract from a leaflet published by my friend the Rev. F. Lawrence, secretary of a society to which I have the honour of belonging :

The Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals :—

"Going gently down hills saves the legs, and slowly up hills saves the heart: an habitually steady pace is more economical than a fast one. Stop gently and gradually whenever possible—pulling up suddenly may injure the back and legs. A timid horse should never be struck, but soothed into a feeling of security. Horses shy, because for the time being they have received a shock: lead up gently to see, and afterwards smell or feel, the cause of fright. Shying is often dealt with by thrashing and shouting, instead of the horse's confidence being restored, and his senses educated, by a kind and firm effort on the part of the driver. Over-feeding and under-working are responsible for much shying. A horse, prompted by curiosity, will follow *after* anything it cannot understand: contrive, therefore, to *follow*, if possible, locomotives, bands of music, etc., rather than drive to *meet* them. Sight and hearing are thereby educated."



"DON'T FORGET THE NOSEBAG WHEN GOING ON A LONG JOURNEY."—(p. 267.)

Your pony's harness should not only be neat and pretty, but easy and a perfect fit. The collar should not be loose; smooth inside, and with no extra pressure on any part. Keep it very clean. Do not have more harness than is absolutely necessary, and no portion should be too tight. Always have a care that none of it bears hard on any part of the hide; the hair would be

rubbed off, or a bump formed which might break and cause a sore place.

As to the saddle, it must bear neither upon the withers nor the spine, nor should it be too hard, and so narrow as to pinch. Girth well up. Let the leather be soft and easy, and the pads or cushions also easy and smooth. The crupper of the saddle will irritate the skin and cause pain if too tight; and no doubt it is this arrangement which often makes a horse fretful and feverish, when he would be otherwise as gentle as a lamb. The inside of the saddle must be as soft as a glove, and lie and fit as well.

Sores at the corners of the mouth are caused by bad bits. Use a smooth snaffle. Avoid bearing-reins. I do not think they are needed in any case, and are often implements of torture. They certainly tend to carriage of head, and cause a

horse to appear to more advantage as a stepper. But think of the suffering to the poor faithful beast. I only know of one torture which is more to be deprecated. In some parts of India rich nabobs have the horse's sight destroyed that they may hold back the head and step out better. In reality, these horses are feeling their way along all the time.

A pony's shoes should be most carefully fitted, and the feet need seeing to every night. Nothing gives a horse more comfort than having these washed and cleaned, and if the journey has been long, they may be bandaged.

He should be groomed every day, so well that if you pat the hide with a white kid glove, no mark appears on the fingers thereof.

Don't let your groom trim the ears, else dust will get in. Blinkers hurt the eyes and render a horse nervous. If you meet an engine, let the pony see it. He has sense and judgment, and soon finds out all about it.

Concerning the stable. Be as particular about this as you are about your own bedroom. Have it always clean, and no ammoniacal steam rising to injure the animal's eyes and lungs. Let the bed be wheaten or oaten straw, spread even, well shaken up, soft and deep and easy. See that the undermost layer is not wet; stablemen are often careless.

The ventilation of the stable is most important, and this is a matter which a girl herself may attend to. Never let a draught blow in directly upon your horse, yet always have the air sweet and pure. Do not forget that fresh pure air, and plenty of it, is as much a necessary of life to your pony as to yourself.

As to feeding: this must be regular, and when the pony has hard work to do or is out most of the day, he must be regularly fed and frequently watered. Indeed, little water and often I find the best rule when on the road with my caravan, "The Wanderer." When doing long journeys horses

should have little else save oats mixed with chaff and only now and then a warm mash at night. Don't forget the nosebag when going on a journey. The ordinary one is most objectionable. The one I use is figured on the previous page, called, I think, the "Langford." Feed three times a day. Hay, oats, chaff, some grass and tender roots at times; a



"IF THE PONY IS WELL TREATED, HE WILL DO HIS BEST."—(p. 266.)

little bruised beans mixed with the oats and chaff when the animal is hard worked will do good.

Now let me return for a moment to the story of poor Glancer.

One day, then, while taking my constitutional and having a look at the ships I found myself once more at the foot of that fatal Market Street. About halfway up was a little mob of people and I guessed at once that a horse had fallen. I hurried up and forced my way to the animal's side. Something told me it must be Glancer, and Glancer it was. His leg was smashed in two places and blood flowing freely. I knelt beside him and gently smoothed his great muzzle. I believe he knew me; and he knew Jack, too, and lovingly nibbled his jacket as he sat near him weeping.

"Don't take on, master," Glancer seemed to say, "don't take on, it had to be some day!" Next minute there was the crack of a rifle, and that was the end of a faithful horse.

GEORGE [*turning over and sitting up*]. Well, where is it?

[BOBBY *passes the chocolate over and*
GEORGE *begins to eat it.*]

GEORGE [*munching*]. Well, what do you want to talk about?

BOBBY. I've been thinking about that tale that nurse was telling us. I wish a *real* fairy would come and speak to me, like she did to that little girl in the wood. Do you believe in fairies, George?

GEORGE. 'Course not, baby. Only *little* boys believe in fairies.

BOBBY. Well, *I* believe in them. *I do* wish I could see one; or an elf with a magic ring to rub and make *all sorts* of things come.

GEORGE. Ah, *that* would be fine *if* it were true. What a tuck-in we could have!

BOBBY. Yes, I'd rub it and get *lots* of nice things to eat—

GEORGE [*eagerly*]. Yes.

BOBBY. —and give them to poor hungry peoples.

GEORGE [*disgustedly*]. Oh!

BOBBY. Nurse says we *ought* to think of those who aren't well off—'specially when we have parties and things.

GEORGE [*finishing off the chocolate*]. Oh I don't want to think about poor people—and I don't believe in fairies—and I'm going to sleep.

[*He does so.*]

BOBBY. Praps we can't see any fairies 'cause we aren't good enough. Nurse says that only *good* people see fairies, and elves, and angels, and—and—George!

[GEORGE *grunts*.]

BOBBY. George! are you asleep?

GEORGE. Have you got any more chocolate?

BOBBY. No.

GEORGE. Then I *am* asleep.

BOBBY. Well, I shall go to sleep too, and perhaps I shall *dream* about fairies. Dear little fairies, I *do* believe in you, so you *might* come and see me.

[*He snuggles down and goes to sleep.*]

Pause. FAIRY *enters very softly; she tip-toes round the bed, and waves her wand over the two boys.*]

FAIRY.

I come from realms not very far away,
Where happiness and goodwill hold their sway,
To bear from fairyland's wide open portals,
Full many a present unto sleeping mortals.

[*To* GEORGE.]

Young disbeliever, in my magic power,
My presence shields you at this very hour.

For, but for me, the Goblin "Indigestion,"
Would plague and worry you without much question.

A boy who eats for dinner all that you did,
Should lucky feel that nightmare he's eluded.
But see, my charms can all their powers defeat,
And make your slumbers gentle, calm and sweet.
Sleep on and take to heart this motto elfish,
To think of others and to be unselfish.

[*To* BOBBY.]

And you, my faithful follower, whose head
Is filled with fairy lore, you've heard and read,
Go on—believe in fairy, angel, elf,
And grow into a fairy good yourself.
For those who carry kindness in the heart,
Whose gentle smile can happiness impart,
Who say no harsh word, think no thought unkind,
In helping others their enjoyment find.
These are the fairies who can bring delight,
These are the elves who make the world more bright.

[*She sings.*]

SONG.

Sleep on, sleep on,
May your slumbers quiet be,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Sleep and dream of me.

Through each brain a dream is twining,
Through each heart a ray is shining,
Each to happy thoughts inclining,
Sleep on, sleep on.

Dream on, dream on,
As another year is born.
Dream on, dream on,
Dream until the morn.

You shall from the fairies borrow,
Power to make each glad to-morrow,
Full of joy and free from sorrow,
Dream on, dream on.

[*She goes out very quietly; the boys wake up with a start.*]

BOBBY and GEORGE [*sitting up*]. Oh, I've had such a lovely dream.

GEORGE. What was yours about, Bobby?

BOBBY. I dreamt I saw a bea—u—tiful fairy.

GEORGE. So did I—and she told me not to be greedy.

BOBBY. Well, you believe in fairies now, don't you, George?

GEORGE [*doubtfully*]. It was only a dream, you know.

BOBBY. But a very *real* dream, though.

[*A knock at the door.*]

GEORGE. Why, what's that? [BOBBY *puts his head under the clothes.*] Don't be a baby. I 'spect it's only Nursie. Come in.

Sleep On, Sleep On.

SONG.

Words by F. A. HEDGCOCK

Music by E. A. HEDGCOCK.

VOICE. *Slowly.*

PIANO. *Slowly.* *pp*

p

1. Sleep on, sleep on! May your slum - bers qui - et be ;
 2. Sleep on, sleep on! As an - o - ther year is born ;

Sleep on, sleep on! Sleep, and dream of me. . . .
 Sleep on, sleep on! Sleep un - til the morn. . . .

mf

Through each brain a dream is twi - ning, Through each heart a ray is shi - ning,
 You shall from the fai - ries bor - row Power to make each glad to - mor - row,

mf

pp

Each to hap - py thoughts in - cli - ning, Sleep on, sleep on!
 Full of joy and free from sor - row, Sleep on, sleep on!

pp

1.

Sleep on, sleep on!
 May your slumbers quiet be;
 Sleep on, sleep on!
 Sleep, and dream of me.
 Through each brain a dream is twining,
 Through each heart a ray is shining,
 Each to happy thoughts inclining,
 Sleep on, sleep on!

2.

Sleep on, sleep on!
 As another year is born;
 Sleep on, sleep on!
 Sleep until the morn.
 You shall from the fairies borrow
 Power to make each glad to-morrow,
 Full of joy and free from sorrow,
 Sleep on, sleep on!

Now Away on Fairy Wings.

SONG.

Words by F. A. HEDGCOCK.

Music by E. A. HEDGCOCK.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Now a - way on fai - ry wings I must quick - ly fly,
3. So you see in be - ing kind Hap - pi - ness we've found,

p

I have ma - ny o - ther things To do ere day is nigh.
And the les - son we will mind All the long year round. }

CHORUS. *f*

So good-night to all we say, For we now must

haste a - way, So good - night to all we say,

For we now must haste a - way.
3. And we hope you've liked our play.

D.C.

FINE. mf

2. May I bring you stores of joy, Through my com - ing reign,

Hap - pi - ness with - out al - loy, Not a hint of pain.

[*The door opens and an old man, stooping very much, and wrapped in a long cloak, with a hood enters.*]

GEORGE. Who are you? [*Both boys sit up.*]

MAN.

I'm a poor old man without a friend.

Nothing to eat, no money to spend,

And while you're snug and warm in bed

I've got nowhere to lay my head.

While you're enjoying your nice warm dinner

I've nothing to eat and get thinner and thinner.

My hands are frozen, my feet are cold,

My back is bowed, for I'm weak and old.

I've got such a chill upon my liver [*coughs*]

That all I can do is shiver and shiver. [*He does so.*]

Oh won't you spare a drink and a bite

For a poor old man on a winter's night?

[*Plenty of action to above. The boys jump out one on each side of bed.*]

BOBBY.

Oh, poor old man, of course we will,

But we must be quiet and very still, [*holding up finger*]

For all the people have gone to bed

And our room is over mother's head.

GEORGE [*leading him to an arm chair*].

Here, sit you down beside the fire

And you shall be warm as you desire.

I've got a cake in a drawer over there

And some apples and nuts and a nice big pear.

[*He gets them and gives them to OLD MAN.*]

BOBBY [*who has been looking in the pockets of his clothes*].

And here's a shilling, all bright and new

That uncle gave me—that's for you.

[*The OLD MAN expresses his delight.*]

GEORGE.

And have you at home any girls or boys?

[*MAN nods.*]

BOBBY.

Oh, then, we'll send them some of our toys.

[*They go and fetch them.*]

GEORGE.

Here's a beautiful monkey all blue and red,

With only a *little* paint off his head.

BOBBY.

And here's a sword, and a nice cocked hat.

There! won't they like to play with that.

MAN. Oh, thank you, kind gentlemen.

GEORGE.

Don't go yet,

There are other things I'm going to get.

[*He turns and sees FAIRY who has just entered.*]

Oh, Bobby, look! the Fairy's here.

BOBBY. Oh, are you a fairy?

FAIRY.

Yes, my dear.

BOBBY. Are you the one that I dreamed about?

FAIRY. I am, my boy, without any doubt.

GEORGE. But are you a fairy true and real?

FAIRY. Well, just take hold of my hand and feel.

[*She stretches out hand which GEORGE touches gingerly.*]

BOBBY. Oh, isn't she lovely?

GEORGE. And dazzling white?

[*Pointing to head of wand, which sparkles.*]

BOBBY. Is that a fairy electric light?

GEORGE.

Is that your wand with which you change

Men into animals wild and strange?

BOBBY. Oh, can you do that? Please let us see,

Oh, do just show how it works to me.

FAIRY.

I will, dear Bobby, this man so poor

Who came to-night and knocked at your door,

And whom you loaded with toys and cake,

I'll change with my wand just for your sake.

[*FAIRY touches with her wand the OLD MAN, who, having put down the gifts on a chair, has been standing, listening; he throws off his old cloak, and appears in dazzling white, with "New Year" across his breast.*]

There, what do you think of that, my dear?

BOBBY

GEORGE

MAN.

[*awestruck.*] Who is he?

I am the glad New Year. [*Pointing to cloak.*]

Good-bye to the Old Year past and done,

All hail to the New Year, just begun.

FAIRY.

So see, dear boys, what a friend you made

When kindness and charity you displayed

To the poor old man who entered here.

NEW YEAR.

For I can bless you throughout the year.

I've many a gift, and many a joy

For old and young, for girl and boy.

Though cold my touch when the seasons start,

Yet warm is the summer around my heart.

Though born 'mid ice and cold and snow,

Yet spring will thaw and make me flow

In streams of blessing o'er sea and land,

Till I scatter summer with fruitful hand.

And when I'm getting older still

I'll paint the autumn on wood and hill,

And big ripe fruit on ev'ry tree,

And golden wheat and nuts you'll see.

The wealth of all the year is mine

From winter's cold to summer's shine,

And I give my all to those like you
Who are ready a kindly deed to do.

BOBBY.

It *will* be nice to have such a friend
Through all the year to the very end.

GEORGE.

We'll love you whether you're warm or cold,
Both while you're young and when you're old.

FAIRY.

That's right, dear boys, and when the year
Shall bring you health, wealth and good cheer.
Then don't forget the poor and needy
But think "I'll surely not be greedy
But kind to all, both good and ill."

BOBBY

GEORGE } We will, dear Fairy, indeed we will.

Song. FAIRY.

Now away on fairy wings
I must quickly fly,
I have many other things
To do ere day is nigh.

Chorus.

So good night to all we say,
For we now must haste away.

MAN. May I bring you stores of joy
Through my coming reign.
Happiness without alloy,
Not a hint of pain.

Chorus. So good night, etc.,

BOYS. So you see, in being kind,
Happiness we've found,
And the lesson we will mind
All the long year round.

Chorus. So good night to all we say,
And we hope you've liked our play.

Exit—FAIRY, BOBBY, GEORGE, NEW YEAR.

The following Plays have appeared in THE GIRL'S REALM:—
March, 1901. SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE. By
THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.
April, 1901. A "LITTLE WOMEN" PLAY.
May, 1901. FOR FATHER AND THE KING. An Historical
Play.
June, 1901. BREAKING THE NEWS. A Duologue.
September, 1902. THE NIGHT OF A HUNDRED YEARS
By ROSINA FILLIPPI.
November, 1902. RED PEPPER. By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
Christmas, 1902. THE GHOST. By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
In the February Number will be published a thrilling three-
part play from the pen of MISS SMEDLEY, called JACQUES
THE SPY, of the time of the French Revolution.



Photo by Reid.

WITH LIFE ALL BEFORE THEM.



THE BRAID TRICK—RELEASING THE COAT.

Conjuring Tricks from a Work-Basket.

PART II.

By DAVID DEVANT.

Illustrated by Photographs specially taken for THE GIRL'S REALM by ARTHUR BURGESS, Folkestone.

THE ORANGE TRICK.—For the permission to give the particulars of this trick I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Hoffman who invented it. You announce that you are going to do a trick with an orange, and, lest people should think that you have prepared an orange specially for the occasion you ask some one from the audience to select one from the dish and to hand it to you. You step back with it to your table, and announce that you are going to show your audience a new way of peeling an orange. All you have to do is to tap the orange with your magic wand, and the peel will come off easily. You put the orange down on your table while you tap it once with your wand. Then you pick up the orange with your left hand and begin to pick at the peel with your right hand. You pull little pieces of the peel away, at the same time remarking that the magic power does not appear to be working so well as usual. Presently you stop and ask who selected that particular orange from the dish. The lady who handed the orange to you acknowledges having done so. Then you continue ;

"Pardon me, but this is a little trick of yours, I think—not mine. You have been tampering with this orange, I fancy!"

The lady will of course deny having done anything to the orange.

"Excuse me," you say, "but I think you must have done something; otherwise in taking the peel off I should not have come across this."

You then pull a long piece of narrow orange-coloured ribbon right out of the orange.

"No wonder the peel would not come away easily," you say, as you go on pulling the ribbon out of the orange until you have a little heap of loose ribbon in front of you. Then you suggest that perhaps some one else would like to peel the orange after all, and you hand the orange and the ribbon back to the lady who first selected the orange.

To explain the trick we look once more at the photographs. My girl pupil is pulling the ribbon out of the orange, and her position on the platform is exactly the



THE ORANGE TRICK.

one that you should assume when you are performing the trick. When I was giving the lesson I happened to have a duplicate of the little piece of apparatus that is required. This consists simply of a very long darning needle with a piece of ribbon—of the kind usually called “baby” ribbon, I believe—threaded into it and then wound round and round until it makes a coil like the one I was holding when the photograph was taken. The end of the ribbon can be fastened lightly with two small stitches and the coil will then stand on the table with the point of the needle sticking upwards. The coil must be concealed on your table. When you put the orange down on the table while you get your magic wand, you simply press the orange down on to the point of the needle. If possible, let the orange remain in sight of the audience all the

time; otherwise they will think that you have changed the orange for one prepared by yourself. When you hold the orange up your hand must be behind it, because directly the needle has gone into the orange the coil of ribbon is broken and will unwind itself too quickly unless you hold it in position. When you begin to pick at the peel do not be in too great a hurry to pull the needle through, but when you do grasp it, give it a sharp jerk so that it is at once concealed in your hand. At the earliest possible moment you must let the ribbon slip out of the eye of the needle and you must then get rid of the needle. This can be done when you are pulling the ribbon out of the orange; your hand can remain still for a second over your work-basket, so that the needle drops noiselessly on the table behind the basket. Then, without calling attention to the fact that your right hand is empty you can allow the audience to see that you have nothing concealed there. If you pause in the middle of the trick to point out that you have nothing concealed in your hand, your audience will immediately suspect that at one time you had something hidden in your hand. Before you begin the performance, you will see



THE PAPER TRICK.

THE PATTERN MADE

THE PATTERN IN THE MAKING.



THE BRAID TRICK.
TYING THE BRAID ON THE
CHAIR—

that the oranges on the dish are not unusually large. The effectiveness of this trick is considerably enhanced by the fact that you can allow the orange and the ribbon to be examined freely, and so you should make a point of showing—when the trick is over—that the orange is quite an ordinary orange and that the ribbon you have drawn from it makes a bunch almost as large as the orange itself.

THE BRAID TRICK.—

To perform this trick, you take from your work-basket two pieces of ordinary braid, each about three yards in length. These are handed round to the audience for inspection, and on receiving the two pieces back again, you tie them on to the back of a chair in the way shown in the accompanying photograph. Having tied them very tightly there, you ask two members of the audience to come and help you. You ask each one to take hold of the two ends, and to pull them out tightly. You then ask for the loan of various articles from the audience—watches, bunches of keys, and scissors are the best to have—and as you get each one, you thread it on to the braid, and tie it up closely to the chair. The chair will then have the appearance of the one in the photograph. Finally, you borrow a boy's coat, and thread the braid through the sleeves, leaving the coat hanging over the chair, and thus hiding all the articles tied there. Then you take one piece of the braid from each of your two assistants, and tie the pieces together in the centre over the coat.



TYING THE WATCHES AND
KEYS ON THE BRAID—



TYING THE COAT ON.

Everything is now in readiness for the performance of the trick, and you may, if you wish, fill in the time with a little "patter." You can point out how difficult it is to unravel a ball of string that has become entangled. The audience will have seen, however, from the Tape Trick previously performed (and described in the last number of *THE GIRL'S REALM*) that a conjurer possesses the power of untying knots, and you now propose to untie the chair, the various articles tied there, and the coat itself, although your two assistants will hold the ends of the braid all the time. You then put your hand underneath the coat.

"The most useful of these articles," you say, "to me, at least, is the chair, because I can sit on it." You then draw the chair from under the coat and sit on it, and presently you draw out each article that has been tied on the braid.

"Now there is the coat," you say, "you can hardly expect me to untie this, but still, I'll try. Whose coat is this? Yours, sir? I'm afraid I shall have to tear it. You won't mind, will you?"

Instructing your two assistants to pull sharply on the braid you twist the coat round and to the amazement of everyone it drops to the ground! Not only has the knot in front been mysteriously untied, but in some way equally mysterious the braid has been drawn out of the sleeves of the coat, although the ends of the braid have been held all the time by your assistants!

The explanation is quite simple. After you had handed the braid to your audience for inspection, you held it in

your left hand and at the same time explained that you wished to get the ends exactly level. The position your left hand should then assume is shown in the accompanying photograph. You will observe that the position of the hand is quite natural. While the two pieces of braid are resting in your left hand, you slip a pin quickly through them. Then you can pass the braid into the right hand, showing all four ends close together.

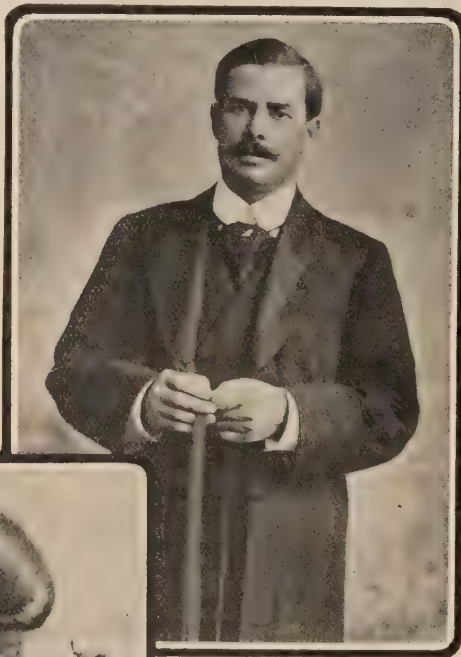
"There," you say, "I think I have the middle, now." While you are saying this you can use your right hand and thus make sure that the two pieces of braid are securely pinned together. Then you proceed to tie the braid on to the chair, but in doing so you secretly separate the two pieces of braid, so that at the back of the chair you really have two loops of braid pinned together. An enlarged photograph of these two loops is here given, so that you may see exactly what is required, but of course the part that is pinned is concealed behind the chair when the braid is tied. The tying must be done very carefully; otherwise the pinned part will slip down and the secret of the trick will be disclosed. When you once have the braid tied firmly to the chair, you have done the only part of the trick that presents any difficulty.

The various articles are tied on to the chair in the ordinary way; in fact, you can safely offer to tie each knot twice if you please. In tying the coat on, however, a little care is necessary. You may have observed that the coat is not tied—as are the other things—with both pieces of braid, but with one piece from each of the two assistants. To illustrate my explanation of how the coat is to be tied, we will call the two assistants A and B. You ask each one for one piece of braid, and when you have tied one knot in the centre of your coat you give the piece that A handed to you back to B and B's piece back to A. No one will notice what you have done, but unless this exchange is made you will not be able to untie the coat.

To release the chair, all you have to do is to take the pin out of the braid and let it drop on to the carpet, where it will not be noticed. The knots are untied in the ordinary way under cover of the coat. Before you take the chair away you must keep a tight hold of the two loops of braid, and you must never let them go out of your grasp until the trick is about to be concluded. Then, in order to conceal the movement of the braid, you tell your two assistants to pull hard while you turn the coat over and release the two loops of braid that you have been holding. If you have prepared the braid according to my instructions you will find that

the coat will drop to the ground directly you release the braid.

THE PAPER PATTERN TRICK.—This is hardly a conjuring trick. It is really a simple amusement, but, as



THE BRAID TRICK.
PINNING THE BRAID.



THIS SHOWS HOW THE TWO PIECES
OF BRAID ARE REALLY FASTENED.

such, it is usually very acceptable to little girls who want to know how to cut pretty patterns out of a piece of newspaper. If you wish to do so, you can announce that you will conclude your performance with a simple trick with a piece of paper, and you will be happy to show everyone how it is done.

Fold the newspaper in such a way that you get an exact square. There will be a piece to spare; this can be torn off and thrown away. Fold the square from

corner to corner, making a triangle. Fold it twice more after that and thus reduce the size of the triangle. Then fold it up in the form of a dart; tear or cut off the pointed part and cut several small pieces out of the sides of the dart. The photograph shows how this should be done. Then open out the paper and you will have a pattern neatly cut out—as shown in the photograph. By using a large sheet of plain paper and taking off a large piece when you cut away the point of the dart you can make a pretty lamp shade in this way. The pieces that you cut from the sides of the dart must vary, of course, in shape and size.



BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

Author of "Katawampus."

I wish your wish may come true,
 Since you wish the same for me,
 For each one wish I wish for you
 I know you wish me three.
 Should I see a piebald pony,
 Or a magpie perched on a stump,
 Or a merry-thought picked and bony,
 I'll pull it for you and plump
 Good wishes galore
 Not one not four
 But a hundred and ninety nine,
 For there's luck in wishing your wish for you
 If you will wish for mine.
 So I wish your wish may come true
 Will you wish the same for me?
 What times we'll have! What things we'll do!
 Well, just you wait and see.

—*Pater's Book of Rhymes.*

A LOT of wonderful things happen nowadays that certainly never happened to me when I was a boy. If I did not know that Bobby is a very fortunate lad I should not believe half the extraordinary things he tells me, for he is only six and a-half, and the adventures he has had in his small life are nearly as wonderful as those of the great Baron Munchausen himself—which, by the way, is Bobby's favourite story-book. There were the strange things that happened to his paint-box (my brushes and paints never behaved like his), you may remember that story, for I wrote it down in the First Book of Krab, and Bobby was not altogether pleased about it. But this story is no secret, for Bobby has had enough of Wishing Caps, and he wants every one to know that in his view Wishing Caps are things to beware of. Not that they do not

do their work;—on the contrary. But it is the way they work that bothers Bobby, as I will explain in a minute or two.

Now when I was a little boy you had always a wish when you saw a piebald pony, or a magpie, or if you got hold of the merry-thought of a fowl. That, of course, has to be pulled with someone else, and the one who gets the largest half has the wish. For my part I always liked that portion of a fowl better than bread sauce, though, of course, bread sauce has a beauty of its own that is not to be denied. Now my wish was always for a pony, and I kept on wishing for it for years and years and years, and I never told my wish till to-day—you know it is fatal to all chance of success to tell your wish,—but now I don't care—though it is naughty to don't care—I don't care if I never get a pony at all. Now-a-days my legs are so long that I should not be able to ride a pony if it came. My wishing days are over, and from what Bobby says, it is lucky my wishes never came true.

What started Bobby was a merry-thought. His mother would not crack it with him, as Uncle Arnold used to do, because it made her fingers sticky, so Bobby saved it up on the edge of the plate. It was not worth picking it if you were not to be allowed to pull it. Bobby and his mother were at a farmhouse in Wales by the side of a beautiful lake, and the new baby—which was only a little Girl Baby—was sleeping in the big trunk, for you cannot cart cradles over the hills, and a big trunk is just as good as a cradle, especially, as Bobby said, when it

is only a Girl Baby. Bobby's great objection to the baby was that it was always crying for Mother when Mother was reading to him or playing with him. He did not remember—children don't—that at one time of his life he had done exactly the same thing himself. Besides, the new baby could not go walks with him. Bobby thought—and greater minds have thought the same—that it is a pity babies do not come into the world like lambs all ready to jump about and play. Bobby saw a great deal of the lambs in those days, for he used to ramble over the fields and try and join in their games. But the lambs did not want him. Nobody seemed to want Bobby as much now-a-days, and Bobby was certain it was all the Girl Baby's fault.

Bobby sat and listened to her crying upstairs, and as Mother did not return when Baby left off, he put the wish-bone in his pocket, unpicked as it was, and strolled out into the sunshine. There were some gulls on the lake, the fields stretching up to the mountains were full of sheep and lambs; a lark was singing in the sky, Bobby found him after a lot of blinking up at the sun. Every living thing seemed happy but Bobby. That was the Girl Baby's fault, of course. He went into the stable and looked for Rhys, to pull the bone with him, but he had gone up to the hills on an errand. The grey pony could not pull it, that was certain, and cows are no use for any sort of games, besides Bobby did not like cows—they reminded him of rice puddings in a round-about sort of way. It was no good going into the kitchen, for Cook was having her dinner, and besides, the only merry-thought he had ever pulled with Cook she had won, and he had got no wish at all. Cook told him her wish had come true, and that her wish had something to do with the baker, who was a great friend of Cook's. When he pulled wish-bones with Father or Uncle Arnold they always lost and pretended to cry over it, which made Bobby chuckle. The failures of others are so very funny to the one who succeeds.

Bobby sat down on a rock by the side of the lake. He made several ducks and drakes with some flat pieces of slate, but with no one to admire them and praise his skill, even ducks and

drakes were lacking in interest. They were cleverly done though, and Bobby sighed to think that Mother was with the Girl Baby and could not see them. When that new baby grew big enough to look at ducks and drakes Bobby would just astonish it, he thought.

He sat down to rest, and took out the merry-thought.

"I wish I had some one to pull it with," he sighed.

"Why pull it?" asked a croaking voice.

"Why pull it?"

Bobby looked up in amazement, and there at his feet was a big Raven half as big as



"THE NEW BABY—WHICH WAS ONLY A LITTLE GIRL BABY—WAS SLEEPING IN THE BIG TRUNK."—(p. 280.)

Bobby himself, with a polished black beak, a coat of glossy feathers, and such a wicked look in his little bright eyes that they frightened Bobby. The bird was gazing at the merry-thought.

"Why pull it?" he asked again.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Bobby politely.

"No you don't," said the Raven nastily, "and you know you don't. When you beg you sit upon your hind legs and the sugar is put on your nose. I've seen you teaching Snapples, the terrier. Ha! Ha! You can't take me in.

You're not begging at all, and besides I don't keep pardons about me when I'm out walking," and the Raven danced about, croaking and shaking his head at Bobby, who wanted to explain that he had not intended to deceive him.

"I'm very sorry," said Bobby humbly, for the Raven seemed more than annoyed.

"You may be," said the Raven twisting his head about. "I don't say you are not, but what I do say is that you don't look it."

Bobby tried to look sad but he only grinned, for the Raven was a funny bird, and walked about like a clown he had seen at a circus, only he looked even more ludicrous.

"I knew you were not sorry," snapped the Raven. "Be truthful! Be truthful! be truthful! Why pull it? That is what I want to know. Why pull it?"

"I want to have a wish."

"What is a wish?" asked the Raven. "Do tell me. Is it good to eat?"

"It may be, you know," said Bobby cautiously, "if it comes off. Indeed, most wishes *are* good to eat."—That was Bobby's experience.—"But of course it might be a tricycle with a horse's head to it or even an iron hoop."



"BOBBY LOOKED UP IN AMAZEMENT. THERE AT HIS FEET WAS A BIG RAVEN HALF AS BIG AS BOBBY HIMSELF."—(p. 281.)

The Raven listened to this with grave attention. "I don't understand it at all," he croaked out. "How do you do it?"

Bobby thought for a moment, then answered in a dreamy way. "It's difficult to explain, but you sort of feel you want a thing, and you go on thinking of it, and you don't tell any one about it, and then it comes."

"What has the bone to do with it?" asked the Raven, who was becoming really interested.

"You pull the bone in two, and whoever gets the big half gets the wish."

"It seems to me the same sort of thing as Foxy Woxy's Caps. You should have one of those," said the Raven, "he sells a lot of them. They are called Wishing Caps. At least, so I'm told."

"I never heard of them," sighed Bobby.

"I'll show you the way for two buttons off your coat."

Bobby thought of Mother, and shook his head.

"One button then," said the Raven temptingly.

"What's the price of a Wishing Cap?"

"I should fancy Foxy Woxy would sell one for that merry-thought. I heard him say he had not tasted chicken since Snapples came to the farm."

One button, thought Bobby, will never be missed. There always was one button off or ready to come off with a little persuasion. There was one hanging by a thread now, and Bobby gave it a pull. It came off without a sigh.

"Hand it over," said the Raven.

"When I get the cap," said Bobby.

"Make it two buttons," said the Raven.

"One for my collection, and the other to swap."

"Certainly not," replied Bobby firmly.

The Raven made no answer to this, but led the way to a cave in the rocks above the larch wood, the entrance to which was well hidden by ferns and bracken.

Foxy Woxy was reading to his children out of a book called "Lamb's Tails," to which they listened with eager interest.

"He wants a Wishing Cap, does he?" said Foxy Woxy to the Raven, "and he has got

a merry-thought to pay for it. Any meat on it."

Bobby held it up.

Foxy Woxy sniffed in the air while his little ones barked for joy.

"Vixen, run and tell your mother to give you a Wishing Cap," said the old Fox.

The cub obeyed at once, for when cubs are slow on errands they get their ears bitten. She returned almost immediately with a little round cap made of black and white wool.

"Why black and white?" asked Bobby, who always wanted to know.

"Because there are white sheep and black sheep, and white sheep are good and black sheep are no good. You don't always want to wish good things, so you always have some black wool mixed into a Wishing Cap. Don't you see?"

It sounded sensible, and Bobby handed over the merry-thought to Foxy Woxy, taking the cap in return. The button was given to the Raven, who flew away without saying so much as thank you. The last Bobby saw of Foxy Woxy, as he left the cave, was that he was scrunching up the bone himself, whilst his family sat round and howled.

Now that Bobby had a real Wishing Cap on his head, he could not for the life of him make up his mind what to do with it. He thought he would go and ask Mother to help him, but he doubted if she would believe in a Wishing Cap, and he wanted to keep it a secret. He thought and thought, but all his thoughts did not help him to make up his mind what to wish for. If he wished for a pony, there was no room in the stable for it. If he wished for an iron hoop there was no pavement to bowl it on,—and he was not hungry. It was very difficult.

"I wish the Raven was back," he said to himself. "I should——"

The Raven was at his feet flapping its wings angrily. "If you go wishing me about when I'm busy, I'll peck you," he croaked. "What do you want?"

But Bobby was so startled he did not know what he wanted.

"Well, don't do it again, or it will be the worse for you," screeched the Raven, and flew away.

Bobby went and sat by the lake in deep thought. His thoughts turned to bull's-eyes. They often did tend that way. "I know what

I'll wish," he said quietly. "I'll wish for bull's-eyes—tons of them!"

There was a rumbling sound like thunder on the hillside above, and Bobby saw the sheep galloping wildly across the fields to take shelter under the walls. Down came the bull's-eyes out of the woods, rushing singly and in great lumps from between the trees, across the fields to where he sat. He got up and tried to run, but they seemed to follow him, and some knocked him over, whilst others kept tumbling over him until he feared he should be buried alive in a heap of bull's-eyes.

"I wish I were back at home," he sobbed. "Oh, I do wish——"

Something took his breath away, he seemed to rush gasping through the air, and to melt through a window-pane. He rubbed his eyes and looked round. Yes, he was at home, and his home was in Manchester, and he was sitting in his own nursery. He was badly bruised and very sticky. Of course, when he wished to be at home he meant at the farm where his Mother was,—that was home as far as Bobby was concerned. But the Wishing Cap never seemed to



"THE LAST BOBBY SAW OF FOXY WOXY WAS THAT HE WAS SCRUNCHING UP THE BONE WHILST HIS FAMILY SAT ROUND AND HOWLED."

think, and took him at his word, without waiting to see if he really meant it. There he was in his own nursery, and the worst of it was the house was locked up, for his father was living with Uncle Arnold.

He scraped the peppermint off his clothes.

"I wish I was back with Mother," he cried, whilst he was cleaning himself.

Before he knew where he was he was bounced into the little parlour in the Welsh farm, on to Mother's lap with such force that Mother jumped up and called out, "You naughty boy, how you did frighten me. What a mess you are in to be sure! What a frightful smell of peppermint. Take that dirty little cap off your head when you come into the room."

Mother said all this at once in a very loud voice, and the Girl Baby woke up and cried. That was so like the Girl Baby. It was necessary for her to be comforted. Mother did this, and, in doing it, forgot all about Bobby.

Bobby went into the garden, and tried to make himself a little less sticky, for it was nearly tea-time.

When he returned, Mother was patting the Girl Baby on her back and jogging her up and down. If she left off for a second the Girl Baby gave a little crowing sound as though to announce that she was just about to howl again.

"Go upstairs at once, Bobby, and get your face washed," she said, as he came in to tea.

"Whereabouts?" said Bobby, who was very economical of soap and water and boy's labour in using the same.

"All over, and sharp, too," said Mother.

Bobby walked upstairs grumbling. "I wish

Mother would leave my face alone," he muttered to himself as he was washing.

When he came downstairs, Mother was still trying to send the Girl Baby off to sleep. "I wish she would go to sleep," said Mother with a sigh.

"So do I," said Bobby.

The Girl Baby slept, and was as still as a mouse.

A Bumble Bee sailed into the room, and went buzzing round until it settled on Bobby's nose.

"Take it away. Do brush it off my face.

Oh, Mother, Mother, do take it away." Bobby howled with terror.

But Mother left his face alone as he had wished.

"Oh, take the nasty Bumble Bee away," he cried. "I wish it was at the bottom of the lake."

The Bumble Bee disappeared, and Bobby was glad for once that he had his cap on.

After tea he could not help thinking the Bumble Bee was rather badly treated, so he wished him back again on the garden wall, and there sure enough

he was, shaking himself like a retriever dog, for he was sopping wet.

"If you wish me about like that I shall sting you," said the Bumble Bee angrily. "Suppose I catch cold?"

"I'll wish you into Africa then," said Bobby, for he had been learning a hymn about Africa and knew there were "sunny fountains" there, and it seemed to be a pleasant spot, so that it was quite fair to the Bumble Bee and safer for Bobby than letting him remain near at hand in that wicked frame of mind.

Bobby felt he had gone through enough



"THERE THE BUMBLE BEE WAS BACK AGAIN, SHAKING HIMSELF LIKE A RETRIEVER DOG, FOR HE WAS SOAKING WET."

wishing for the day, and soon afterwards he put his cap under his pillow and went off to bed himself. As for the Girl Baby she slept away until Bobby's bed-time, just as she had been wished to do, and was fast asleep when Bobby went to bed.

In the morning Mother got a letter from Father to say that he had visited the house and found that burglars had been in the nursery, but had not stolen anything, the only harm they had done was to leave a horrible mess of sticky peppermint on the chairs. All Mother said was that it was lucky Baby was not there, though I doubt if they would have stolen her. The Girl Baby meanwhile was still fast asleep, and Mother had an excellent night. That was all very well, but when Mother tried to wake Baby up she absolutely refused to wake up at all. Cook tried, and Mrs. Williams from the cottage, and then they sent for a doctor, and he said it was the most wonderful case he had ever heard of, but he could not wake her up. They were all so excited with the wonderful Girl Baby's wonderful sleep, that no one thought of Bobby, who went wandering about with his Wishing Cap, wishing for something to do. Now that is the only thing a Wishing Cap cannot give you, the reason being I think that every one has got it already.

Bobby returned to the house about twelve o'clock and found Mother crying her heart out because the Girl Baby would not wake up, and the doctor could not make her.

"I do wish the poor child would wake up again, it cannot be healthy sleeping like this," said Mother.

"So do I," said Bobby, who remembered that he had wished her to sleep and was now very sorry for Mother, "and I wish this horrid cap was at the bottom of the lake," he added, when he saw the mischief he had done and Mother's tears.

There was a howl from upstairs, and the Girl Baby was kicking and squealing, healthy and hungrier than ever, and as for the cap it floated out of the window, across the fields and dived into the lake, and Bobby watched it without any grief. For it had caused him a lot of bother, and had not done him any particular good. The next day he came to the conclusion that if he had it again it might work better, so he began dragging the lake with a reel of Mother's cotton and a crooked pin. Up to now he has had no luck, but he has used a lot of cotton. He tells me he never found Foxy Woxy's cave, or met the Raven again.



In Preparation For Wycombe Abbey



A FAVOURITE SPOT: MR. DICK, THE DOG, DOES NOT APPROVE OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Glimpse of Godstowe Preparatory School at High Wycombe.

BY EDITH YOUNG.



MRS. SCOTT.

Godstowe's Head Mistress.

MANY years ago, the good nuns of Godstowe founded Wycombe Abbey in Buckinghamshire, England. Everybody knows how nowadays the old name has been transferred and the environs are alive with the life and work of the girls who attend Wycombe Abbey School. With the birth of a new century

comes the founding of another school, this time purely preparatory. Because the first plans of it were formed at Wycombe Abbey, and the actual realisation of these plans carried out under the advice and direction of Miss Dove, history has reversed itself. The new school at High Wycombe is named Godstowe School, after the good nuns who founded the Abbey so very many years ago.

Godstowe, though closely connected with Wycombe Abbey by means of its friendships and its scheme of education, is entirely separated from the older school from a business point of view. It is controlled by a company which was formed in the first instance for the founding of Godstowe School alone. Miss Dove, head-

mistress of Wycombe Abbey School, is President of the Council, and Mrs. G. F. E. Scott, who is now headmistress of Godstowe, was formerly assistant-mistress at Wycombe Abbey. Godstowe prepares pupils for entrance to any good modern school, not necessarily for Wycombe Abbey—though naturally many pupils will go there eventually.

Girls up to the age of fourteen, and boys to the age of twelve are eligible for admission. Boys are non-resident, and there are many day girl-pupils. There is accommodation for a large number of resident girls. The school is now only in its second term, and already over thirty children are being taught there. Some of these are mere babies—day children as young as four and a-half attend—one little yearly boarder is only seven. At present the children occupy a building just recently completed, which is one day to be merely the house to a large school to be built in due course of time within the grounds.

The present building as it stands is a capacious and beautiful place. Standing high, near the top of the Amersham Hill, there is hardly a room under its picturesque red-tiled roof which does not get at least half a day of sunshine. Every window is prettily situated so that even the smallest child may easily see out. She may gaze at the wooded and beautiful Chiltern Hills, which rise from the valleys beneath the



Busy in the
Workshop.



The School Museum
and its Curator.

school; over, too, to Hughenden and Hughenden Church, where Earl Beaconsfield lived and was buried—over that busy corner, of the earth besides, of High Wycombe, where all the chairs in England are supposed to have been made; over green fields and the carefully tended plots of the chair-workers' "allotments"; past the sweetest hedgerows in all the world. So gazes any tiny child at Godstowe who may happen to look out of a window.

The little
Students of
Godstowe are
ardent
Gardeners.



The school grounds extend to five acres, laid out in playing fields (covered by a present from Miss Dove of a large consignment of turf), in flower and kitchen gardens, and by the children's own gardens. These last are being vigorously put in order by the little people, who have already learned how to treat rough untilled soil until it is conquered, and grows lovely things. In the hen-house and hen-run attached to the playing fields most boarders

Each God-
stowe girl
owns a hen.



possess one hen at least. This she feeds and tends daily, calls by a name of her own choosing: "Mother Bunch," "Sir Gibby," etc., generally pets and adores. Eggs are claimed with great enthusiasm, and come to breakfast in triumphant fashion. Therefore it appears that an egg on the breakfast table labelled, "Mrs. Scott, from Miss Brown, soft," means that Miss Brown is the hen that laid the egg, and that "Miss Brown's" owner presents it to Mrs. Scott who likes eggs boiled soft, and that the direction "soft" is to the cook, so that the egg appears finally in a satisfactory condition.

Practising
Lacrosse.

Thomas, the donkey, is the next, or perhaps he is really the first and most important member of the school pets. He allows himself to be played with and romped with. On Sunday, when the gardener is absent, the children take him to the stable. On this one day in the week, because he is a donkey, I suppose, Thomas refuses to be obedient. I think he rather enjoys having the children to see to him,



and takes as long about getting to bed as he possibly can. Anyhow, Mrs. Scott informs me that on Sunday he becomes a very disobedient donkey indeed. In play-hours,

out of doors in the wide open space of the playing-fields, children play tennis, basket ball and lacrosse. The last has its supreme advantages as a game for girls. It develops swiftness and gracefulness, without the bend and the heavy play that hockey involves. For such young children they already catch and carry very easily and prettily.

Indoors, Godstowe School works out very daintily the brightness of its surroundings. The rooms are still to be decorated, but in the meantime their pure white walls give just the nicest kind of background for the prints



IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

sizes of children, from the pleasant kindergarten room to the fourteen-year-old room, with desks and forms in each, suited to taller or smaller children than the age average demands. The present dining hall is used as a drill and play hall between meal-times. It is a long, large room, with plenty of floor space for skipping-rope drill, for ball and Swedish drill. All these are systematically indulged in every day by each



ON SUNDAY, WHEN THE GARDENER IS ABSENT, THE CHILDREN TAKE "THOMAS," THE DONKEY, TO THE STABLE, SOMETIMES HE IS OBSTINATE.

and pictures and flowers which grow against it. Most of the woodwork is painted white with the exception of the wall lockers which belong to the pupils. Each girl possesses one, of polished wood, set in a dado of lockers, some few feet up from the ground. There she places all her books, work, etc., and has liberty to decorate the top with her own little flowers, vases, and photographs. There are rooms for all



PREPARATION IN A HOUSE STUDY.

child in the school, though the method of drill and games is, of course, altered according to the different forms. Skipping-rope drill engrosses the tiny children, jumping the rope being an exciting pastime under the clever training of Mrs. Roland Hill, the drill and kindergarten mistress for the school.

Mrs. Hill conducts the nature classes, which are such a delightful addition to modern education for children, such a good introduction to later years' study of botany and many other sciences. Mrs. Hill's lectures, which she makes interesting to mere babies, might instruct many grown-up people. She produces a trayful of autumn fruits and berries perhaps. These she passes round until each child has chosen one. Then, after the children have taken the fruit in their hands and looked at it, they repeat their observations. Afterwards they draw the fruit as they see it, and write out their observations.

The children all study bookbinding, carpentering, etc., and already some very good work has been done. There is a first-rate workshop included amongst the schoolrooms, with tools, benches, presses, and all the appliances for work of the above description provided.

The ordinary school routine besides includes study of all the usual branches of school work, with breaks for rest and play judiciously introduced.

Mrs. Scott, who has three children of her own boarding at Godstowe, makes a kind mother to all the little people under her charge. She sees them in bed at night, tucked in and comfortable in their pretty little cubicle bedrooms. Every girl has her own window and suite of furniture in the white enamelled rooms of the school dormitories. One set of cubicles has its coverlets and table tops in pretty green tinting, another in golden brown. A coil of steam pipes in the corridor between, and a peacock-decorated fireplace, for a fire if needed, heats each dormitory.

The infirmary is a wide, light room, right at the top of everything, with adjacent medicine cupboard and bath-room, and electric light, which turns down to a mere shadow of light in the night-time, attached. It is the pleasantest room in the world, because of the light and sunshine which reach it, and the beautiful view to be had from it. Yet the housekeeper's sitting-room, which is in the basement of the school, is as delightful and picturesque a place, although not built in the altitudes. All of which goes to show that the school throughout, from kitchen to topmost room, has been built with a view to health and comfort for the inhabitants.

In the work-room, which is on the same floor as the housekeeper's room, the school gymnasium suits, the school cloaks and hats are made, and all sewing for the school children accomplished. Here a small shop is kept by the management where the children may buy cotton, darning wool, needles, photographs, etc.

All the special school dress is provided from the work-room. The schoolgirls themselves are encouraged in sewing. They work for the United Girls' School

Mission, and packages are sent each term from Godstowe School. The bigger girls do their own mending on one evening in the week. Each evening is allotted to different pursuits, for Mrs. Scott believes in regulating leisure hours just as minutely as working hours. After tea, at five o'clock, most of the work is over for the day. Some few older girls practise, but the others are freed entirely from lessons. On Monday evening they do needlework with the help of Mrs. Hill, while Mrs. Scott reads poetry. On Tuesday they do handwork—carpentry, etc., or play at games. On Wednesday they do brush-work for a little, then the older girls employ themselves with mending, look to their stamp collecting, etc. On Thursday afternoon, which is a holiday, girls often go over to Wycombe Abbey, and become acquainted with the school which may one day be theirs. Each Friday evening an entertainment is held at Godstowe. Two girls in turn act as hostesses, pour out tea, coffee, etc., arrange who shall play and sing, and are throughout responsible for the success of the evening. In these ways the social as well as the learned and physical side of a girl's nature is encouraged to free and natural expression.

The school already owns a very good museum. The girls have full opportunity from their nature walks, which take place every Monday, of adding to it. When Earl Carrington cut down an avenue of trees near by, the girls rifled the branches of nests, and in this way got a fine collection. They show, besides, the artificial comb made out of beeswax, which is put in the school beehives (there are one or two in the garden). The clever bees see how the labour of making wax has been saved for them, and obediently stock double the number of cells with good honey.

Mrs. Scott has thorough confidence in the advantages to be gained by the mixture of boys and girls in the daily school work. In every way she finds it beneficial. Indeed, even to the ordinary spectator the advantages are obvious. I saw one tiny girl trying to manipulate her garden in a distinctly girlish manner. A small boy reached near and generously gave her "a tip," and some sound advice, which soon put the garden in better order. And from the nice way this small gentleman did the thing, I saw no harm in his learning in his very young days to be helpful and courteous to girls. And indeed, the "helping" often reads the other way, the girls being of quite as much use to these small men growing up.

Just at present Godstowe School is busying itself with a set of samples of work to be exhibited at an educational exhibition to be held in Japan. Everything distinctive is to go, from needlework to carpentering. The girls of Godstowe, indeed, though so very young, and as school-fellows so new, ought to show a good all-round exhibit. For whether they are learning lessons in the school-rooms or sewing in the kindergarten, or flying downhill in the winter on the toboggans which they have already made in their own workshop, they are always developing and progressing in every department of training for the fuller life which is one day to meet them.



Photo. Langflier.

MISS GWENDOLEN FORWOOD.

The Youngest English Authoress.

MISS GWENDOLEN FORWOOD.

Whose book, "*Filida and Corydon: Written by a Child for Children*," is attracting so much attention.

you will see the danger of discovering anything so important. The third story is entitled "*The Little Boy Who Lost his Memory*," and this is no less remarkable than the others.

But if the stories are excellent, what shall be said of the pictures? To get a complete idea of their merit we must understand that some of them were painted before Miss Forwood had completed her fifteenth year, that she has never studied under an art master, and that the pictures, as we find them in the volume, are facsimile reproductions of her own designs, both as regards drawing and colour. A picture to be worthy of any consideration must have some defined object, it must appeal to some particular faculty, and the ability of the artist is to be judged by the quality and number of ideas her work conveys to the mind. In Miss Forwood's picture called "*The Wizard*" his wisdom is conveyed to us by means of his attitude as he sits over a big book, and by the mystery and weird thought of the cats that stalk or lie around him.

"*Bully II. and Pippa*" is another excellent plate. One cannot but be saddened by the downcast expression of Pippa, who unfortunately suffers imprisonment for her discovery, but sorrow is at once checked when one observes the overfed Bully, who, with the little iron saucepan on his knees, is the personification of what many little boys would be if left to themselves with an unlimited supply of sweets.

Miss Forwood's love of the beautiful is shown in the dresses in which the figures in the various pictures are clothed. Her feeling for colour is perhaps her greatest distinction.

Gwendolen Forwood is happily very modest about her achievements. She thinks just as much of her first publication as the average schoolboy does of his success at the simple addition sum; in fact, she is warmly grateful when people interest themselves in this work, which in three weeks has gone through one edition. At her home at Hampstead she quietly amuses herself with her brush and pen, continually working at the hobby which she loves. "*Filida and Corydon*" is published by Messrs. J. J. Keliher and Co., Ltd., of 33, King William Street, London, E.C. The volume is charming in its inception, production and reproduction.

It is the desire of many young girls to write and paint, and occasionally one hears of a young authoress who, with a flash of what must be called genius, produces a book that is at once the astonishment of all who read or see her work. This is the case of Miss Gwendolen Forwood, who, at the age of fifteen, writes clever stories and illustrates them with a brilliant brush.

"*Filida and Corydon*, and other Stories by a Child for Children"—Miss Forwood's first work—is for many reasons one of the most interesting books of this season. In the first place, by its production the youngest authoress and artist has established herself; secondly, the work opens what is almost a new school of art; and thirdly, this is the first occasion when an untutored girl has so early in life written, illustrated, and published a volume of the nature of "*Filida and Corydon*." The book contains an introduction, and three stories, and fourteen beautiful coloured plates, the whole, from cover to cover, being the unaided work of the young authoress.

As a story-book for the little ones, "*Filida and Corydon*" leaves nothing to be desired. The reader marvels at the "*Runculorum*" and the old wizard, appreciates the gallantry of the prince who slays the dragon, and rejoices in the happy ending which is depicted by the picture of the fortunate hero and heroine united on their throne. The second story tells of Pippa the Sweet-maker, who invented a means of making sweets of which any quantity could be eaten without fear of after-effects. The secret, of course, was invaluable, if you read the story

MY CHAT WITH THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

By ALICE CORKRAN.



THE problem stated in my last chat has brought me some interesting correspondence. It turned, as my readers will remember, on the case of a girl who, without loving a man, had married him to make a home for her delicate sister.

Both the girls were poor; a rich squatter offered his hand to the elder one, who was a kind of mother to the other, and who accepted him to put an end to a long and fruitless struggle with the world. She was quite frank about it, made no pretence of loving him, but it is to be supposed gave him her esteem, and he was ready to enter upon a union on these terms. Did she do right? You know my view of it. I thought, and I think now, that she had mixed up two things which have no true relation to each other. She had made marriage a business transaction. My contention was that in no circumstances ought that to be done. One correspondent who wishes to be known as "967" agrees with me, another, "Alice," very decidedly does not.

"Aline," a French girl, writes: "Phyllis's' problem is most interesting. I do not think her friend did wrong if she gave great esteem to the man and also sympathised with him. In France we have not the same ideas of marriage that you have in England. We think that love, that is the romantic love of young people for each other, is not founded upon facts, but upon their own dreams. We begin by the esteem and the sympathy that is mutual. Those, we think, are the necessary feelings, and we are pretty sure that the love will come after, for by each doing his and her duty to the other, the love is drawn out. I think, after all, the friend of 'Phyllis' did feel in her heart 'that the squatter is a good man; he is worthy of a girl's greatest respect; I have sympathy with him; he will give my sister a home, and I am tenderly grateful to him.' I think if she could say all that to herself, then I do not think she did wrong; but if she could not, I think she did wrong; she did worse than wrong: it was a sin she committed."

I will deal with "Aline's" letter later. I return to that of "Alice," which is addressed to "Phyllis." "I think your friend," she writes, "the one who married, did quite right. She had come to the end of her resources, and a way was opened to her. I take it for granted that she had no loathing and contempt for the man, that could only turn to hatred. People talk so much of love. What does it mean? The happiest marriages begin with liking and respect that deepen into affection."

"967" takes the other view. "It is simply too awful to

think of any one marrying without love. It is neither fair on the girl nor on the man. She cannot possibly do her duty by him properly if she does not love him."

Now here are the *pros* and *cons* fairly put. All the other letters from "Poppy," "Rose," "Constance," etc., are in the same strain. They defend or condemn on much the same grounds. There is at first sight a great deal to be said for the opinion of "Alice." It seems a perfectly fair transaction to accept an eligible offer in the marriage market when there is no concealment as to the terms of the bargain and no false pretence. Yet I cannot help thinking that there are some bargains that we have no right to make on any condition whatever. Frankness about a thing in itself objectionable does not defraud it of its character. At best it might redeem it from some of its more degrading aspects. If we do wrong to another or to ourselves we do not get rid of the wrong by merely owning to it. The deeper question still remains: ought the girl for her own sake, ought she for her future husband's sake, to take the frightful risk of a marriage without love? His willingness to run the risk, his willingness to accept it, does not very much alter the matter. Suppose, as sometimes happens, that two persons agree to die together. One deals the fatal stroke to the other, and then commits suicide. The law still stamps them as murderers, and very justly, for murder it is, in spite of the mutual consent. Now, here is a case of mutual consent to do a sort of murderous thing in marriage; a murderous thing it still remains, a thing false to every noble conception of the union, and radically false in itself. "Alice's" plea for defence is anything but edifying. "She had come to the end of her resources, and a way was opened to her." So, very often may a footpad have come to the end of his resources, and the passing traveller is the opened way. But what does that signify? If the girl had held out, some other way would probably have been found; and if it had not, she and her sister would have suffered in the noblest of all causes. Nobody seems to have thought much of the poor "squatter," but really it would have been a generous thing to save him from himself. In his infatuation he was evidently ready to accept the bargain on any terms, but this does not prove that the girl was right in leading him into temptation. However, I am ready to agree that all this is rather too high and dry a doctrine, and but few of us are able to walk long in such a rarefied atmosphere. I will go further and say that "Alice's" letter does suggest an interesting discussion. She has touched on the very important question, of the possibility, I had better say the propriety, of marriage without love, and founded entirely upon respect.

"Aline" has explained to us the theory of a

French marriage. It is not the heartless thing that some of us think, it is not a union of antipathies, but it does begin with a due regard to the position and worldly circumstances of the parties, and it is supposed to have all necessary guarantees for happiness when they say they are able to esteem each other. It is supposed, as "Aline" says, that esteem, sympathy, and the union of material interests are sufficient—the affection will come of itself. The parties are introduced in a way that may not pledge them to anything whatsoever. They have opportunities of observing without being observed, and when they are able to say to themselves that they already esteem each other, and that one day they may love, then they are considered free to speak. I think this is a true account of the matter. I am willing to admit that the affection often comes with companionship, and the sense of the identity of interests, and that many such marriages turn out very well. Still, nothing shall make me say that I regard this as a very high ideal, and I feel perfectly sure that most women would shrink from it. It would not be enough for them to have merely esteem with only a reversionary interest in a love that may never be theirs. So I come back to my first position. The whole arrangement on which the problem turns is one that belongs to the lower plane of life and conduct, instead of to the higher one. The girl who gave herself, even to save her sister, had, after all, made a kind of transaction in marriage, and with a nobler faith in herself and a more perfect trust in Providence she would have probably found a happier issue out of all her troubles without this tremendous sacrifice. Remember, sacrifice of itself, and without any regard to the nature of it, is not necessarily a noble thing.

"Gitana" has written to me about my chat on ideals. "Ruby's" letter on day-dreams, she writes, struck her very much, "for only lately I have read an extract from the diary of another girl, just as earnest and as enthusiastic as the girls of to-day. I am talking of Marie Bashkirtseff, so full of hopes, unaccountable yearnings after the great, the beautiful." Then follow some extracts. "Since the age of three years I have had aspirations for I know not what *grandeurs*"; then, with a reference to the diary in which these aspirations were recorded, she goes on to contemplate with horror the utter annihilation that might fall on the memory of her if her diary were destroyed after her premature death—"Nothing would remain of me, nothing, nothing, nothing! It is that which has always horrified me—to live, to have so much ambition, to suffer, to shed bitter tears, to fight, and in the end to be forgotten—forgotten as if I had never existed." With this we have a supplementary and characteristic prayer: "My God, may I never have small-pox, may I be pretty, may I have a fine voice, may I be happy in my married life, and may I live long." "Gitana" has done full justice to the subject in her remarks on the great selfishness of that prayer, and then she goes on very touchingly, it seems to me, to confess to certain day-dreams and

secret wishes of her own. "I wish, above all, to be just and large-minded, to be clever and to do good, to do something in return for all the care and affection which have been bestowed on me by those whom I love."

Well, there is little more to be said. The bane and antidote are both before us in the really poverty-stricken aspirations of the Russian girl and the far saner and finer ones of my present correspondent. Really, the cravings of poor Marie were not for anything very much nobler than mere notoriety. Note how peculiarly external to herself are nearly all her wishes. She did not want to *be* something, but only to *have* something. *Grandeurs*—paltry little word—something to make her celebrated, not to have small-pox, to be pretty, and to have a fine voice, long life, and to be happy, but not in the least to deserve happiness—in fact, once more, not in the least to *be* something, but to *have* something. And in the main that paltry something is to be talked about. Upon my word, it would be very difficult to put more absolute fatuity into one's conception of life. Marie did much to make herself talked about, but what good does that do to her now, and the more people talked about her the more the wiser sort saw that she was not much more than an awful warning. She was rich, she had social relations; and with this a great determination. She managed to have some sort of acceptance as an artist, and to get a picture or two into the permanent collection of the Luxemburg. Yet the fact remains that she is of absolutely no importance, and her work near the work of Rosa Bonheur and Madeleine Lemaire, really great artists, has no place whatever.

In the same way the diary lacks sincerity and conviction, because it was so manifestly written to be read. Her diary hardly contains a single thought for the true guidance of life. The whole thing was puffed up, frothy, not serious in one word. After all, why this unnatural horror of the oblivion which is the common lot of all? What matters oblivion so that the life be nobly lived while it lasts? What matters the paltry *grandeurs* of the notoriety that was the only thing within her ken and comprehension? The trumpery ambition to enjoy *grandeurs*, to have people talking about you, to be a celebrated Mrs. or Miss So-and-so. What is all this compared with the ambition to make sweeter the lives of yourself and others as you pass through this earthly pilgrimage to the oblivion that sooner or later overtakes us all? Think of bartering all the finer uses of life, bartering "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," for ten lines in a biographical dictionary. It is quite refreshing to turn to "Gitana's" more generous aspirations. Almost without exception, she does not ask to have something but to be something; just, large-minded, a doer of good, and if there is, after all, the desire to be clever, it is only a passing touch of the old Adam that can but make her more lovable.

Now I must wish you all, my dear girls, a very happy New Year.





BOBBY'S DREAM ON THE EVE OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

From the Drawing by A. MACGREGOR.



THE PEOPLE OF TENNYSON.
A SERIES OF SIX PICTURES
BY J. S. ELAND,
OF WHICH THIS IS THE THIRD.

ST. AGNES'S EVE.

'Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.'

—See Editor's note on page 347.



A SPICE BOX MAY BE USED.



THREE YOUNG SONG ROBINS.



A SHORT LOG HOLLOWED OUT.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE THE BIRDS TO COME TO NEST ABOUT OUR HOMES.

The little ingenious contrivances that can be made in readiness for the first days of Spring.

By NELTJE BLANCHAN.



HE birds' point of view differs scarcely at all from our own in the essentials of life. Protection from enemies, the preservation of the family, a sheltered home, congenial environment, abundant

food and pure water—these natural rights the birds, like men, are ever seeking.

As each spring day brings hosts of feathered travellers from the south, where they have passed the winter, how can we induce some of them to pause on the journey long enough to investigate our garden attractions and happily to become our neighbours for the summer? Some birds there are—the wild ducks and hawks, for example—that no amount of coaxing would induce to confide in man, the worst enemy or the best friend every creature has. But many of the smaller birds, relying more on the safety and abundance of food near human settlements than on the more doubtful protection that deep remote forests afford, need little persuasion to remain.

If we realised how closely and how hopefully our gardens and orchards are scrutinized every spring, and on what details judgment upon them is passed by the sharp-eyed inspectors, we might easily, with a little forethought, arrange them to the taste of the home-seekers. Even in busy suburbs and in very small yards it is possible to make some birds, at least, feel conscious of their

welcome. Large estates can be converted into great natural aviaries at one-tenth the cost of a hothouse.

WHEN THE BIRDS BEGIN TO NEST.

It takes birds a surprisingly short time to resort where no gunning is allowed, and very quickly, too, they learn where to avoid the silent, deadly air rifles and sling-shots of small boys; where prowling cats are permitted to lurk in ambush, and red squirrels, field mice and snakes play the rôle of villain in the tragedies of the nests. At the outset, every girl must choose between a cat and the birds as pets; only heartbreaks result from the combination.

In the spring mating is the birds' one absorbing idea. Some of them, having taken partners for life in previous years, or having found mates on the journey northward, are ready to begin housekeeping as soon as they reach our home grounds. Others do not long delay the serious work of life. Only the goldfinch postpones nesting until midsummer, when their principal food supplies—cherries and thistle seeds—are most abundant. But even in March, bluebirds are peering about for some hole in an old hollow tree or fence rail to shelter themselves from rude spring winds. Blackbirds hold their discussions over suitable sites in the tops of our tall evergreens. The robin's clear, invigorating military call is heard again from the apple trees and lawn. Dusky



A BRACKET FOR A WATER
BASIN.

later come Jenny Wren and Sir Christopher to dispute with the ubiquitous sparrow the right of possession to every sheltered cranny: the shutters of our houses, overhanging eaves, bird boxes and tree hollows. With a temper out of all proportion to its diminutive size, the house wren dashes at any intruder near the chosen home, chattering scoldings into his very ears, until even the sparrow is glad to leave the place. Then how quickly bubbles up the rollicking song of ecstatic joy from the tiny victor's throat! In a free fight the bluetit, too, whose disposition is by no means so heavenly as his feathers, worsts the sparrow. Robins pay no more attention to the teasing impudence of that dingy little upstart than a St. Bernard does to the yelps of small curs.

THE SPARROW CANNOT BE EXTERMINATED.

Indeed, a great deal of nonsense is talked about sparrows driving away other birds. Like the down-trodden Italian and other peasants of the Old World, the sparrows are prepared to live here where others would starve. They kill no birds. We are too wont to attribute the results of our own misdeeds or shortcomings—the barbarities of millinery fashions, wanton slaughter masquerading as sport, the lack of good bird laws and the enforcing of them where such exist—to these troublesome, noisy, quarrelsome little feathered gamins. Fitted to

little
phœbes
timidly in-
vestigate
the beams
under our
roofs;
swallows
skim above
our barns.

A little

survive after centuries of competitive struggle, they cannot be exterminated. As well try to eliminate the daisy from our fields.

In our over-conventional gardens a hollow tree, or one with so much as a partially decayed branch, the red-headed, the downey and the hairy woodpeckers, the bluetits, martins, wrens, titmice, nuthatches, the smaller owls, crested flycatchers, and some other birds, love to nest in, are cut down; but what substitutes for these natural shelters do we provide?

A short log sawed in two, the halves hollowed out in the centre and nailed together again, with an entrance to the cavity on one side of the log, is a pattern that any amateur carpenter can adapt to the tiny wren or the large woodpecker. Wooden starch boxes provided with sloping roofs and covered with bits of bark may be divided into two compartments with an entrance and perches at



DRINKING PAN IN A TREE
STUMP.

each end.

Birds love privacy at the nesting season, however large may be their flocks at other times. The tenement

for twenty families is a modern city attainment for humans to which few birds aspire. Therefore do not make many-roomed houses or put more than one log-cabin, can, gourd or box in one tree. Lodgings for feathered housekeepers should be in readiness very early in the spring lest a hopeful pair slip by unable to find a home.



FROM A BARREL AND FLOWER
POTS.

ATTRACTIVE TREES, SHRUBS AND VINES.

Protection and home being assured, the food

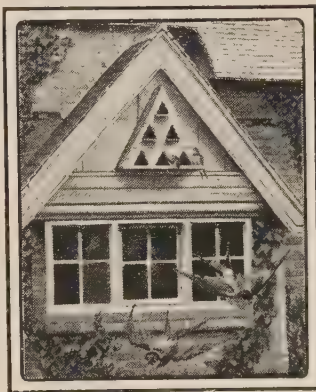
supply becomes a burning question by June, when in well-regulated bird homes there are little gaping, clamoring mouths thrust above the nest every few minutes throughout the long day. In planting our gardens and lawns, why not remember the needs of the birds if we really wish them about?

That birds love trees, large old ones, and plenty of them, groves of mixed species rather than a single kind, underbrush, shrubbery and tangled vines to hide and hunt among, no one need be told; but certain trees and bushes attract certain birds more than others. Some trees there are which, from the bird's standpoint, are useful merely as perches, but others furnish food, too, or favourite nesting sites; therefore, why not choose them? If the bird-lover's garden is so small as to hold only one tree, no other one will attract so many feathered visitors as the Russian mulberry. Robins, waxwings and thrushes are not by any means the only appreciative visitors with the poor sense to prefer the insipid, sweet fruit to the best berry God evermade. Scientific farmers are now systematically planting mulberry trees, as counter-attractions to their strawberry beds, whose fruit ripens at the same time. Myriads of flies, ants, wasps and other insects that come to sip the syrup of over-ripe mulberries draw insectivorous birds as well as more dainty feasters.

Probably the next best food tree for birds is the cherry. There is always a *quid pro quo* in nature. Of course the birds are not the recipients of purely disinterested favours. By

dropping undigested seeds far and wide to plant new colonies they pay for all favours received.

Mountain ash, spruces, pines, juniper, hawthorn, elder, black alder, wild plums, wild cherries, crabapples, currants, raspberries, wild grapes and gooseberries, buckthorn, holly, bittersweet, wild rose, wintergreen, partridge vine, snowberry, aralia, honeysuckle bushes and twiners, syringa, hop vine, huckleberries, Virginia creeper, clematis, barberries—these are among the many wild and cultivated trees, shrubs and vines whose fruit attracts the birds. Some berries and seeds ripen early in summer, some in autumn, others hang on through the winter, lasting until the hungry migrants of the following spring



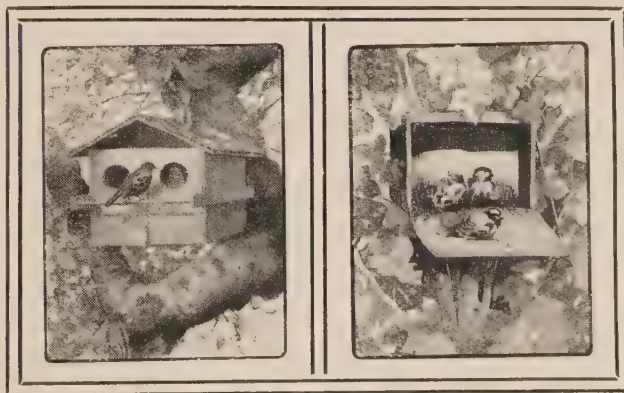
PROTECTED BY THE GABLE.

eagerly bolt them.

In the flower garden many seeds are pecked at, but the sunflowers, which give all the finch tribe a rich feast, are prime favorites. Flocks of dainty goldfinches, however, apparently prefer the blue cornflowers or ragged sailors.

Others delight in cannas, gladioli, nasturtiums, salvias, phloxes, Columbines, fuchsias, trumpet flowers and honeysuckle.

Waste canary, hemp and sunflower seed, cracked oats and corn, crumbs, and the sweepings from the hay loft, mixed and scattered over the



MADE FROM A STARCH BOX.

A WICKER BASKET HOME.

ground, make a delectable hash for feathered boarders with varied appetites. Food that can be put in dishes on balcony roofs, or on shelves in trees, for such soft-billed birds as robins and thrushes, is made of equal parts of cornmeal, peameal and German moss into

which enough treacle and melted suet or lard have been stirred to make a thick batter. If this mixture is fried for half an hour it can be packed away in jars and will keep for weeks.

THE MOST INTERESTING SPOT ON YOUR GROUNDS.

In regions where there are neither brooks nor lakes birds must sometimes fly many miles for a drink. More young birds die for lack of water than from any other cause. Not even a mulberry tree attracts so many feathered visitors as a bath-tub, which also serves them as a drinking pan.

But see to it that the pan is raised above the reach of cats; only on large estates where no cats are kept is it safe to sink the pan into a lawn. Birds cannot fly far with wet feathers. They must first dry and preen them. For this reason, as well as for the cool shade they afford, trees and shrubbery should partially screen the drinking water. Where a small stream cannot trickle into a fountain, fresh water poured in a pan daily, or even twice a day at midsummer, is very greatly appreciated when many a rare, shy bird, its bill open and gasping from the heat, seeks refreshment. If the water be deep the birds will let it alone through fear of drowning when they stand on the brim, and tip forward, as they must, for a draught. A pan shallow enough for wading, or a deeper one supplied with stones for the drinkers to stand on safely, furnishes more interesting sights and pure fun to a household than any other object you can watch throughout a season. Children enjoy it keenly. Sixty-nine different species of birds, many rare warblers and migrants among them, came in one season to drink on a suburban lawn, although a tiny, aggressive, cock-sure wren felt that he alone owned that particular basin.

I may be permitted to end my paper with a few words about the different trades practised by birds at the nesting season.

The tailor bird, one of the warbler tribe living in the East Indies, which sews the leaves

together to form a cradle, cannot be named to swell the list of trades represented in our birds' architecture; but in England and America there are many expert weavers, carpenters, felters, upholsterers, masons, moulders and decorators.

The barn swallow, manufacturing bricks without straw, hangs its clay bracket against the rafters; the Baltimore oriole makes a unique pouch from fine grasses, hair, string, plant fibre, down, woollen or cotton strips, felting the numerous materials into a thin but wonderfully strong material that neither storms nor the weight of a family can tear where it hangs from the tip of a high branch well beyond the reach of snakes and small boys—equally unwelcome visitors from the birds' point of view.

Birds are exceedingly particular about the materials for their nests; even the slovenly, amorous dove rejects one straw in preference to another for her rickety lattice. The little chipping sparrow will have horsehair—that and nothing else in the world—to line her cup-shaped cradle. The goldfinch chooses thistle-down for her upholstery. After a heavy rain, how many robins' nests fall to the ground! This is because the unfortunate masons used mud among the grasses in the cradle rather than sticky, impervious clay, which is, unhappily, not always to be found.

Like a miniature Dutch-oven is the nest of the golden-crowned thrush, whose domed nursery only the sharpest eyes can detect among the leaves on the ground in the woods.

Which are the best decorators among the birds? While many show true strivings after the beautiful, one hesitates between the parula warbler and the humming-bird before awarding the palm; for the former will consent to live only where she can gather the graceful gray moss to festoon her nest, while the latter builds the daintiest, downiest, tiniest nest imaginable, then stuccos it with bits of lichen for the purpose of concealing this masterpiece of architecture, no doubt; but surely this æsthetic little creature is also influenced by a sense of beauty.





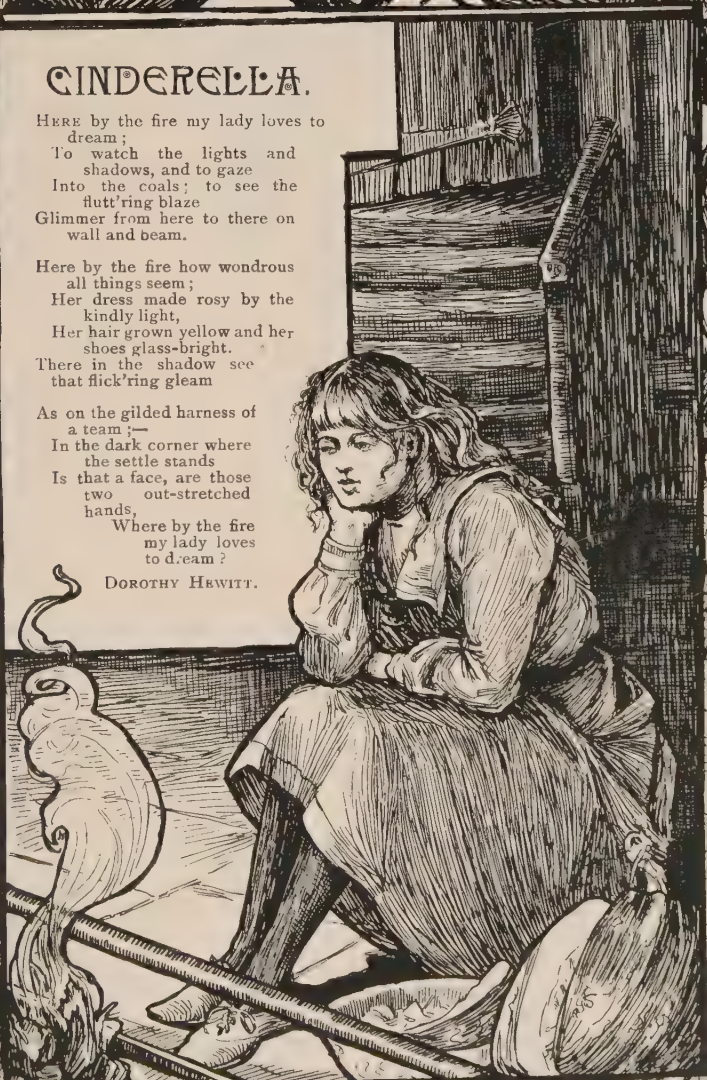
CINDERELLA.

HERE by the fire my lady loves to
dream;
To watch the lights and
shadows, and to gaze
Into the coals; to see the
flutt'ring blaze
Glimmer from here to there on
wall and beam.

Here by the fire how wondrous
all things seem;
Her dress made rosy by the
kindly light,
Her hair grown yellow and her
shoes glass-bright.
There in the shadow see
that flick'ring gleam

As on the gilded harness of
a team;—
In the dark corner where
the settle stands
Is that a face, are those
two out-stretched
hands,
Where by the fire
my lady loves
to dream?

DOROTHY HEWITT.



AN IMPULSE

OF RHODA



By
Mrs. DE HORNE VAIZEY

Author of
"Rhoda: A Public School Story,"
"Re-Enter Rhoda,"* etc.

through France. And there is very little French spoken in this hotel—indeed, it is almost entirely English, so that she would get small benefit in that way. I am afraid, dear, there are a great many difficulties."

"I want her!" said Miss Rhoda, stubbornly, and stood tapping the pane with her fingers with the air of one who has launched an ultimatum, and awaits the capitulation of the enemy. She had dropped all affection of philanthropy now, and by the simple statement of her own wishes had made the strongest possible appeal to her mother's sympathies. She felt the gaze of

"MOTHER," said Rhoda, standing at the window of the yellow salon, and looking with disconsolate eyes at the fair prospect from the window, "Mother, I'm lonely! I'm sick of hotel acquaintances, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, just as one is beginning to enjoy their society. I want to have a girl from home to stay with me. I think Dorothy Ross would be the best. She and I went to Hurst at the same time, and we were always chums. She's pretty, and amusing, and you would like her, for she's not a bit clever, but she has to teach, poor wretch! because her father has lost his money. I pity her, and I pity her pupils—if they want to get on! If they don't, they will have a lively enough time, for she is very good sport. She envies me dreadfully being here, for her French is rusty, and she wants to rub it up before going to her new engagement after Easter. It would be a good idea to have her here for a month, and give her some fun."

Mrs. Chester considered the question.

"Poor child, yes!" she said, "I'd be thankful to help her, but there's the journey to be considered. If we were in Paris it would be comparatively easy, but a girl could not travel alone

the tender, anxious eyes, but would not turn her face, and Mrs. Chester told herself for the twentieth time that the child was really looking ill, quite pale and depressed in spirits, and reproached herself for having so much as hinted at an objection to her plans.

"Let me see!" she said slowly . . . "Didn't Mrs. Everette say something about friends who were coming out to Nice next week? I daresay they would be willing to let Dorothy travel with them. It would involve no trouble, simply allowing her to sit in the same carriage. I'll speak to Mrs. Everette this afternoon, darling, and if she sees no objection we can send off an invitation at once. If she is not well off, you must tell her that if she takes such a long journey for your pleasure she must allow us to present her with the ticket."

Rhoda wheeled round, and coming to her mother's side bent down, and kissed her with an unusual warmth of affection.

"You *are* a darling!" she cried gratefully. "The very nicest mother that ever was, though you will wear that pink cap when I've told you a dozen times it doesn't suit your complexion! Thank you ever so much for managing it for

* "Re-Enter Rhoda" appeared in the November issue.

me. She'll come, I know—jump at it—and it will do me all the good in the world to be with one of the girls and be able to talk over the jolly old schooldays. I'm not at all sure that it isn't more fun to be at school than grown up and come out. I wish sometimes I could go in again, and be done with all the bother and worry!"

Mrs. Chester wondered wherein the "bother and worry" consisted, but, with her usual wisdom, did not argue the point; she only returned Rhoda's embrace and watched her with loving eyes as she threw herself into an easy-chair by the window, and rested her head on her hand in an attitude of thought. Every now and then the mother felt a fresh shock of surprise in realising that her baby was a child no longer, but a remarkably handsome and self-willed young woman. The tall, well-developed figure, the well-coiffed head, the dress of latest Parisian fashion gave Rhoda the appearance of being older than her years, but the eyes had the child-like innocence in them still, the child's helpless wonder and rebellion against fate.

"Mother!" said Rhoda suddenly, breaking the silence, "Mother, when you were young,—before you married father, were you ever in love with anyone else?"

Mrs. Chester smiled; a broad, contented smile.

"Never, my dear! Never for a moment. We loved each other from the time we were at school. I promised to marry him when I was nine, and neither of us ever wavered from that decision."

"And did you have no quarrel nor misunderstandings?"

"No, indeed; neither papa nor I are given to quarrelling, and we trusted each other too well for misunderstandings. I'm thankful to say that I can look back on forty-five years of unbroken harmony."

"Humph!" Rhoda wrinkled her brow in uncertain fashion. "It sounds very praiseworthy, but slightly dull! I don't think I could possibly live like that, and give up my own way every day, as you do to father and the rest of us. If I have made up my mind, I *have* to go on, even if I know it will vex people ever so much. But I like them to have their own way too! I should hate it if they gave in to me." She blushed with sudden discomfort as she met her mother's mystified glance, and added quickly, "Have you never had any trouble then? Has nothing ever gone wrong with you?"

"Father and I were very poor for some years after our marriage, dear, and had to be careful of every penny, but that was not really a trouble,

for we were strong and well, and loved one another, and managed to keep out of debt. And since uncle died and left us his money—no! I have known no troubles—everything has been wonderfully smooth. Your father has been the best of husbands, and you children strong and good, and such a joy to us always." The plump, commonplace face lost its smile and grew grave and wistful. "Yes! It's been a happy life, a wonderful life, and I've often marvelled why I have been allowed to escape the troubles which so many have to bear. I don't deserve such pleasant places, and it makes me feel very humble!"

Rhoda stared out of the window and made no reply, but in her mind she had no difficulty in assigning a reason for her mother's peaceful life. Her nature was of the happy, serene order which refuses to make troubles out of small misadventures, and looks persistently on the bright side of the picture; moreover, she had dealt faithfully with the talent which had been entrusted to her care, and used it for the good of others more than for herself. "Mother would have been just as happy in a tiny cottage, but it would have been a national calamity if she had been poor," said the daughter to herself; "and every one is nice to her because she is such a dear herself that they simply can't help it. I wish I were like her, but I'm not! She was born easy-going, and I'm born to kick and struggle, and I'm not at all sure that money is a blessing to me. Now that I am grown up I have the horrible dread that people will like me for what I have, more than what I am, and how am I to find out? I wish I could masquerade as a pauper, like the heroine in novels and win the Prince away from all the Court beauties!"

Mrs. Chester succeeded in arranging for Dorothy's journey, and a week later the girl arrived in San Remo, looking prettier than ever, and in the most infectious good spirits. She had never stayed in an hotel before, had never been out of England, and she was in a continual ecstasy over the blue sky, the bluer sea, the profusion of sweet-scented flowers. Coming straight from the gloom of an English February, it seemed like fairyland itself. Dorothy threw off all the burdens of home, the dread of the life before her, and enjoyed herself with the thoughtless happiness of a child out for a holiday. Mrs. Chester felt that the girl's arrival could not have been more happily timed, for it happened that there had been quite an exodus from the hotel during the last fortnight, and the blank made by the absence of the old *habitués* had been by no

means filled by the new arrivals. Rhoda, indeed, declared in her usual wholesale fashion, that she detested them all, but Dorothy, more lenient in her judgments, pronounced the girls in red "not half bad," the brother and sister at the end table "well-meaning sort of creatures," and the tall man with the moustache "a perfect Toot!" "Toot" being the old Hurst synonym for all that was fascinating and delightful it goes without saying that the movements of this new arrival were watched with interest, and an introduction awaited with anxiety. Rhoda met his glance turned upon her as she entered the salon the morning after his arrival, but his eyes expressed no special interest, and he turned with quiet indifference to examine the next comer. This was Dorothy herself, her pink cheeks dimpling with the usual happy smile, her brown eyes a-shine with light-hearted enjoyment. She did not observe the stranger in his corner, but Rhoda, watching him, saw him give a little start of surprised admiration, and follow her with his eyes all the way up the room.

"He likes her better than me! He didn't admire me a bit," said Rhoda to herself, bringing her eyebrows together in annoyance. She was not in a frame of mind to care especially for any man's attentions, but the old love of being first was hard to kill, and she could not suppress a vague sense of depression both then and in the evening, when, at the usual after-dinner dance, the stranger waltzed three times with Dorothy, and only once with herself.

The next morning an event occurred which was fated to have far-reaching consequences. Rhoda had been sitting reading in a screened-off nook in the luxurious entrance hall of the hotel, and strolling to the doorway to watch for the arrival of the *facteur*, she became an involuntary listener to a conversation that was being held on the verandah near one of the open windows. For the first few moments it was of so general a nature that she did not feel it necessary to move away, and the final sentences came as a surprise. The handsome stranger was playing the part of listener, while a departing guest was giving him some final words of advice.

"Oh, yes, charming place, capital excursions in every direction! You should get up some picnics with the people in the hotel. Most of the old set have left, I am told, so you can easily join in with the new arrivals. I don't know much about them for I have spent my time with friends who live in their own villa, but I believe they are a very good crowd. I'll give you a hint—*make the running with the*

heiress! I saw you dancing with her last night, and she's far and away the best looking girl here, besides being worth goodness only knows how much a year. Father a regular millionaire, they say. Which one? Oh, my dear fellow, as if you did not know! She is sitting behind the screen reading at this moment. Just stroll by and have a look at her, as you go upstairs."

What was the reply Rhoda never knew, for she turned on the instant and ran swiftly back to her shelter, crimson-cheeked, panting, breathless with indignation. "The wretch! the wretch! the wretch! Oh how I hate it all! Why can I never be thought of for myself, apart from the wretched money! How dare they talk of me, and make their horrid insinuations, and advertise me to every new-comer. I won't stand it,—I won't,—I *won't!*"

"Deary, deary, deary me! You seem in a tremendous fume?" cried a calm, unruffled voice, and there stood Dorothy staring with laughing eyes at her friend's indignant face. "I thought you were enjoying a nice, peaceful read!"

"So I was, but—I must go up to mother for a minute." Rhoda turned round suddenly, and taking forcible hold of her friend's arm, pushed her down on the chair which she herself had just vacated. Her eyes were shining with excitement, and she spoke in a quick, breathless whisper. "There! sit there, and keep the place for me till I come back. Don't stir! Read the book. It's very interesting."

"Yes, mum. Thank you, mum. Anything else, mum?" said Dorothy easily. She was just as willing to sit in that seat as any other, and knew from experience that it was wiser not to argue with Rhoda when she was in one of her moods. She settled herself comfortably against the cushions, crossed her neat little feet, and began to read in complacent fashion, while Rhoda watched the scene from an angle of the staircase. She saw the handsome stranger hesitate on the threshold as if ashamed of his errand, saw him stroll slowly past the screen, and come back towards the doorway stroking his moustache, and drawing his eyebrows into a heavy frown. Rhoda frowned too, and stamped her foot in impatience.

"Well, what does he want? Why is he scowling like that? He ought to be very pleased to think that the heiress is the girl he already admires. Now he can go on as he has begun, and no one will be surprised, no one except himself, that is to say, when he discovers his mistake. I wonder when and how he will find it out!"

Yes! that was indeed a question to ponder. Rhoda had acted on the impulse of a moment, and from no other intention than to screen herself from a detested position, but now it occurred to her that the action might be fraught with serious consequences to her unsuspecting friend. Suppose Mr. Harvey were in truth a fortune-hunter,—suppose Dorothy took his attentions seriously and grew attached to him in return,—suppose he jilted her on hearing of her poverty. That would be indeed a tragic ending to her little plot; but Rhoda had had a recent experience of playing at Providence, and was sufficiently satisfied with the result to feel capable of once more undertaking the *rôle*. "I'll manage it!" she said, and nodded her head in complacent fashion. "I'll manage them both. It will be something to do; I was getting so horribly bored."

Rhoda found no difficulty in sustaining the delusion which she had created in the mind of the handsome stranger concerning her friend, for among the visitors in the hotel Dorothy was accepted simply as her companion and schoolmate, and neither were any questions asked, nor did she herself vouchsafe any information concerning her social standing. As the days passed by, Mr. Harvey associated himself more and more with the little coterie of which the Chester party made the leading element, but, extraordinary to relate, he paid less and less attention to the reputed heiress, and more and more to her friend. Rhoda could not in the least understand this position for there were signs which plainly revealed the fact that in reality Dorothy was the object of his admiration. He might not dance with her, for instance, but his eyes persistently followed her round

the room as she danced with another; he might seat himself by Rhoda's side, but it would be to say "I beg your pardon!" in answer to her remarks, the while he strained his ears to listen to Dorothy's conversation at the other end of the room. "What in the world can it mean?" asked Rhoda of herself, and studied the young man with curious attention. His good looks seemed the only striking quality about him, for the rest he was an amiably medium character,

neither clever nor stupid, original nor dense, daring nor cowardly,—just the type of honest, steady-going, matter-of-fact Englishman, who never sets the Thames on fire, but, nevertheless, makes a valuable citizen and friend.

Rhoda looked down on him from a pinnacle of lofty superiority; but here was another strange thing! Though Dorothy rarely mentioned his name, her eyes followed *him* whenever they



"RHODA'S EYES WERE SHINING WITH EXCITEMENT, AND SHE SPOKE IN A QUICK BREATHLESS WHISPER—'THERE! SIT THERE TILL I COME BACK.'"—(p. 302.)

might do so unobserved, and she was obviously depressed by his studied neglect of her. "Stupid things!" cried Rhoda to herself. "What do they *mean* by it? Why does he come to me if he would rather be with her? If he cares for her, and thinks she is an heiress into the bargain, why, in the name of all that's puzzling, does he avoid her as if she had the plague? And how stupid of Dorothy to bother about a man who avoids her! I would not waste a thought upon him!" and

then Rhoda blushed suddenly at the thought of some one who had avoided her in a still more marked manner, and on whom she still wasted very many thoughts!

Dorothy herself knew nothing of her fabled riches, for though Rhoda had fully intended to warn her of the mercenary nature of George Harvey's attentions, she found the explanation more embarrassing when those attentions were not forthcoming. "Sometime" she would tell her all about it, but three weeks passed rapidly by, and the opportunity had never arisen. Dorothy's visit was drawing to a close, as was also that of Mr. Harvey, who, like many Riviera guests, had come abroad to gain strength, after a passing illness. In the meantime the round of gaieties went on without a break, there were walking expeditions, driving expeditions, cycling expeditions, picnics by land and sea, and all sorts of jollifications in the big ballroom at night. Four weeks of such intimacy were equal to many months of ordinary acquaintanceship, but to the last George Harvey avoided a *tête-à-tête* with

pretty Dorothy, as if it were the thing above all others which he most disliked.

At last came the final day of Dorothy's stay, and a bicycling picnic as a farewell festivity.

"I've enjoyed myself most awfully, Rhoda!" said Dorothy, as she fastened on her neat felt hat before the glass. "I shall never forget this time—never, as long as I live," and she sighed with a solemnity which brought Rhoda's quick scrutiny upon her.

"Really! To judge from your tone, my dear, the remembrance will be rather doleful! You don't look as if you had enjoyed yourself too much. Your face is a yard long."

"That's because I am going away of course. How stupid you are, Rhoda!" and Dorothy whisked away from the glass, and marched majestically downstairs.

"She spends about twopence-halfpenny a year on her dress, but she always looks nice," soliloquised Rhoda, as she wheeled down the road, after the trim, grey figure. "I daresay Mr. Harvey

never notices the little make-ups, and thinks her things are quite as nice as mine. There he goes, bicycling in advance with that boy, though he knows that it is her last day, and that he may never see her again! He can't really like her—it must be that he admires her style of beauty, but finds me more interesting as a companion. I *am* cleverer, of course! Dear old Doll hasn't an ounce of brains. A man likes a woman who can talk about the topics of the day; the sweet, domestic creature is out of date," and Mistress Rhoda tossed her ruddy head, and smiled in happy complacency.

It was touching to see how closely Dorothy kept to her friend's side during the long ride, until at last the rest of the party took the hint and fell behind, allowing the two girls to lead the little procession, with the exception of Mr. Harvey and his companion, who still rode slightly in advance. All went well until the end of the ride,



"THE NEXT MOMENT RHODA WAS ON THE GROUND."—(p. 305.)

when the narrow road took a sudden swerve to the left, without, however, any decline, or notice to warn travellers to slacken speed. The two out-riders disappeared from sight and the girls reached the curve a moment later chatting volubly together, when suddenly all was confusion and uproar. An overturned waggon barred the road, against which two riderless bicycles already lay—the boy was slowly rising from the ground, while George Harvey rushed to meet the newcomers uttering cries of warning. The distance was so short, the surprise so complete that it was almost impossible to escape collision, but Mr. Harvey had made up his mind on one point at least, and leaving Rhoda to her fate, he threw both arms round Dorothy's waist, and held her back with all his strength. The next moment Rhoda was on the ground, but the slackened speed had stopped the violence of her fall, and she was able to rise, feeling nothing more serious than a few bruises. A glance round showed the cause of the accident—an overturned waggon, which had evidently been left by its owner while he went for help, and which was dangerous only from its position immediately behind the curve in the road. Rhoda looked at it with careless eyes, for her attention was absorbed by a more interesting sight which had met her gaze for one fleeting moment as she staggered to her feet—Mr. Harvey lifting Dorothy to the ground, the two faces so near together, aglow with a new and wonderful expression. Then it had passed, and Dorothy had come forward all anxiety and affectionate sympathy for her friend's mishap.

In the confusion caused by lifting the different bicycles over the cart, Mr. Harvey kept well out of Rhoda's way, and during lunch, too, he avoided her eyes with an embarrassment which she could well understand. It was a distressing experience to her exacting nature to find herself so obviously in the background, but she had learnt some valuable lessons in the old schooldays, and after the first smart to vanity, resolutely forgot herself, and thought only of her friend. No! There could be no more doubt. It was quite, quite certain, that George Harvey loved Dorothy, and that Dorothy loved him in return, though for some mysterious reason the young man had avoided her society. It was inconceivable that that reason could be the misconception as to her financial position,—*quite* impossible, Rhoda told herself, nevertheless a fear rankled, which would not be driven away, and she determined to find out the real nature of the obstacle before it was too late.

Her opportunity came after lunch when the

rest of the party roamed away to inspect the beauties of the neighbourhood, and she excused herself on the score of her bruises and a desire to stay behind to pack the luncheon baskets. An instinct told her that George Harvey would take this chance of expressing his commiseration, and presently up he came, very shamefaced, and stammering, very much at sea as to what to say first.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry you came down! I hope you are not bad, really! Hope you won't get stiff, and be laid up. I tried my best to warn you, but there was so little time, and—er—I couldn't stop you *both*!"

Rhoda looked at him with a frank, honest friendliness which showed her in her very best light, and was all the more admirable because of the struggle which had gone before.

"And so you saved the one you cared for most? Why, of course! I should have done the same myself. Why need you apologise, Mr. Harvey? I have thought for some time that you admired Dorothy, and have wondered why you did not see more of her when you had the chance. She is going away to-morrow."

"Yes, I know," he said dismally, and sat himself down among the plates and baskets, the most disconsolate of swains. "I may never see her again, but I shall never care for any one else. She's so beautiful, isn't she, Miss Chester? and so sweet, and so natural, and unaffected. She never gives herself airs, or fancies herself at all, though she's so clever, too—knows such a lot, and is so quick and smart about all she does. I never met such an all-round girl in my life!"

Rhoda stared at the grass, and pursed her lips in a dumb whistle of astonishment. "Dorothy clever!" she said to herself, "*Dorothy quick!*" Why she used to call herself a tortoise, and Tom said it was a slander on the poor animal at that. He *is* bad! I mustn't laugh, whatever I do. He would be so dreadfully annoyed." Aloud she said, "I am very much attached to Miss Ross; we were great friends at school. What I can't understand is this—if you are so fond of her, why——"

He looked up eagerly and edged a little nearer, lowering his voice to a confidential undertone.

"May I tell you all about it? I have often thought I should like to confide in you, but I hadn't the courage. I kept out of her way because I knew from the first that she was not for me, and I did not want to make the parting harder than I could help. You see me here, Miss Chester, just like one of the other visitors, but really their lives and mine are widely

separated. My parents are plain, hard-working people, who kept a shop in a provincial town, and denied themselves many comforts to give me a good education. I am their only child, and they sent me to a good school, and afterwards to Oxford, and kept me until I was established in my profession, and now I am thankful to say I am able to help them to live quietly in a little house in the country, where they can rest after their labours. They are not what the world would call 'gentlefolks,' Miss Chester, though I think that the words 'lady' and 'gentleman' apply to them more than to most people I meet. So long as they live I must continue to help them, and that makes me a poor man who has very little to offer to a girl. Besides, in her position she might not care to be associated with my dear old people. She might look down on them, and be ashamed of the connection!"

"Do you think Dorothy looks that kind of girl?" asked Rhoda quietly, but her cheeks were red as she spoke, for she knew well that in Dorothy's place *she* would have been ashamed of the shopkeeper and his wife, and of the little peculiarities of speech and manner which distinguished them from her own acquaintances. She honestly believed, however, that Dorothy would know how to meet such a position, and George Harvey evidently shared her opinion, for he said heartily:—

"No, honestly speaking, I do not,—she is too kind and simple-hearted, but, Miss Chester, there is another obstacle; you know there is! How could I offer myself and a few miserable hundreds a year to an heiress who has the world at her feet? How could I, with a scrap of self-respect, put myself in the position of a miserable fortune-hunter? I heard about her money almost as soon as I arrived, and from that moment I have struggled to keep out of her way."

"Then you made a great mistake! If you dislike the idea of a rich wife, it may be a relief to you to hear that Dorothy's people are as poor as Job, and that she is going home now to begin work as a governess, which she hates and detests," said Rhoda, bluntly. And then, while he stared amazed at her, she told him the story of the overheard conversation, and of her own hasty action which had been the cause of his mistake. "I am the heiress, Mr. Harvey! I am the unfortunate girl who is the subject of gossip among strangers. Dorothy can be judged on her own merits, but I represent nothing but a cheque book and a banker's balance. You can't wonder that I tried to hide myself from discovery!"

But Mr. Harvey had no commiseration to offer.

"You did this! You played this trick upon me, and deliberately let me go on under the misapprehension when you saw quite well that I was avoiding her, and could easily have guessed the reason! I could not have believed it of you, Miss Chester," he said sternly, and his eyes flashed with anger. "I can understand very well that you were tempted for the moment, but you have done me a very bad turn in keeping silence all this time. May I ask you if you told Miss Ross? Was she also a party to the deception?"

"No, she was not. I never told her, but you can make up for my deficiencies and tell her yourself," replied Rhoda, loftily, for she was, as usual, inclined to justify herself the moment that blame was put upon her shoulders. "It's absurd to speak as if I had ruined your life, Mr. Harvey. You have been here exactly four weeks, and it is to be supposed that you have some time still to live. You know the truth now, at any rate, and can begin afresh from to-day."

"And she leaves to-morrow! These four weeks were my opportunity, and you have taken them from me. I will speak to her before she goes, but nothing can give us back those wasted days. I am sorry to appear so ungallant, but if you had thought of others besides yourself,—if you had had any true consideration for my feelings you would not have kept me in ignorance all this time!"

He rose and walked rapidly away in the direction taken by the rest of the party, and Rhoda sat alone, and soliloquised sadly.

"If I had thought of others before myself—Shall I ever get to that height, I wonder? I do love Dorothy, and want her to be happy, but I hated to tell her in case she was angry, and kept putting it off and off. How angry he was. I never liked him so much before! Fancy meeting a man who actually *avoided* a girl because she was rich, and was delighted to hear that she was poor! And he was simply sweet about his parents. He'll come back presently and be sorry that he was so cross, and then I'll apologise too. I wonder what Dorothy will have to say?"

Half an hour later her curiosity on this point was set at rest, for Dorothy came to join her, flushed and agitated, and almost incoherent with emotion.

"Oh, Rhoda, oh!" she cried, reproachfully. "How *could* you do it? He has just told me, and we've been so miserable, and I thought it was you he wanted, and I'm going home to-morrow! Oh, Rhoda, how *mean*! We might have had such a lovely time, and you have spoiled it all. If it had not been for you——"

"If it had not been for me you would never have met in the first place! You might remember that, both of you, before you abuse me any more!" said Rhoda, turning with a smile to where George Harvey came slowly following in the wake of his love. "All's well that ends well, and it strikes me that you have already managed

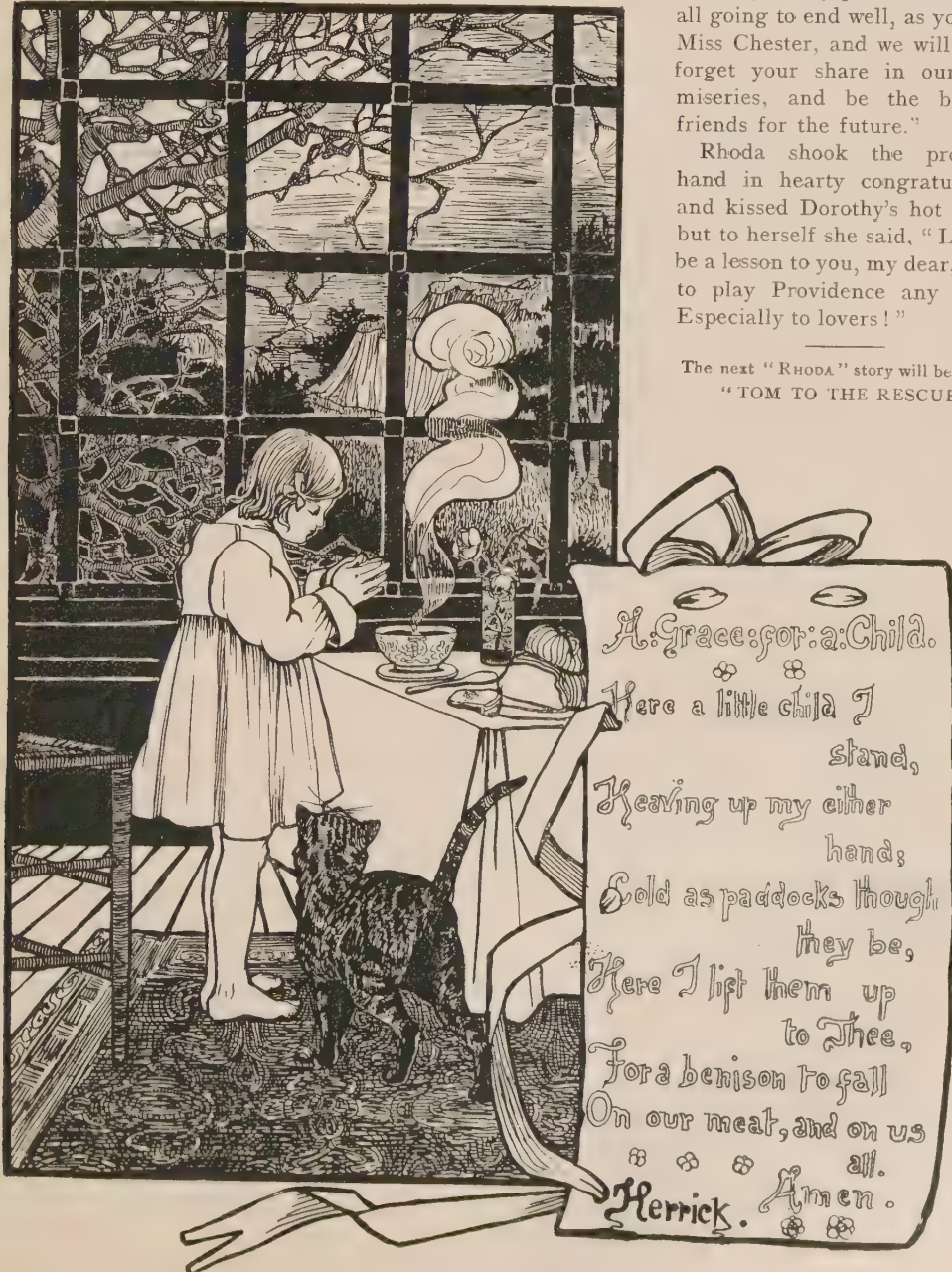
to dispel your misery. Aren't you going to tell me your news?"

"There is none to tell!" Dorothy declared. "At least—it's too soon, and Mother doesn't know. I must wait until I get home. . . ."

"But she says I may go to see her immediately on my return, and she doesn't mind roughing it for a few years until I make more headway in my profession. It is all going to end well, as you say, Miss Chester, and we will try to forget your share in our past miseries, and be the best of friends for the future."

Rhoda shook the proffered hand in hearty congratulation, and kissed Dorothy's hot cheek, but to herself she said, "Let this be a lesson to you, my dear, never to play Providence any more! Especially to lovers!"

The next "RHODA" story will be entitled
"TOM TO THE RESCUE."





LADY BLANSH.

The Adventures OF Sir Guy IN War and Love.



SIR GUY.

The following story is the actual work of a girl of nine, being her first effort in fiction.

The MS. came into the hands of Miss Jean Victor Bates, who was so impressed by the humour of it that she determined to fully illustrate her young friend's "novel." This she did, and sent it to "The Girl's Realm."

LEADY Blansh de Casteel sead good by to Sir Gue Courtenay Who had to go to South Africa. She was ingaged to him for two years & was going to be marrid wen he was oderd to ware so she sed good by. Blansh had a sister Kald Rose there mother & father were dead. Blansh was a mast lovly girl you ever sa, she had most biuteful eyes, with long eyelashas. They wer very rich, and Guy was very rich, to. She was standing at the door of the biuteful house with Guy and weept with him & her sister Rose was tring to stop her but nothing would stop her. After along and soroful tim Gue gumped on his firy steed. Not very long after he was gon, anothe man Kam up the avenyou, who was bad looking to any extent big mouth, no tith, nose no shape atal, very little eyes etc., envius of Guy. In a year a mesag kam to say that Guy would come home on the 2 of the month, or if he did not come he was dead, and that the ware wold be sune over. The messenger was a very nice young man on fut. His name was Mr. Goodridge. They new him very well. He had saved Rose from being draond and carried her home. Not very long after the mesage kam, the 2 of the month kam, and Guy did not com so Blansh was very sad she sobbd and syd and went to bed for it was night. A horse's fot step was herd in the distens and who do you think it was? It was not Guy. It was Mr. Bottle nose who new the trouble they wer in and wanted to mak it wors. He tolde them that Guy was in jale, having merdered some pore man who wold not obay him. Blansh wept biterly, but bekouse she lovd Guy very much she would not belive him. She fel on the flor and fandet. Rose sent round to Mr. Goodridge the nice young man who was not very long koming, and he ternd Mr. Bottle nose out of the house with a kiking for teling lys. In a little tim a man cam up the avenyou with toren clothes who was looking at the site, it was Guy. Mr. Bottle nose sead to him, Blansh has forgotten you, she is marid. Guy new it was a li, so he cort him by the neck, and kik him doun the avenyou & over the tree. Guy thankt Mr. Gooridge for helpin to tern the puppy's nose out of joint. Guy and Blansh marid in diu tim & went for a honeymoon to Algeries. Mr. Goodridge marid Rose. Mr. Bottle nos dyde in jale.

THE ENDE.



1.—Lady Blanch and Lady Rose watch Sir Guy's Departure to the Wars.



3.—Another Man came up the Avenue very bad looking.



4.—The Messenger was a very nice young man on foot.



2.—Sir Guy upon a Remount starts for the Wars

5.—He had saved Rose from drowning.





6.—He carried her home.



8.—Mr. Goodridge turns Mr. Bottlenose out of the house—

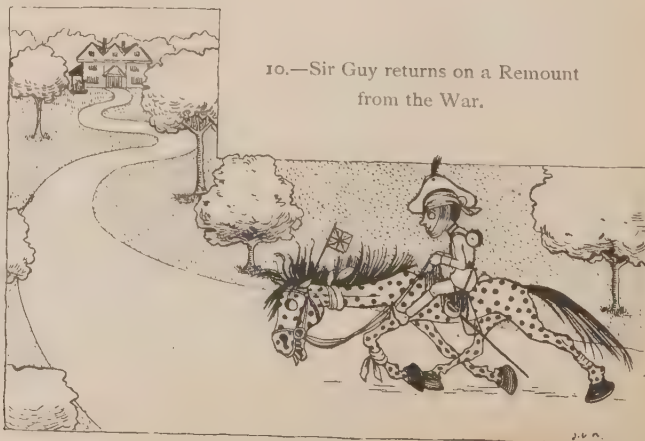


7.—Because she loved
Sir Guy
very much she
would not believe
Mr. Bottlenose.

9.—With
a kicking
for
telling
a lie.



10.—Sir Guy returns on a Remount
from the War.



11.—Mr. Bottlenose
tells Sir Guy that
Lady Blanch has
forgotten him
and is
married to someone
else.



12.—Sir Guy kicks Mr. Bottlenose over
a tree for telling a lie.

13.—Sir Guy
and Lady Blanch
meet once
more.



15.—Mr. Goodridge married
Rose.



14.—Mr Bottlenose went to gaol.



LITTLE MOTHER MEG

BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

BY ETHEL TURNER,

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbie," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

"LITTLE MOTHER MEG" has to do with the family at Misrule—Meg, Nellie, "Pip," "Bunty," and Poppet, the sons and daughters of Major Woolcot, by a first marriage, and with Peter and Essie, the children of his second marriage. His young wife, whom they call Esther, while she regards her step-children as her own—and they reciprocate her affection—often finds them "a handful." Misrule is an old rambling house situated on the river, with great paddocks and fields attached. The family is a happy-go-lucky one. Meg, the eldest girl, is married to Alan Courtney, who, at the time of their marriage, was a prosperous young hospital surgeon. It is not long, however, before a blow comes to them. Alan loses his private income by the failure of a bank. The young couple have still a sufficient income from Alan's hospital appointment, and they are unperturbed by this loss. But worse is to come. Alan's eyes become affected; he may become blind. He resigns his post, and, borrowing money, goes to Germany to a great eye-specialist, to undergo an operation which will either cure him or render him sightless. After a long period of suspense, the news comes to Misrule that the operation has been performed and is wholly successful. Meg and he return and set up house in a poor quarter, where Alan means to practise. A little boy has come to cheer them in their difficulties.

On the estate adjoining Misrule live the Savilles—father, mother, Jack and Lylie, a little girl to whom the Misrule children take a great fancy. Essie and Nell go to call on Mrs. Saville, "a lady with flashing eyes," and are told by her that she "never sees visitors." A mystery surrounds the family. Poppet is certain there is another little girl whom no one sees. Mr. Saville is a kind man who frequently waylays Poppet for news of her dolls, to take back to Lylie.

The family at Misrule repay the bounden hospitality offered them by giving a dance. To this dance comes a Captain Morton, invalided home from the Transvaal. He speaks some things to beautiful Nell, which make her very happy.

Bunty pays Meg a visit one hot summer's day, and unburdens his mind about Nell.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT BUNTY HAD TO TELL.

"What storm is this that tightens all our sail?"

"WELL, look here," said Bunty, "it was this way.

You know that chap, Captain Morton, who came to our spree?"

"Yes," said Meg, and the trouble in her eyes deepened, for she had noticed the gallant Captain's assiduous attentions to her young sister, and been vaguely worried by them, she knew not why. Since then, however, she had dismissed the matter from her mind, feeling sure that Nellie had too much good sense to be attracted by a man who, though good-looking enough, was so palpably shallow and insincere.

"What about him?" said Meg.

Bunty's eyes burned. "He's a bounder, that's what's about him," he said. "I'd like to shoot him—no, a gun's too clean for the purpose—I'd like to hand him over to the Boxers and let them finish him."

Meg bundled her scones on the tin. "Are you going to take all day to tell me?" she said, her voice quite sharp with the anxiety; "let me know the worst straight off."

"I've got to tell you my own way or not at all," said Bunty.

"Let me slip these in the oven, then," said Meg, and ran to the kitchen for a moment with her tin. "Now let me have it all."

"Well of course I don't know this for certain," Bunty said, "but it's my belief the beggar has been making love pretty heavily to old Nellie. At our dance while I was looking after the lanterns I came across them once, and he was holding her hand in a pretty sickening way under a tree."

Meg frowned. She had conceived the greatest dislike to the man from the moment of her introduction. From the instant she had lifted her quiet eyes to this man's handsome ones she had known the soul that lodged there had not truth in it. Surely Nellie's eyes, at nineteen, were not blind!

"Well, after that," continued Bunty, "I suppose they went on seeing each other a lot. I remember Pip chaffing her about dancing a lot with him at a ball on a man-o'-war. And when she's been to town I've seen him more than once seeing Poppet and her down to the boat; one day when she was alone—I was up on deck—he came right up the river with her."

"Well," said Meg sharply, "it all may have been just accident—Nellie knows plenty of men—she's a pretty girl, they naturally like to talk to her. But she has too much sense to care herself——"

"Oh, has she?" said Bunty; "that's just where you're fooling yourself. It's my belief you could put all Nellie's sense in your thimble and still be able to wear it. But I thought like you at first—bless your heart, I didn't trouble myself over it. Girls have got to play around a bit; I'll want them to do so myself some day, I suppose. I didn't put my oar in, only to chaff her a bit sometimes, of course."

"Well?" said Meg.

"Well, I've been busy cramming up for the exam., and then there's the bike—I give you my word I'd forgotten such a chap lived as Morton all this month. The boulder!"

"Well?" said Meg.

"Well, on Monday night you remember it was the tableaux at the Bartholomews'."

"Yes, Nell came down in the afternoon to borrow those draperies I got in Germany. She was to be 'The Lady of Shallot,' wasn't she? I haven't seen her since."

"Yes, something of the sort, hair done any way and a rummy sort of a dress. Well, no one had seemed to think I'd bring down the house as 'A Beefeater,' or 'Henry the Fifth,' or anything

fancy like that, so I was running the limelights in a little place near the stage——"

"Yes," said Meg.

"Well, Nellie came in for a second to ask was her hair all right or something, and to tell me to be sure to put the rose-pink light on her."

"Well?" said Meg once more.

"Well, there was a tableau ready on the stage, only some dook or *aide-de-camp* or some one like that had come late and was just taking his hat off up-stairs, and Mrs. Bartholomew told them not to pull the curtain up again till he was ready. So the tableau had to stand still and wait. It was that chap Morton as Ahasuerus and Queen Esther was that stunning girl with black eyes staying at the Brownlows'."

"Yes," said Meg, and her brows knitted themselves now in anticipation. "And Nell was in the little room with you all the time?"

"Yes; she hadn't had time to slip out again, she was afraid the curtain would go up just as she ran."

"Yes."

"Well, Esther and Ahasuerus began to flirt like anything; a good many of the others had done the same; they all must have known there was a chap near working the lights, but bless you! that didn't stop them."

"Yes," breathed Meg.

"Well, I'd other things to think of, and I didn't want to hear the rot they talked, you bet. And then suddenly I found I *was* hearing it, and they were talking about old Nellie."

"Yes," said Meg, her heart a-throb for the other unwilling listener.

"The girl said, 'Oh, I don't believe you, you say it to every one; why, not a month ago you had no eyes for any one but that light-haired Miss Woolcot.'"

"And what did he say?" said Meg.

"The boulder, the cad!" snorted Bunty, "just smiled in that sickening way of his and said 'Oh, she's not a bad-looking little thing. I have quite an affection for the child. But there is only one Queen—one Esther, and where *she* shines all other lights are only a



"NELLIE CAME IN FOR A MOMENT TO TELL ME TO BE SURE TO PUT THE ROSE-PINK LIGHT ON HER."

candles!' And he kissed her about seventeen times."

"Well," said Meg, her head up, her cheeks burning, "what does that matter? Nellie wouldn't care a straw."

Bunty caught at a cup dangling above his head, and twisted it so savagely that the handle snapped off.

"You'd think she wouldn't, but—she did," he said, his voice grown suddenly thick.

"Are you sure?" murmured Meg.

"First thing I knew," said Bunty, "she got up and went to the door—well, as if she was drunk. I went after her to tell her she couldn't go that way—that it only led out into the laundry. But she pushed me away and would go. Well, I got her something, she was as white as chalk; but she couldn't drink it—I was in an awful funk that she'd go in hysterics or something, she was gasping so. . . . Well, that's all."

All the boy could bring himself to put to words; he would not let even his memory go over again the wild two minutes that the girl had clung to him and implored him to take her home, to tell her she was in the middle of some bad dream—to take her home, home.

"What did she do?" Meg said mechanically.

Bunty almost broke another dangling cup.

"Next minute the bell went, and I had to go back to the lights," he said, "but I got her to sit down quietly on a tub and to promise to wait till I came back to her." His face lost its look of keen emotion, and a light of most unholy joy came over it. "I got a bit square," he said. "Morton was posing fit to kill you, of course, when the curtain went up, and I mixed up some awful colours, and played such ghastly greens and yellows on his face, there was a yell of laughing all through the room."

"But Nellie—" cried Meg, her heart torn.

"I was tied fast to the blessed lights for the next ten minutes," said Bunty, "and a nice mess I made of them—I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels, and at last they sent two other chaps to do it instead of me—I was spoiling the whole show. Well, I cut down to the laundry and she'd gone. I hunted all over the garden and the verandahs and couldn't find her anywhere. And at last I went into the room to find Pip and get him to come and help me—I thought she must have fainted somewhere—and there she was talking and laughing more than I ever saw her in my life, and no end of a colour—you'd never have known the least thing was wrong. She's a good plucked one, isn't she?"

Meg had no answer for him. She was dredging, dredging at her paste-board with reckless waste of flour and blinded eyes.

"Even when that outsider Morton went up and spoke to her," pursued Bunty, "she answered him just like any one else. And when she was on the stage she was the best of the whole lot—never saw her look so stunning in my life—every one clapped their hands off."

"Isn't it about tea-time?" said Alan, coming in. "I've been looking everywhere for you. There's been a patient, Meg—seven-and-six, and he'll come again! Scones for tea, eh? Come along, I hope you made enough, or the others won't stand much show of getting any."

But the scones were burnt to cinders.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEART OF A MAID.

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight."

THE next day saw Meg at Misrule. Every third or fourth week-end she and Alan and the baby paid a visit there, leaving Lizzie in charge of the house and the telephone that too rarely made its harsh music through the hall.

Meg was a little grave and abstracted, her heart heavy with Nellie's secret. Alan, swift to notice the cloud, had at first insisted on being told the cause. But Meg had begged to be allowed to keep it to herself, albeit they gave each other their frankest confidences always; she explained to him how it was, a little private matter relating to one of "the children," and that she had come by the knowledge almost illegitimately herself. So he said, "Keep it, girlie," and gave her shoulder a pat, and saw Little Boy did not unduly worry her during the passage on the boat.

At the wharf they were met as usual by various members of the family. Peter had brought his express-cart down to beg that the baby might journey up the road in it. Essie had dragged down her large doll's go-cart. "There's heaps of room in it, Meg, he *couldn't* fall out—oh, do, do, do let me wheel him up in it."

"I brought my arms," said Poppet; "*they* won't break down."

"Any one can have him as far as I am concerned," said Alan, mopping his brow with his disengaged hand; "he's licked half the nap off my hat, and he's tried to walk head downwards down my back, and he's made a concertina of himself and doubled himself up and shot himself

out till I'm a wreck. Here you are, any one—I'll give him away with a pound of tea."

Meg had stopped to speak a few words to a friend on the wharf, and by the time she caught up her family the "any one" had proved to be Peter, who was now careering at a fine pace up the hill, the cart rattling behind him.

Meg's feet found wings.

"How *could* you let him?" she gasped as she flew past Alan.

"He's as safe as a house," said Alan easily; "look how high the sides are. The shaking will do his digestion good."

But Meg snatched her son from the reckless young carter, and Poppet had the happiness of the velvet cheek and the wet kisses and the surprising weight for the rest of the walk, Essie following enviously behind with her empty perambulator.

Nellie was arranging the flower-vases when they arrived—she did this every other morning, and always threw her heart into the pleasant work, making the daily tables, the mantelpieces and other resting-places real feasts for the artistic eye.

To-day the mantelpieces showed withered blossoms only, and dead, dry leaves—she had not even troubled to remove. For the table, since that duty could hardly be neglected, she was sticking a handful of stiff, ugly dahlias into half-a-dozen vases.

She looked listless, colourless; her eyes were heavy, the girlish roundness of her face seemed fallen away. Her very clothes seemed to partake of her state of mind—the Nellie Misrule knew in a morning was a pleasure to look at, so fresh was her blouse, so exact her collar and tie, so trim her skirt. This Nellie wore yesterday's blue blouse, and any sort of a skirt, and any sort of a tie.

There were no confidences; perhaps Meg's kiss was a little longer than usual, though unintentionally, for the girl gave her a swift, distrustful look and went back to her flowers as soon as might be. Only when Bunty came in the room did her manner

alter at all, and then she talked and laughed about anything or everything in a manner that was absolutely painful in its striving to be careless and natural.

Presently they all went in the garden to superintend the swinging of a hammock in the shade of the trees, that his Babyship might breathe sweet air during his day naps. Poppet established herself on the grass close by with a story-book, and a fan to keep the flies off the dimpled face. Esther and Meg strolled about the paths, arm-in-arm, talking, talking. Bunty on the side verandah was seeking for a puncture on one of his tyres, Peter and Essie at his elbow absorbedly watching him try his water-test to that end.

Down at the stable you could see the Major's old helmet, and Pip's cap, and the white cricketing-cap for which Alan had been quick to exchange his professional silk hat.

Through the leaves of some low bushes Nell's blue blouse could be seen; she was sitting on the grass, her back against a tree, and a book open in her hand. But Meg, looking at her anxiously from time to time, noticed she never once turned a leaf; just sat there motionless, looking with hard, cold eyes straight in front of her or down on the printed page. Once Meg went to her. Little Boy had awakened up, stretched himself, tossed off his coverlid and held up his warm little arms to signify he was once more ready for the world to take and enjoy him. Meg bore him off over the grass to where that quiet figure in the blue blouse was sitting.

"Would you mind looking after the laddie, Nell?" she said; "I want to run into the kitchen and warm his food; it is nearly his meal-time."

Nellie took the child without a word; any other time she would have jumped up with great eagerness and gone to dance him all over the lawns.

"It's not interrupting you?" asked Meg

"Oh no," the girl said, listlessly

Meg went towards the house, drawing the reluctant Poppet with



"'HERE YOU ARE, ANY ONE,' SAID ALAN, 'I'LL GIVE HIM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA.'"

her. "I shall want you to show me where things are kept," she said. "I can't be expected to remember Martha's and Bridget's places as well as Lizzie's."

"Let me go and do it," said Poppet, "or let me tell Martha."

But Meg did not leave to unhallowed hands so immensely important a thing as the mixing of nourishment for so immensely important a person as her son, especially on a summer day like this, when the sun had power to make milk dangerous as dynamite.

When she came back to the garden seat with her tray Nellie's eyes were softer, for Baby was now painstakingly sticking up first one bare pink foot and then the other to be bitten, and now thrusting his curious little fingers into the meshes of her bright hair or trying to insert them in her eyes.

"Here, take your little villain," she said, a trifle more life in her tone; "how well he looks, and how sweet in that white frock. I don't feel fit to hold him in this old dress. Take him and I'll run up and change—I didn't go out with the others this morning, and I'm afraid I'm a little tidy."

"Oh," said Poppet in a disappointed tone, "I did hope we were going to have a really lovely afternoon all to ourselves. Whoever is it coming in at the gate? Let's slip off and hide down near the river, and Martha can say we're not at home."

But Nell was standing up and also looking through the leafy screen. When she spoke her voice had a metallic sound.

"It is the Brownlows," she said, "and Miss Lyttleton who is staying with them. Will you go, Meg? And Esther is about somewhere. I must fly up-stairs and change this dress; I didn't know it was so late."

"Oh, Esther and I will entertain them if you'd rather not bother about changing your dress," Meg said. "I dare say they won't stay long."

The girl who was staying at the Brownlows—was not this the dark-eyed Queen Esther of Bunty's wretched story? Of course Nell would rather not see her in her present mood.

But the girl's young head was very high. "I shan't be ten minutes dressing," she said, and moved hastily to the side verandah steps. "Poppet, go and see Martha get tea nicely ready, will you? I didn't make any little cakes to-day, but there are wafers and scones. Get a clean tray-cloth, the drawn-thread one, and see Martha doesn't put the old cosey on."

Meg entrusted the feeding of her Boy to Poppet, and went with Esther to entertain the

callers. The men came up from the stables at the same moment, and refused to hear of the ladies going indoors, and Pip carried chairs and lounges to the favourite corner of the lawn, and then eagerly arranged cushions and invited Miss Lyttleton to the most comfortable seat of all. She took it and the young man's homage as a matter of course, and seated herself languidly and yet with a grace that seemed to turn the ordinary pith chair into a royal throne. A dusky, splendid beauty with velvety, magnificent eyes, a creamy skin and vivid lips—Misrule, from the Major to Bunty, and Esther to Essie, found itself waiting upon and admiring her warmly.

"And where is your other daughter, Major?" the beauty said, "the one who made such a success the other night as 'The Lady of Shallot'? I told Miss Brownlow how much I wanted to meet her."

The Major looked round. "Nellie!" he said, "where is she, Meg?—Peter, Essie—go at once and look for her. She cannot know Miss Lyttleton—and Miss Brownlow—are here."

Suppose Nell had changed her mind—had found herself unequal to this unexpected ordeal! Meg gave an anxious glance at an up-stairs window.

"I am not sure," she said, "that she has not gone out—she was saying something an hour ago about going up to the vicarage to borrow some books."

But who was this coming down the steps to disprove her words?

Nellie in the very newest gown her wardrobe held, a silky muslin of palest green, made with her own clever fingers in latest style; Nellie with a brilliant smile of welcome on her lips for the callers; Nellie, and on her cheeks a bright colour that had—be the sad secret whispered in shamed tones—been on a rose in her hat five minutes ago.

But those colourless cheeks her glass had shown! Her pride aflame had snatched at the red rose-petal that lay so temptingly at hand and had damped it and rubbed it anxiously, so anxiously on the cheeks where the live rose, till a week ago, had bloomed so freely.

Meg was the only one who detected it; she turned to help Esther with the tea-tray, her throat tightening a little. Presently the Brownlows rose; they had promised to take their beautiful guest on to some friends further along the road. Nell went down to the gate with them, her bright laughter and chatter sounding the most often of any one's.

Bunty gave a relieved sigh once as he stood

near Meg. "I knew you'd soon fix things up," he said; "she's quite herself again, you see, and she's been as glum as a boiled owl all the week."

But the girl trailed back from the gate as if suddenly tired—nothing the same about her but the gown and the fixed colour.

"Why," said Poppet, who had joined the group again after a very happy hour with the Baby "all to herself,"—"I thought that dress was for the garden-party at the Thornes, Nellie; why ever did you put it on just for tea in the garden?"

"Oh, mind your own business," said Nellie irritably, and picked up a magazine and affected to read it.

"I thought you looked a bit dolled up myself," Pip said; "Esther and Meg didn't cut off for their best bibs and tuckers."

Nellie looked at him coldly. "Allow me the privilege of managing my own wardrobe," she said.

Even Esther had a word to say. "I'd take it off now if I were you, Nell," she said; "it won't look half so fresh on Thursday if you don't. It really is quite a triumph—the prettiest dress you ever had."

"Oh," yawned Nellie, "I don't know that I care to go on Thursday, it is sure to be like all other garden-parties."

Click went the far-off gate again.

"We must have some more tea made," said Esther; "that has stood too long. Essie, go and ask Martha to come down for the teapot—she has not brought me the hot-water kettle."

Four visitors this time, all on horseback. Sybil Moore, small, dainty in a white linen riding-habit, a sailor hat and gossamer; Ralph Moore, her eighteen-year-old brother, whom Nellie's beauty reduced always to a state of semi-idiotcy; Edgar Twynam, a plain-faced quiet-natured cousin of the family, and, riding last of all, Captain Reginald Morton, the "show" cousin of the family.

Surely Nellie was going through an ordeal of fire this calm summer afternoon. Meg's eyes

sprang to her; the girl looked quite odd for a moment, so drained of colour were her cheeks—all but those pink patches from the rose-petals. The next minute up came a wave of pink to neck, ears and forehead.

Buntz crossed the lawn so clumsily he almost



"NELL WAS SITTING, HER BACK AGAINST A TREE, A BOOK OPEN IN HER HAND. MEG NOTICED SHE NEVER ONCE TURNED A LEAF."—(p. 315.)

upset the tea-table. He ranged himself by Nellie's side; you saw his shoulders were squared and could almost fancy his hands were clenched. He scowled heavily at the last horseman.

But Nellie—Nellie of course was herself again by this time. She ran to kiss Sybil, to untie her gossamer, to offer a palm fan; she flung a laughing word to her abject Ralph, another to Twynam, another, just as gay, to Morton.

Bunty drew a breath of relief and sat down.

Even after Esther's teapot was emptied for a second time, and the seltzogene and fruit syrups had been carried down for the thirsty riders, no one made a move of departure.

The Misrule garden with its face to the river, the cool, soft stretches of shade afforded by the old trees, its flowers, its frank, happy-natured young people, and the absence everywhere of constraint, was the pleasantest place in the neighbourhood on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

The Major dropped off to sleep on a lounge, a doll's lace cape over his face to keep off the flies. Bunty carried young Morton off to see his neatly-mended puncture. Pip bore the dainty Sybil down to the boat-shed to see the alterations he had made in the sailing-boat, and Nellie strayed about the paths with Edgar Twynam, and was so very sweet and gracious to him and looked so lovely that the level-headed fellow, who in all his thirty-two years had only felt the slightest prickings of the Cupid he had heard so much about, went home with as sharp a dart in his heart as the one that had transfixed young Ralph.

The Captain was left sitting on the grass, exchanging small, very small, talk with Esther and Meg.

His eyes followed Nellie up and down, up and down. He dragged at his magnificent moustache when her merry laughter floated across the grass and flung itself in his face. He had really flattered himself up to a week ago that he had made a great impression on this lovely child, and though not in a state of bondage sufficient to make him cease his attentions to various other beauties he admired, he still felt much chagrin that she seemed heedless of him now. At last Monday's theatricals had she not filled up her programme for the dance that followed entirely without reference to him. She had said lightly, when he reproached her, that she was sorry she had no space, but there were so many very old friends there that night.

There had been a moonlight picnic on the Thursday evening, and she had managed to make herself quite unapproachable to him, kept a shy girl friend beside her half the time, and for the rest of the time joined the circle that was surging round the picnic-fire in preference to the couples who were sauntering about in the moonlight.

And this afternoon here she was giving the whole of her attention to Twynam, and entirely ignoring himself.

He forced an opportunity to speak to her alone just before he left.

"Have I done anything to offend you, Nellie?" he whispered, and bent his handsome, reproachful eyes on her.

Nell looked up at him with quiet dignity.

"Yes," she said, "you offend me by that use of my Christian name. It is a familiarity I only allow to old friends."

He looked at her narrowly. "I thought," he said, "I fancied we were becoming very good friends."

"Did you?" said Nellie politely.

"Have you forgotten," his voice was lower still, "you gave me four dances—and we sat out one, here in this very garden? And yet last Monday you would give me none."

Nellie looked at him quietly. "Perhaps I had begun to see," she said, "that you were incapable of understanding that giving you four dances was not a licence to treat me with disrespect. Now I must go; I see Sybil is mounting."

The Captain stared at her a moment, but he had neither brains enough nor good feeling enough to really feel the snub, and when she moved away, lightly, brightly to the group on the path, he followed perforce, shook hands all round, and rode away down the uneven path, his magnificence in no way dimmed.

But after they had all gone the red patches stood out on the white cheeks again, and the green-clad figure crossed into the house as if suddenly wearied with hard dancing or riding. She did not even come down to tea—said the afternoon sun had made her head ache. The decisive battles might be over, but guerilla warfare would trouble the young general in all weak spots for many a day to come.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOLIDAY! HOLIDAY!

"O frabjous day! 'Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy."

"PETER," shrieked Essie's excited voice, "Peter, Peter—quick, quick——"

"What?" said the unemotional voice of Peter. He was sitting on the edge of the side verandah and did not move an inch.

"Hurry," screamed Essie, "oh, lovely, lovely!"

"What's the good of anything?" was Peter's answer, and he remained seated, kicking the toe of one of his house-shoes against a stump in the path. A hole had already appeared in the leather of the left shoe, and he watched it enlarging with a vicious kind of pleasure.

"Oh, Peter," shouted Essie.

Peter rose up and moved moodily towards the spot where, in a small depression in the first paddock, Essie's blue galatea frock and mushroom hat were to be seen moving about excitedly.

"Bullyfrogs," she shouted joyously as Peter approached; "I found them, you didn't. I knewed they'd come back. Had you forgotten it rained last night?"

Peter was investigating with his hand in the little pond of water that always formed in this spot after rain. His heaviness of spirit lightened a little as he knelt on the muddy edge of the depression and felt cautiously about; it was two months since a drop of rain had fallen, and he had actually forgotten there were such pleasant things in life as tadpoles.

"Look out," said Essie; "you're getting your knuckle-buckles all muddled."

She herself, with the daintier instinct of her sex, was merely standing on a wet stone and prodding the mud of the pool with a stick.

"Let's get the bottle," she suggested joyously; "le's start another 'quarium—the old gold-fish bowl, it's not much broked—put my pinky shells at the bottom, ferny leaves all round, the bullies swimming all about—oh, come on, Peter."

Peter stood up and gloomily surveyed his mud-patched knees.

"What's the good of anything?" he growled. Essie with an effort brought her eager thoughts from the tadpoles to the dejected mood of her brother.

"Oh," she said comfortingly, "it's only 'bout eight o'clock, we've only just had breakfus. It's long as long to school yet."

Peter rejected consolation. "It's always the way," he said wretchedly, "just as you get doing anything you like, that ole bell goes and rings."

"We don't always hear it," Essie suggested hopefully. "If we went down at the bottom of

the paddock then we couldn't possibly. Come on."

Peter remained motionless and miserable. "She'd only come and look for us," he said.

Essie's spirits were incapable of being damped.



"‘HAVE I DONE ANYTHING TO OFFEND YOU, NELL?’ THE CAPTAIN WHISPERED.—(p. 318.)

"Le's ask mum for a holiday," she said, and leapt from her stone to dry ground; "come on, p'raps she will."

Peter shook his head in mute misery. Had he not already proffered the petition to his hard-hearted mother and been refused?

"Le's ask Nellie to ask her," said Essie, "to beg an' beg an' beg. Come on."

Peter shook his head again. He had already vainly approached Nellie on the subject.

"P'raps Miss Burton's aunt'll fall downstairs again, and she'll have to stay at home," suggested the dauntless Essie.

Peter had already weighed the chances of this contingency again arising and decided against the probability of it.

"Nothing'll keep her away," he groaned.

"P'raps there'll be nice things to do," said Essie, who, left to herself, would actually have enjoyed lessons, "sums with marbles or apples in, or in the reading-book 'bout 'It was the schooler Hesp'rus what sailed the wintled sea.'"

"I hate sums with marbles or apples in," said the confirmed pessimist; "and 'bout Casabianca or that Hesp'rus girl makes me feel as sick as anything."

"P'raps you feel ill now," said the little sister hopefully.

"It's no good," said Peter, and wiped his eyes with his sleeves. "I feel awfully ill, and mother won't let me not go." A great sob lifted his chest. "I believe she's stopping loving me, she doesn't care a bit how bad I feel."

Essie regarded him anxiously. "Have you got a pain anywhere?" she asked.

Peter gave another sob. "I've got one all over me," he said, "an' I told her about it an' she didn't care one bit. I might be getting plague—I saw a rat in the stable yes'day, truly. P'raps I'll die, and then she'll be sorry."

Essie laid down her wet stick. "Le's run an' tell her," she said, and started away up to the house; "come on, p'raps she thought it wasn't a very really pain; le's go an' tell her you're crying." She ran on over the damp paddock grass, through the hole in the fence, up the path, and burst into the breakfast-room.

Peter followed her, weeping copiously now as he ran.

"Why, sweetheart!" said Esther, "what *is* the matter?—come and tell me all about it."

"He feels *so* ill," said Essie, and burst into tears also; "he's been crying dreadfully. He might be getting plague."

"What nonsense!" said Esther, but she looked a trifle startled, for the daily paper she had just laid down was full of this horror; "what d'you know about the plague?"

"There was a r-r-rat in the stable yesterday," sobbed Peter.

"A great big r-r-rat," sobbed Essie.

"You are not to play near the stable," said Esther sharply; "I forbid you to go in." Her

frightened thoughts flew to the bags of horse-feed, then to the place they had come from—those dreadful wharves of the harbour. She drew Peter to her. "Put out your tongue," she said.

Peter displayed half-an-inch of it. "You can't t-tell by just looking at your t-tongue," he sobbed.

Esther felt him anxiously. "He's as cool as possible," she said to Nellie, who just then came in. "Not the least bit feverish."

"I think he's school-feverish," laughed Nell. "Isn't that it, Peterkin?"

Peter gave a fresh indignant sob. "I f-feel as ill as anything," he said.

Essie redoubled her sobs. "He feels as ill as *anything*," she said.

Then Esther laughed—for the moment she had forgotten how she had already been entreated for a holiday. "You little scamps," she said, and caught her boy up in one arm and her girl in another and cuddled them up to her. "You bad little scamps!"

But they still wept grievously, for Peter had no doubt in the world that he did feel very bad indeed, and Essie was equally convinced that his condition was really serious.

Esther's eyes went to the window and out to the grass. Such a glory of sunshine everywhere, green leaves fluttering out on the trees, young grass pushing up emerald shoots among the duller blades, dancing lights all over the blue river—a puppy yelping on the paths with sheer delight at living, a kitten careering in giddy circles on the lawn.

Esther moved out of earshot of the children and looked shamefacedly at Nellie.

"It is certainly a particularly lovely morning," she said.

"Yes, isn't it," said Nellie listlessly.

"And I must say I am a great believer in fresh air for children." Esther had the grace to blush a little.

"It is an excellent thing, undoubtedly," said Nell, a smile flickering up to the corners of her mouth.

"Your father thought Essie was looking a little pale the other day."

"Yes," said Nellie, "at least I remember he said Peter was so very brown and rosy, that Essie's merely pink cheeks looked almost pale in contrast."

"Well, that's the same thing," said Esther unblushingly.

"Oh, exactly," said Nell.

"It isn't as if they were old enough for it to

matter losing their lessons occasionally," Esther continued. "Essie is only five."

"Only five," assented Nell.

"It is far better for both to be running about in the sunshine, especially as I gave Poppet holiday to go to Meg's."

"Far better," said Nell, "and think how poor Miss Burton will enjoy a day off."

Esther's face fell a little. The Major was called upon to pay thirty pounds a year for the morning services of Miss Burton, and just how often that young lady arrived at Misrule door, and was bidden "holiday-make to-day," no one would have liked to tell him.

"It shall be the *very* last time," said Esther; then she raised her voice. "Children, you may have holiday this morning, but never, never again—it is the very last time, so it will be no use ever asking me again. Out you run to play—unless Peter would rather I put him back to bed."

Peter's fair little face shone like a cherub's through its stream of tears. "I think I feel a little better," he said.

"He thinks he feels a little better," said Essie beamingly.

"Then be off," said Esther, and with a sound very like the puppy's yelps of delight the two sprang away through the long window and rushed out of sight.

"I'm afraid I'm not fit to be the mother of a family," Esther said, and for the space of ten minutes, while she gave the orders for the day, experienced an uncomfortable sense of wrongdoing.

Away at the fence that divided Misrule's wild grounds from the sunless stretches of the pine-surrounded house, Peter gave a low, far-carrying whistle that speedily brought Jack out from his house.

"Hello," he said, and displayed just one quarter of a glad smile of welcome through the hole in the fence, "hello—how'd you get out?—won't they be after you?"

Two eager noses poked through the opening

to answer him. "Holiday—holiday—hurrah, a holiday, do just what they liked!"

The quarter of a smile faded into an expression of keen envy.

"And you had one last week too," said the little dweller among the pines, "and I had to do penins'lars and gulfs all the time. I *never* get holidays."

"Why don't you ask?" said Peter; "don't you never get a pain or anything?"

But the lady of the Pines was not an Esther, and her son knew he might as well save his breath.

"I've got to learn dates and Stephen and John before she comes back," he said groaningly. Sympathy passed through the hole.

"Has she gone out in the Box yet?" said Essie; this was the time, she knew, for one of the day's two drives.

"Um," said the boy.

"Will she be a good long time?" said Peter, cautiously.

"Only just gone," said Jack.

"Tell you," said Peter, "me and Essie'll get over the fence and have a look round at your place." The bold suggestion made him thrill even as he made it, but an extra special holiday

like this really demanded extra special doings.

The quarter of Jack's mouth that was exposed to view looked doubtful.

"P'raps you'd better not," he said. "Tell you, I might pop over to you for a minute—1066 to 1087, 1082 to 1100—Magna Charta, what-d'ye-call-it Riots—think I know it enough."

"All right," said Peter a little disappointedly.

But Essie was also carried off the plane of every day by the thought of this extra holiday a-stretch before them. She poked her toes into two knot-holes on the fence and clambered up it, clinging like a tenacious beetle to the top. "You've been in here 'bout fourteen 'leven times," she said; "we won't let you over again 'cept you let us come in your place first, will we, Peter?"

"No, we won't," said Peter, fired once more;



"'BULLY FROGS,' SHOUTED ESSIE JOYOUSLY."

"we've showed you all our things—the new tap in the bath-room, and mother's pink ball-slippers and everything," and we've let you have tries with the bicycle pumps—now you'll have to let us come over to you."

Jack looked hesitatingly behind him at his own house. "What's the good?" he said, "it's whips nicer in your place."

"Come on, Peter," said Essie, who had not scratched her little legs on the rough fence for nothing, "I'm going—come on, he'll have to let us 'cause it's our turn."

The dread mother of the house with Lylie was safely out of the way in her Box—one of the coloured men was driving it, one could just be seen mending the hinge of the distant gate—the father was away in the country; there only remained the boy Charlie in all the mysterious place. Peter's courage and curiosity rose, there might never be another such chance.

He swarmed up after Essie, and they lowered themselves carefully and stood their ground firmly.

"Now," said Essie to her distinctly-dismayed host, "come on, you've got to show us *everything*."

She stalked towards the quiet grey house, Peter following a trifle more cautiously, and Jack bringing up most unwillingly in the rear.

CHAPTER XIV.

OVER THE FENCE AGAIN.

"Heroic deeds will be done to-day."

THE hall door was closed, but then so too occasionally was that of Misrule. "We can easily go in the back door," said Essie.

Jack was beginning to make the best of a bad bargain. "There's the dining-room window open," he said, "then Charlie won't see us, he's peeling potatoes in the kitchen."

Essie's courage rose still higher; this could not be so very mysterious a place after all if homely potatoes were partaken of in it just as at Misrule.

"Come on," she said.

Jack pushed open the French window of the dining-room, and his eager, staring comrades stepped inside.

Just an ordinary dining-room, very well and comfortably furnished, but nothing in the least out of the common run of dining-rooms.

"Where's your drawing-room?" said Essie.

"We haven't got one—we draw in the nursery," answered Jack.

"Where's your breakfast-room?" said Essie.

Jack led them into another very comfortable room.

"Is this where your father has his meals by himself?" said Peter.

Jack answered that it was.

"Is this the chair he sits on?" demanded Essie.

"Yes," said Jack, and the children examined the chair with interest, but found it merely an ordinary chair, not in the least stimulating.

They went out thirstily into the hall, and Peter was interested in the fastening of the front door, which had a chain and ball on a different principle from the Misrule one.

Essie counted the umbrellas and recognised some things hanging on the walls as boomerangs.

But what terrifying sound was this that came to smite the ears of all the three? Nothing less than the Box stopping at the door, nothing less than the door-bell sounding through the house.

Heavy velvet curtains hung over the hall window and reached to the ground. Quick as thought Jack pushed his comrades behind the folds of them and sat down himself on a hall chair and began saying aloud, "William the First, 1066 to 1100; Stephen, 1100 to 1035; William the Third—"

He affected to be startled when Charlie opened the door and his mother walked in again.

"Why, you've only just gone!" he exclaimed.

"I came back for another wrap," she said; "why are you not in my sitting-room, sir?"

"Lylie buzzes about so a fellow can't learn in there," he said; "it's much quieter here—William the First, 1066 to 1077; William the Second, 1077 to 1100; John, 1100 to 1195; Elizabeth, 1195 to 1403—I'll know it in a jiffy if I sit here."

"Go back to the chair I left you in," his mother said, and Peter, who always said, "But why?" or "What for?" or "In a minute," to commands (issued by Esther or the girls be it understood, not by the Major), knew he would not have dreamed of gainsaying this speaker.

From behind the stifling curtains they could hear their comrade's steps going further and further away, down the hall, up the stairs, till the last sound died away.

Cut off in this alarming manner, Peter and Essie could only cling to each other and tremble.

But that was the sound of the hall door being opened again. "I shall not be back for an hour at least, Charlie," Mrs. Saville said; "see that the children stay safely in the sitting-room all the time. Master Jack would not have been

down-stairs if you had been attending to your duty."

Charlie was heard to begin a sentence with "potatoes" in it, but Mrs. Saville never heard excuses.

Essie and Peter, beginning to breathe again at a prospect of freedom, let their eyes peep through the lead-lighted hall window. The Box was drawn up at the foot of the steps; on top Tairoa sat, idly flicking his whip as he waited. Leaning out was Lylie, her golden hair hanging over her shoulders. Essie's eyes devoured her—white silk frock, white felt hat, gold bird brooch at her neck—what a story for Poppet's thirsty ears! But when Mrs. Saville stepped into the carriage again and tried to put on the wrap, the child shook her shoulders, pulled away, and carried on as naughtily as Essie herself did when Martha wanted to dress her in a stiffly-starched, prickling muslin just when she was enjoying making sand-pies. Poppet would never credit this, though Pip might—Pip who declared that one morning he had seen Poppet's saintly Lylie throw four teacups one after the other out of an up-stairs window.

The next moment Tairoa flicked his whip in a business-like manner, and horses, brougham and all vanished away.

Essie was for plunging out of the suffocating curtain instantly, but Peter remembered there was still Charlie to be reckoned with. But Charlie—happy, careless Island boy—strolled back to the kitchen, finished his potatoes, then stretched himself out in the sun at the back door to enjoy a pipe.

Jack had been able to count on this, and came down now to the release of his friends. They looked a little white and shaken after the experience. "We'll be going now," said Peter, and moved promptly to the hall door.

But Jack, with nothing but William the First, William the Second, Henry the First, and Stephen a-stretch before him, was loath to be left.

"You may as well stay now

you're here," he said; "come on, and I'll show you how our shower-bath works—it's not like yours."

"The black fellow—" said Peter fearfully.

Jack stuck his hands in his pockets. "If I give him sixpence for 'bacca he won't let on to her," he said; "but walk quietly—I've only got ninepence left altogether—I'm always having to give them sixpences not to tell. Tairoa's the best, he'll do it for threepence unless it's very bad. Had to give him a shilling the time I climbed on the roof."

Peter looked at him with a little awe; then his eyes went hesitatingly to the front door again. It would be very delightful to be their own side of the fence again; but then there was no knowing how interesting that shower-bath might be.

Essie decided the matter by going up-stairs very silently. "But we won't stay long," even she said.

On the first landing there was a door ajar.

"That's only the room we do our lessons in," said Jack; "there's nothing to see in it; come on up to the bath-room."

Peter followed him. Essie poked her inquisitive little nose into the lesson-room, and there, at the table, books spread in neat little piles around her, an atlas propped up in front of her, was Lylie, patiently engaged upon an outline of a map of Asia.

Essie rounded her eyes at her.

"Why . . ." she said, "why . . . you were out . . . I saw you going out."

"Oh," said Lylie, "mamma will be so angry; oh, how did you get in our house?"

"Jack brought us," said Essie. "Why, you were leaning out of the Box. Did you get out at the gate? Did you run back? Why, you've got a different frock on."

"Jack," cried Lylie, real distress in her voice, "Jack."

Jack returned; Peter followed close behind and stared mightily at Lylie, but accepted the odd vision of her and asked no questions.



"'WHY . . . ' SAID ESSIE TO LYLIE, 'WHY . . . YOU WERE OUT . . . I SAW YOU GOING OUT.'"

"Are you going to let on?" demanded Jack of his sister; "we're not doing any harm, and they wouldn't not come. They only want to see our bath-room tap. If you let on, I'll run away to sea."

Of course the poor little mouse wasn't going to tell. Jack never had any fear of her when he had threatened her with going down to the sea in ships.

"You—you won't know your lessons," was all she said.

"My troubles!" said Jack, his valiant front on for his visitors.

"You were in the Box," persisted Essie, "you were. You couldn't have gotted back as quick as this. Oh, oh—how *did* you get back as quick as this?"

"That's my desk—that lot's my books," said Jack, displaying.

Peter looked at the beautiful little desk that had been bought to help to make study pleasant for his friend. He turned over the books, "'Little Arthur's History'—same as us; 'Butter's Spelling,' 'Stepping Stones'—'spose you're not up to Latin, like me—I've gone into the 'Principia.' What d'you read out of?"

Jack tossed his books over. "Where's my 'Reader'—have you been hiding it again, Lylie? If you have——"

And Lylie had. Right underneath four or five cushions on the sofa. But she produced it now when bidden, and held it nervously towards him. "I don't like it being on the table when I'm all alone," she faltered.

Mrs. Saville, in her childhood, had been taught to read out of this same "Reading Without Tears," and from a certain sentiment connected with the well-worn volume, now taught her own children from it.

But surely we are tenderer of our little children in these days than they were a score or two of years ago, when this same Reader was in the hands of half the young folks seeking or being driven to find a key to the world of books!

"Isn't she a silly?" said Jack, "frightened at one of the stories. Why, I like it. Here's the picture—look, wolves—they're going to crunch her up."

"Don't!" screamed Lylie, "don't!" She put her fingers in her ears, and ran across the room.

Of course Peter said, "Tell us" instantly, and Essie pressed to listen and see the picture.

"Look," said Peter, "that's the girl, only you can't see much of her, she's just going to get eaten. It's about a girl and a little boy, and they lived in Russia or somewhere. And the girl was making bread or something, and the father and mother was gone out, and the wolves smelt the bread, and they came and pushed and pushed at the door——"

"Don't!" screamed Lylie.

"Go on," said Peter.

"And they pushed the door open, and the girl didn't know what to do, and there was only room for one in the clock-cupboard. So she caught hold of her little brother and put him in it. And when he was in it he could hear the wolves fighting all over the kitchen, and making an awful row, and crunching up his sister's bones."

No one would ever know how this story haunted Lylie's sleeping and waking moments.

Essie shivered at it a moment, then she returned to her charge. "You *were* in the Box," she said, "you were; I sawed you. How'd you come back?"

But Lylie shook off the horrible story and ran round to her.

"Oh," she said, "p'raps mamma won't mind very, very much. Oh, play you're my little girl, will you? pretend I have to dress you, and do your hair, and take you out. Oh, I never, never have any one to play with—be my little girl, won't you?"

And for half-an-hour, while the boys roamed over the house, Essie had to submit to be dressed up in shawls and dolls' bonnets and towels, and anything that came handy, and to let Lylie try to lift and stagger about with her, and kiss her and call her "Little Poppet."

Nothing would induce either of the trespassers, however, to stay longer than half-an-hour, even though Lylie wept at Essie going, and Jack was so disconsolate, he offered to turn on the gas water-heater, a severely-forbidden thing, for the amusement of his visitor.

But the little pair departed as they had come, over the fence, and in perfect safety.

On their own territory, however, something struck them, and they looked at each other in deepest disappointment.

"Why, we never found a thing out!" they said.

(To be continued.)





A VIEW OF WOLVERHAMPTON, WHERE MISS FOWLER LIVES.

How I Began.

A CHAT WITH MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

BY DOROTHY NEVILE LEES.

THERE are few women-writers more popular, and more deservedly so, at the present day than Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the elder daughter of the late Secretary of State for India. The fact that she entered upon her work while still very young makes any account of her life especially interesting to girls.

Miss Fowler, like many another novelist, "made up" stories long before she could write them down, and as a very little child composed a poem about a certain hero named "Vouchasafe," in whom she took the deepest interest.

"I got the name," she said laughing, "from the Te Deum, and used to occupy the time when I was outwardly employed in public worship in weaving romances about this gentleman. I concluded it was a man's name because it began with a capital letter, and being unable to read very well, made three instead of two syllables of it; even now it is as real a man's name to me as Henry or John. Only one verse survives, and has been quoted by my sister in her book, 'The Young Pretenders.' Here it is:—

"Let's learn Latin, Vouchasafe—
Learn it quickly as we can!
But he dashed the sparkling water
At the feet of Mary Ann!"

The first longer poem which Miss Fowler can remember having written is a parody on

"Anabel Lee," composed when only thirteen, showing that she was already widely read, as Poe's poems seldom come within the range of so young a child; the verses are proof also that her sense of humour developed early. The poem was founded on fact and runs as follows:—

THE SHRIMPS THAT I BOUGHT FOR MY TEA.

It was many and many a year ago
In a town that is by the sea,
That one day I went to the fishmonger's shop
To buy some shrimps for my tea.
These shrimps they died with no other thought
Than to be eaten, and eaten by me.
I was hungry and they were shrimps,
In this town that is by the sea,
But we longed to eat one another up,
I, and the shrimps for my tea,
With a longing which the lodgers downstairs
Coveted them and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this town that is by the sea,
The downstairs lodgers ate by mistake (?)
The shrimps that I bought for my tea.
Yea, the downstairs lodgers seized the small bag,
Which contained the shrimps for my tea,
And ate them up in their small parlour,
In this town that is by the sea.

The fishers, not half so happy and bright,
Envied my shrimps and me;
Yea, that was the reason (as all men know
In this town that is by the sea)
That the downstairs lodgers ate by mistake (?)
The shrimps that I bought for my tea.

But my hunger was stronger by far than that
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the lodgers who lodged downstairs,
 Nor the fishers far out on the sea,
 Can ever dis sever my soul from the thought
 Of the shrimps that I bought for my tea.
 For the stars never wink but I see the sweet pink
 Of the shrimps that I bought for my tea,
 And the wind never wails but I see the fair tails
 Of the shrimps that I bought for my tea.
 And so all the night I dream with delight
 Of my darlings, my darlings, so soft and so light,
 Which the lodgers have taken from me,
 The shrimps that I bought for my tea.

"I used to read a great deal of poetry," said Miss Fowler, "but my favourite books when I was about twelve were, Mark Lemon's 'Jest Book,' Miss Alcott's 'Little Women,' and, almost best of all, a delightful old-fashioned book called 'The Habits of Good Society,' which gave instructions as to how to be fascinating, and how to win admiration, and all sorts of engrossing subjects of that kind, and I studied it assiduously until I knew it almost by heart.

"I was never in the least a tom-boyish little girl; in fact, boys frightened me by their roughness; I disliked them and their games, and would not have even a boy-doll, though I adored little girl-dolls, and must have played with them till I was quite fifteen. I remember that I always felt it a deep disgrace to have dark hair, but at last some one managed to get me a black-haired doll, which was a tremendous rarity in those days, and that was a great comfort to me, for I had more sympathy with it than with the flaxen-haired members of my family; besides, it had real

eyelashes, and I loved it as my own soul!"

This reminds one of a passage in "The Farringdons," so much of the early part of which is autobiographical:—

"During the first decade of her existence Elizabeth used frequently and earnestly to pray that her hair might become golden and her eyes brown; but as on this score the heavens remained as brass, and her hair continued dark brown and her eyes blue-grey, she changed her tactics, and confined her heroine-worship to ladies of this particular style of colouring; which showed that even at the age of ten Elizabeth had her full share of adaptability."

"Did you care only for stories as a child?" I asked Miss Fowler, "or did you like your lessons, too?"

"Oh," she replied promptly, "I loved the lessons which would make a story, but I hated geography and arithmetic; they always seemed to me such useless things. In fact, when I went to school I had to have a class all to myself for sums, I



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER WITH HER
 SISTER, MISS HENRIETTA FOWLER, IN THE
 PORCH OF THEIR HOME.

was so backward that I was not fit to mix with anybody else! History and mythology were my delight, for I was always living in a pretence world, and used to fancy myself a nun, an imprisoned princess and a vestal virgin by turns. My governess, therefore, had thrust upon her, and unconsciously acted, the parts of an abbess or a gaoler or anything else which best fitted in with my fancy at the time. Mary Queen of Scots was my greatest heroine, but my favourite pretence, and the one which lasted longest, was that of personat-

ing a vestal virgin. I used, attended by my sister, to worship Diana in the wood at the bottom of the garden, and together we celebrated most solemn rites in her honour. One of my religious duties was to go round and feed all the fires in the house, the schoolroom one being principally chosen for sacrifice, and it was there that I used to offer the contents of the household paper basket. This habit of mine was not the comfort to my family which might at first be supposed, since my one desire was to send up smoke, and that, though right and necessary on a sacrificial altar, is undesirable, and even offensive in a domestic fire!"

Miss Fowler is, therefore, only writing of her own childish days when she says, "Miss Farrington's thanksgiving, however, would have been less fervent had she known that, for the time being, her *protégée*, had assumed the rôle of a vestal virgin, and that Elizabeth's care of the fires that winter was not fulfilment of a duty but part of a game. This, however, was Elizabeth's way; she frequently received credit for performing a duty when she was really only taking part in a performance; which merely meant that she possessed the artist's

power of looking at duty through the haze of idealism, and of seeing that, although it was good, it might also be made picturesque."

After a time, however, Miss Fowler gave up writing her

childish stories and went to school at Miss Pipe's, Laleham, Clapham Park, a celebrated school, which she has described in one of her books under the name of Fox How.

"I loved and adored it," she said, enthusiastically, speaking of her life there, "and

feel I can never repay the debt that I owe to that school," and the account she has written of it in "The Farringtons" is worth quoting as giving Miss Fowler's views on true education for girls:—

At the early age of four.

"The gracious personality which ruled over Fox How in the days of Elizabeth had mastered the rarely acquired fact that the word *educate* is derived from *educō, I draw out*, and not (as is generally supposed) from *addo, I give to* : so the pupils

In the school-girl period.

there were trained to train themselves, and learnt how to learn—a far better equipment for life and its lessons than any ready-made cloak of



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



"WOODTHORNE," MISS FOWLER'S WOLVERHAMPTON HOME.

superficial knowledge, which covers all individualities and fits none. There was no cramming or forcing at Fox How; the object of the school was not to teach girls how to be scholars, but rather, how to be themselves—that is to say, the best selves which they were capable of becoming. High character rather than high scholarship was the end of education there; and good breeding counted for more than correct knowledge. Not that learning was neglected, for Elizabeth and her schoolfellows worked at their books for eight good hours every day; but it did not form the first item on the programme of life.

"And who can deny that the system of Fox How was the correct system of education, at any rate as far as girls are concerned? Unless a woman has to earn her living by teaching, what does it matter to her how much hydrogen there is in a drop of rain-water, or in what year Hannibal crossed the Alps? But it will matter to her infinitely, for the rest of her mortal existence, whether she is one of those graceful, sympathetic beings, whose pathway is paved by the love of man and the friendship of woman, or one of that much-to-be-blamed, if somewhat-to-be-pitied, sisterhood, who are unloved because they are unlovely, and unlovely because they are unloved."

"One of the things I loved most at school," said Miss Fowler, "was being with other girls; nothing delights me so much as to be surrounded by my peers, and I have always liked people of my own age. I hate to be in any way peculiar; in fact, I would far rather form one of a crowd; and I always like to feel that everybody else has already felt and thought just as I do about things. I don't want in the very least to be unusual; I would much prefer to believe myself just like everybody else"—a belief which, for so brilliant a woman, must surely be disproved at every turn!

While at school Miss Fowler excelled all her schoolfellows in essays and creative work of that kind, although she sat in solitary humility at her arithmetic class, but storytelling was set aside at this time, and the only way in which she exercised her talent was by writing letters in rhyme, which to her was as easy as prose.

After she left school she began writing short stories for magazines and was very successful; as she herself says, "I had good fortune all along, and never had reason to complain of editors and publishers as so many seem to have." But Miss Fowler did not settle steadily to work, and even now only writes when she feels inclined.

In 1891 her first book, "Verses Grave and Gay," appeared, and this was followed in 1895 by "Verses Wise and Otherwise," and in 1897 by "Cupid's Garden." It was not until 1898 that she published her first important novel, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," a book which was written in the surprisingly short period of four months, and which at once made its authoress celebrated. It was followed before long by the "Double Thread," and later by "The Farringtons," and "Sirius"—a collection of short stories—and by "Fuel of Fire."

"I seldom write more than two hours a day," said Miss Fowler, when questioned about her methods of work, "and even then only when I feel it 'on me' to do so, and I always have my plot clear and complete in my mind before I begin to write. The object of all art seems to me to be to point out and interpret to the ordinary eye what the artistic eye has seen. Once I begin to work I make very few alterations, and seldom rewrite fundamentally, although of course I do a certain amount of 'polishing up.'"

"Yes," in answer to a question as to her feeling about the girls of the present day, "I like them immensely. I don't think I have any particular opinions about the 'modern girl,' for it seems to me that human nature and the 'eternal feminine' are always the same, and though she may alter superficially at different periods she is identical at heart.

"Even as a little child I was always far more interested in women than in men; and in my history I used to hate the wars and the men's part, but I was a passionate devotee of some of the women, and especially of Mary Queen of Scots. Women still interest me more, and I prefer books written by them, I suppose because they look at things from my own point of view; though I think men really take a broader, bigger, truer view of life than we do."

That Miss Fowler likes girls, she herself asserts; that she understands them, all those who read her books have undeniable proof.

As she writes at the head of one of her chapters;—

"Up to eighteen we fight with fears,
And deal with problems grave and weighty,
And smile our smiles and weep our tears,
Just as we do in after years
From eighteen up to eighty."

She seldom introduces school-girls into her stories, but when she does so, as in the case of Elizabeth Farrington, they are convincingly real, and many might find in the character of Julia Welford, with her restless bitterness, the secret of much of the unhappiness of life. Julia had every outward circumstance to make her happy, and yet she was never content, and the reason for this was an error into which very many of us fall. She "expected too much of everybody and everything, therefore disappointment was her inalienable portion. She was always overdrawing her account at the Bank of Life, and consequently having her cheques dishonoured. She had never grasped the fact that the measure wherewith we mete is the only measure which we have a right to demand; and that as we can only give of our very best to one person, we should expect only one person to give of his or her very best to us. Poor Julia, however, expected to be first in the estimation of people who occupied about the twenty-fifth place in her scale of attachment; and when she found that she was naturally not the primary consideration in these cases, she cried her eyes out, and exclaimed that love was a snare and friendship vanity. She had no sense of proportion."

Her sister, Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler, whose work has so many admirers, is well known by her sympathetically written children's books, "The Young Pretenders" and "The Professor's Children," and also by her delightful novels, "A Corner of the West" and "The World and Winstow," which must be dear to the heart of every girl who has read them.

Miss Edith Fowler did not, like her sister, write as a child; she speaks of herself, in fact, as a wild tom-boyish little girl, not in the least literary, and it was not until she was grown up that her stories began to appear in the pages of various magazines, her first book, "The Young Pretenders," being published in 1895.



FIG. 1.—A DOME-SHAPED CAP DUE TO THE BENDING OF THE OVERHANGING STRATA OF SNOW BY THEIR OWN WEIGHT.

PECULIAR FORMATIONS OF SNOW IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.

Written and Illustrated by VAUGHAN CORNISH, D.Sc., F.R.G.S.

WHEN snow falls thickly in large flakes, especially if there be no wind, it loads every branch and twig with a layer which even may overhang its support with pendant eaves. On rocky ground the boulders, in this kind of snowfall, receive more snow than the hollows between them, and their angularities disappear beneath the rounded contours of the soft and somewhat plastic snow, which, if the fall be a heavy one, soon forms rounded cornices projecting beyond the upper surfaces of the boulders. The beauty of a woodland landscape after such a snowfall is, in England, of but short duration, for as soon as the wind begins to make a stir among the branches, the rounded masses of snow, so light and so softly laid, come showering down in ruins, whilst the

elastic boughs, released from their unwonted burden, spring back and straighten themselves from their bowed attitude.

In very cold climates the snow does not cling in this way, for it is brittle and slippery, not adhesive. In this respect snow and ice resemble many other solids, as for instance glass and iron, which are hard when much below their melting point, but become soft and plastic when they approach that temperature. In Manitoba, during mid-winter, with the thermometer oscillating above and below the zero Fahrenheit, but seldom rising nearly as high as "freezing," the coppice wood, or "Bush" of the Prairies, displays every branch and twig bare and dark against the cold sky, while the snow lies deep below. In that windy district,

moreover, the snow does not even lie against rigid obstacles, such as posts or tree stumps, but is whirled away by the scour of the wind, leaving a sharply-cut trough almost all round the obstruction. To leeward the snow is again deposited in the "eddy space" behind the obstruction, forming snow drifts of various shapes. During the winter of 1900-1901, my wife and I crossed Canada twice in order to study the forms of snow. It was near the end of January, 1901, that we left the



Fig. 2.—A Snow Mushroom that measures twelve feet.



Fig. 3.—A nine-foot Snow Mushroom.

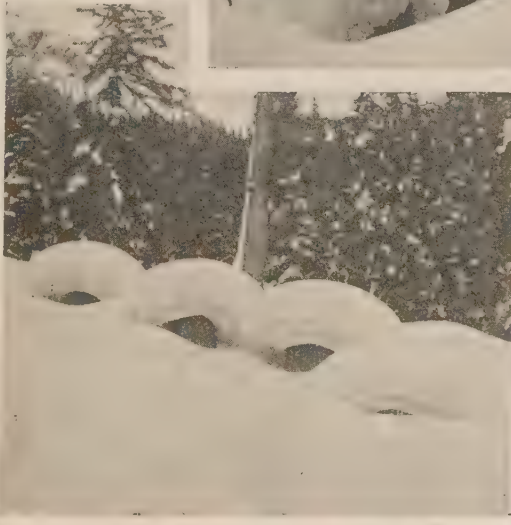


Fig. 4.—A stratification of the Snow Caps due to successive snowfalls.

cold and wind-swept prairie, where the snow scenery was so different from that of an English winter, and journeyed westwards through the deeper snows of the Rocky Mountains. Here the cold was less intense, and the climate less windy. Once more we saw the tree stumps and other rigid prominences bearing caps of snow. As we penetrated further into the mountain belt these snow caps upon the small stumps began to assume picturesque and peculiar forms, until in the Selkirk Range, where the snowfall is heaviest and the timber large, we saw the extraordinary snow

caps of which some illustrations are given in this article. These formations were only seen in perfection in a narrow belt of country about ten or fifteen miles wide, near Glacier House Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the heart of the Selkirks, at an elevation of 4,000 feet.

In order to examine more closely these curious forms, we returned at once from Vancouver, whither we had been bound, and spent eight days at the Railway Company's hotel, at Glacier House, studying and photographing the "mushrooms."

That shown in one picture was nine feet in

shape of the smooth top, shown in Figure 1, is due to the bending of the overhanging strata of snow by their own weight. Most of the "mushrooms" were formed upon the stumps of trees felled near the Canadian Pacific Railway line, a stump several feet in height being always left. The trees are very uniform in size, generally about two feet, or two feet six inches in diameter, and of circular section. Smaller pedestals could not support so great a thickness of snow, and hence the coherence would be wanting which is required to form and maintain far-projecting eaves. On the other hand, upon the stumps of giant trees



FIG. 5.—BOSSSES OF SNOW OR CAPS FORMED UPON SHORT PEDESTALS, THE RIM OF THE CAP TOUCHING THE SURFACE OF THE SURROUNDING SNOW.

diameter, and the width of the supporting tree trunk two feet; so that the eave or cornice of snow projected three feet six inches all round beyond its pedestal. The thickness of the snow cap is probably somewhat less than the average depth of snow on the ground, which at that time was five feet. Directly beneath the snow cap, however, the depth on the ground was much less, the cap acting as an umbrella. The snow in this calm mountain valley generally falls in still air, and the shape of the cap is not due to wind; in fact, wind destroys the perfection of their symmetry. The dome

such as are met with near the Pacific coast, with a diameter of, say, fourteen feet, the cap of snow is more nearly flat and the projection is small as compared with the width of the base, so that the mimicry of the mushroom is less perfect. Thus in the Selkirk Mountains it happens that there is the proper proportion between the size of the forest trees and the depth of the snowfall which is required for the perfect production of these curious forms.

These snow caps are also formed upon naturally broken trees, as is shown in the second

Figure. This is the largest cap which we saw, having a diameter of twelve, or twelve and a-half feet; supported by a base four feet in diameter, with eaves projecting four feet, and weighing a ton or more. Although these snow caps look, to those accustomed only to English snow scenes, as if they must presently fall and break to pieces, yet they are fairly stable, and even a comparatively small one, about four feet in diameter, was difficult to dislodge. The weight of the superincumbent snow welds the lower

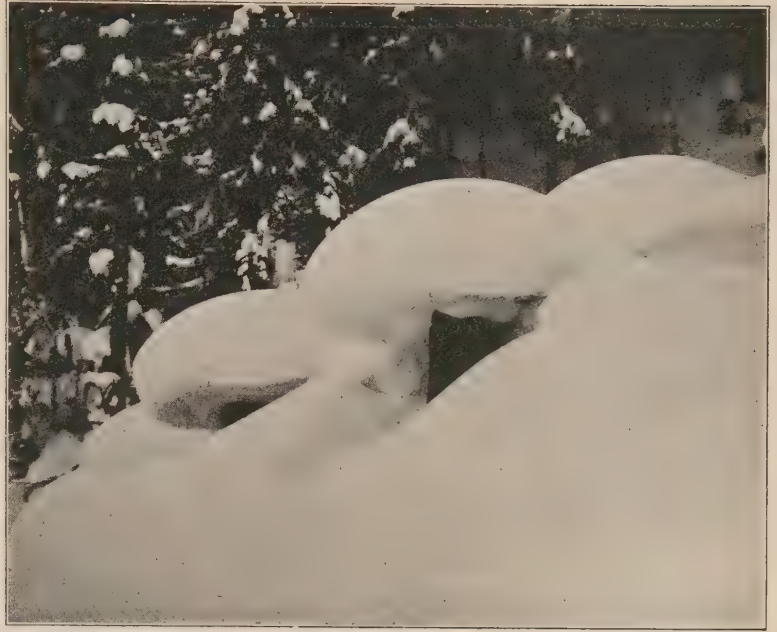


FIG. 6.—A GROUP OF SNOW MUSHROOMS.

layers into a compact and tenacious mass, which offers a resistance something like that of stiff clay.

When the snow lies five feet deep upon the ground, as was the case at Glacier House during our visit, the quantity is far more than five times that of a one-foot layer of snow, on account of the effect of pressure in squeezing out the air from between the snow flakes.

The snowfall is measured twice daily at Glacier House station by the depth which accumulates upon a small wooden platform which is swept after each measurement. The snowfall measured in this way amounted to a total of twenty-five feet at the date of our visit, and most of this was required to provide the five-foot layer which covered the ground.

The mushroom caps are built up of successive strata or layers of snow which would be horizontal if they were adequately supported beneath; the dome shape being due, as I have

said, to the bending of the tough and plastic snow by its own weight. Near the rim of the snow cap the inclination of the strata is steepest, so that the structure is weakest near the edge. When a fully-grown cap receives *more* snow it might be thought that it would break off close to the pedestal, ruining the whole thing, but it appears that such ruin is averted by this bending of the strata which results in the breaking off of small fragments only round the rim, giving the slightly roughened appearance which is just noticeable in the photographs, contrasting with the smooth top of the dome.

Figure 4 shows the layers or strata of snow due to successive snowfalls.

Figure 5 shows bosses of snow which are the caps formed upon short pedestals, the rim of the cap touching the surface of the surrounding snow; and Figure 6 shows the sheltering effect of overhanging snow caps.



THE DOG WHO WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

BY AMY WHIPPLE.

Illustrated by MARY TOURTEL.

I.

SEEING me surrounded with every luxury, perhaps you would not believe I was born in a dirty cellar, and that my cradle was an orange-box, but so it was, and if you care to listen I will tell you how I went to seek my fortune, and how I found it!

The first event I can recollect is romping with my four brothers and sisters, in the cellar in which we were born; I can remember, too, that sometimes there would be light footsteps on the stairs, the door would open slowly and cautiously, and two little children would creep in, treading very softly, as if in fear of some one.

The two would come to our box, and would squeeze us in their arms, kissing us, and calling us all manner of loving names; then hearing a heavy foot-fall on the cellar-steps, they would drop us quietly into our box, and scuttle away.

I can remember our mother, as frightened as they, cowering down in the straw, trying to cover us up with her body, as a man kicked open the door, and strode into the cellar. He would take us up roughly, one after the other, grumbling and muttering the while.

One evening he brought another man as rough as himself, who took away my four brothers and sisters, leaving me alone.

Week after week went by, and still I stayed with my mother. I had grown into a long-legged, frolicsome puppy, skinny and shambling,—for rations were short. Christmas came and went, not a very festive season in our home. Bill Kinnaird, my master, got some odd jobs, but most of the money was spent at the "Golden Lion"; and if his wife had not worked hard at needlework for the shops, there would have been nothing at all for us on Christmas Day.

Bill lounged off with some of his companions, quite early in the morning. Our fare was but simple, and not very abundant, yet we ate it with thankful hearts, for we ate it in peace.

The little ones had done their best to make up a cheerful fire—coals were very scarce; then they drew up the one sound chair for "Mother," and snuggling close to her, begged for the story they had so often heard before, of "when mother lived in the country with Grannie."

I crept into Kitty's lap, and my mother cuddled close to Dan, and in our wretched home there was happiness.

The New Year brought frost, which put an end to all work in Bill's line—he was a mason's labourer, so that he had time to turn his attention again to me. Sometimes he would bring home a man with him, with whom he fancied he could drive a bargain, but no one would buy me. They did not dispute my good looks or breeding they said, but I had no pluck. I was not "game"!

Bill angrily declared it was the children's fault, that they had coddled me up so much I was fit for nothing, and one dreadful day he decided, as the tax was nearly due, to drown me the next morning. Kitty cried until she could cry no more; the mother begged him to wait a few days longer, "Something might turn up," and Dan swelled with childish fury.

That evening two miserable little children sat on the cellar floor by the side of my box, talking in eager whispers—planning, consulting, arranging.

"We must give him a good supper, Dan," said Kitty, forcing her last morsel on me.

"Yes, an' some drink just before he starts."

"Oh, I do hope he'll find his fortune, they always do, don't they Dan?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," said Dan, "always; all the stories end so. When girls and boys set out to seek their fortunes they always find 'em, and why shouldn't dogs?"

"Yes, my darlin' doggie," said little Kitty, hugging me tightly, "you are goin' to seek your fortune as they do in the story-books. You're such a dear little thing, some one is sure to love you, an' pay your tax for you—an'——" but here Kitty's sobs choked her.

Just as the dawn was breaking I was roused from slumber by the entrance of two little figures, walking stealthily. Dan lifted me gently out of my box, then up the cellar stairs the children crept, along the rickety passage, treading cautiously, for fear of loose boards.

Once outside the door, my rescuers began to run with all the speed their small legs were capable of, towards the open country. They had never been so far, but they knew in what direc-

tion the road lay, that led to that wonderful paradise their mother had so often described; for in that direction they had decided my fortune was to be found.

When some distance lay between them and their home they set me on my feet, and I ran with them, until we came to the open common, quite outside the town, and stretching away for miles; here they kissed me and said "Good-bye," over and over again, telling me to run along the road they pointed out, and I should be sure to find my fortune.

I suppose they thought I should leave them. But they were mistaken. As soon as they started running homeward I ran after them. I would rather have gone home and been "drowned" than leave them. Dan and Kitty sat on the bank by the road-side, and cried together.

"You see, Kitty," said Dan sagely, "we can't

make him understand 'tis better to run away than be 'drowned.'"

"Hullo, kids! what are you doin' here?" broke in a hoarse voice out of the mist. "You've stole that pup, haven't you?" it demanded harshly.

Kitty began to tremble, but she held me firmly by the collar. Dan boldly denied the charge.

"We haven't stole him, he's our own, but some-one's goin' to drown him, an' we were trying to get him to run away, but he don't understand," he added, despairingly; then a thought suddenly striking him, he looked appealingly in the man's face.

"P'raps as you're goin' that way," he said, "you wouldn't mind taking him with you, an' putting him in the right road, 'tis over the other side of the common where the country is—please take him, an' we'll run every step of the way, till we're out of sight."



"WATCHING MY OPPORTUNITY, I WAS OVER THE BACK OF THE CART IN A FLASH."—(p. 336.)

"Well, I don't mind," said the man, "he seems very quiet."

"Oh, yes, he's ever so quiet an' good-tempered," interposed Kitty, "that's why father can't sell him an' says he'll drown him, 'cause they said he wasn't 'game'!"

"Oh, 'father can't sell him 'cause he isn't 'game,' that's a terrible fault in a dog," said the man, but I am sure he winked, as he put me in a bag he carried slung over his shoulder.

I heard the footsteps of my little friends die away in the distance; with a laugh the man strode off in the opposite direction.

"As 'andsome a little tar'yer as ever I see!" he muttered. "'Not game,' she said, 'an' father couldn't sell him'; well, we'll see what Ted Flinders can do. 'A splendid lady's pet, ma'am'—yes, that's it, a guinea at least!"

Here he was overtaken by a man driving a cart, and having begged a "lift" was soon seated by the driver's side, whilst I was carefully deposited in the back of the cart. The horse jogged on. Ted Flinders and the driver were soon in earnest conversation, while I did my best to tear a hole in the bottom of the bag. By poking and scratching, I had discovered a small rent; my sharp teeth and claws soon made it wider, and it was not long before I had wriggled through. Watching my opportunity, I was over the back of the cart in a flash, unperceived by Ted Flinders or his companion. I hid in a ditch, until I had recovered from the effects of my jump, and then ran as quickly as I could, back on the road we had come. But somehow everything seemed strange. I could not find houses, or streets, or people; nothing but furze, and stones, and short grass, wherever I turned. I was lost on the common!

With only one idea, to find Dan and Kitty, I ran on and on, until at last the road left the common, and passing between hedges, led on to a village. All day I wandered from house to house, but no one seemed to want me. Tired, hungry and miserable, I came to a cottage on the outskirts of the village that was different from all the rest; just such a cottage as Bill's wife had described to Dan and Kitty. I peeped through the open doorway, and saw a fine fire burning on the hearth. No one was in sight. I glanced cautiously round, and slipping noiselessly in, I was soon curled up snug and warm, forgetting all my troubles in sleep.

II.

"Just look here, Maggie! This little 'un seems to have made himself at home," said a cheery voice, as I opened one eye—grumbled and

stretched—and went to sleep again. "Maggie" coming in from the back kitchen lifted me in her arms; and when at last I opened both eyes, I saw an elderly man and woman looking at me in kindly astonishment.

"Poor little thing," said the woman, "where could it have come from? It must have strayed from its home; take it with you, Reuben, perhaps you'll find its master." But though Reuben coaxed, and Maggie gently scolded me, I would not move—I crept back to the fireside and was soon sound asleep again, and knew nothing more until the next morning. Just as daylight was coming in I heard Reuben's step on the stair, and Maggie beginning to bustle about, getting him a cup of tea before he went out.

She patted me kindly, and gave me a good meal of bread and milk.

"Try if he will go with you now, Reuben; he could stay in the stable until you find his owner."

Feeling much stronger and happier for the rest and food, I followed Reuben willingly enough, until we came to Fairport, a house where he was coachman and gardener. Reuben's first care was the pony, a pretty bright bay he called "Winnie," and who seemed to know every word he said to her. Whilst he groomed her I took a look round and thought there could not be a more beautiful place—surely if I could stay I had found my fortune!

But how could I get them to keep me? I would try to make them like me by doing the best I knew. I began with Joe the stable-boy, and was so playful and companionable that he shared his meals with me, and let me sleep in the stable.

But I had no wish to live always in the stable, I wanted to be with the two ladies I had seen walking on the terrace, and to be the playmate of the little boy who ran races by himself, up and down the yew-tree walk.

The next day when Joe went up to the house with a message from Reuben—I crept along quietly behind him, and when he found I had followed him he called me into the kitchen, where a comely, rosy-faced woman was making pastry. "Ain't he a cute little chap, Cook?" he asked.

"Where did you get him?" asked Cook.

"He strayed into Reuben's place. We don't know his name, so we've called him Pat."

That night I slept in the stable, but the next day I managed to get up to the house again. Cook was very kind to me, and allowed me to lie in front of the kitchen fire.

I was dozing comfortably there after a good

meal, when two ladies entered the kitchen. Miss Matilda was tall and thin, and walked with grace and vigour, although some years past sixty; Miss Sibylla, her sister, some years younger, was plump and rosy, with kindly grey eyes, and pretty crinkly hair.

"Why Cook, Cook, where did that little dog come from? What is he doing here?" asked Miss Matilda sharply.

Cook told as much of my story as she knew, while I wagged my tail, and looked pleadingly at the ladies.

"I daresay he's a nice enough little dog, but I cannot have him in the house."

"But, ma'am," said Cook, "he will come."

"Then you must drive him away," said Miss Matilda severely, "or tell Reuben to find him a home."

"Do you mean me to turn him out now, ma'am?" asked Cook, "'tis snowing fast."

"Hum! — snowing," muttered Miss Matilda; then she glanced at me as I cuddled up to Miss Sibylla. "Perhaps, as the weather is so bad, he had better stay to-night. I will speak to Reuben myself to-morrow."

"Yes, ma'am," said Cook again, and she smiled knowingly to herself, as Miss Matilda and Miss Sibylla pattered softly down the passage leading to the morning room.

The next day being very bright and sunny, and the snow melted quite away, the ladies went for a drive. On their return they were met by a little boy, who rushed out into the hall with me in his arms, his curly hair tumbled about his rosy face, his black eyes shining with glee.

"Look Auntie M'tilda! Look Auntie S'bylla! look at this dear puppy! Mayn't I keep him?"

"Keep him!" cried Miss Matilda, "how could you think of such a thing? Put him down instantly, Bertram!" The little boy obeyed.

"But Auntie M'tilda," he protested, "do let me keep him, and I'll—I'll learn the multiplication table quite c'rectly!"

"Sister," began Miss Sibylla pleadingly, but Miss Matilda cut her short.

"You can keep the dog, Bertram," she said, "if you will keep your promise."

Bertie set bravely to work to fulfil his part of the contract, and so I became one of the "happy family" at Fairport.

III.

One beautiful evening in June, when I had



"'I'M SURE THIS MUST BE THE COTTAGE,' SAID A WEAK LITTLE VOICE."

been about six months in my new home, I had been paying a visit to Reuben, and was lying on the garden-path enjoying the coolness after the heat of the day, when I heard a slight noise outside the gate, and the sound of children's voices.

"I'm sure this must be the cottage," said a weak little voice; "look at the lovely roses and the white lilies mother used to tell us about."

"Yes, an' there's the dove-cote, an' the bee-hives; it must be Grannie's."

"I'm afraid I can't go another step, I'm so tired," gasped the girl.

"I'll carry you," said the boy sturdily. By this time I had found out it was Dan and Kitty, and I ran round and round them, barking until I was hoarse; then I dashed into the kitchen, where Reuben's wife was busy making bread. I pulled at her apron, and ran wildly down to the gate again, until I drew her to the door to find out the reason of my excitement. She saw in a minute that the children were faint from exhaustion, and told them to come in at once.

Kitty she put gently into Reuben's padded chair and gave her something reviving. Then, with a little contented sigh, the child turned on the pillows and fell fast asleep.

"Now, my boy," said Maggie, turning to Dan, who had been doing ample justice to a square meal, "why are two mites like you wandering the country?"

"Father ran away, mother didn't know where, an' then she worked harder an' harder, till one day she went to sleep, an' we couldn't wake her. They took her away; then they said we were to go to a place called the workhouse. But mother had told us the day before she died that we were to find our way across the common, an' find 'Grannie.' Are you 'Grannie'?"

Maggie started, and turned white.

"What is your name, boy?" she asked tremulously.

"Daniel Westbury Jackson," answered Dan.

"Do you hear? Do you hear, Reuben?" cried Maggie to her husband, who had just come home from his work, and was now staring in bewilderment at the children before him. "These children have come all across the common, from Ashmouth, to find 'Grannie,' and they've found her, they've found her, and 'Grandfather' too! This lad is Daniel Westbury Jackson, called Westbury after you, Reuben; and this little dear is 'Kitty,' like her mother before her."

Then, in a low voice, she broke the news of

their mother's death, and Reuben clenched his fist when she mentioned Bill's name—the name of the man who had robbed them of their pretty self-willed lassie so completely that they had never seen her since the sad day when she ran away.

"If I had but known!" mourned Reuben. "But we must make it up to her children, Maggie."

When Kitty woke up, all the story had to be told over again, and the little girl was delighting her grandmother with her childish prattle, when we heard a commotion from the open doorway. I ran out, and was quickly caught up in the arms of my angry little master, who, with eyes flashing, and curls flying, was defying Dan to mortal combat. Dan, his fair skin showing through many a rent in his ragged shirt, was bravely holding his ground.

"I tell you he's my dog!" screamed Bertram.

"An' I say he was mine, before ever he was yours!" cried Dan.

"Suppose, boys, you let Pat settle the matter," said Reuben, coming to the rescue.

I must confess I was in a fix. I looked at Dan, I turned to Bertram, and then I spied little Kitty. With one bound I was in her lap, and she was hugging me with all her might.

Kitty peeped at my little master, so smart and trim in his sailor-suit; then she said to Dan, "You know, Dan dear, that we couldn't keep him 'cause we couldn't pay the tax; and that we sent him away to seek his fortune, 'an I 'spose the little boy was his fortune. Dan, dear, give Pat back to him."

Dan dumped me into Bertram's arms.

"You can 'ave him," he said, "we sent him away, but we did love him."

"You shall play with him whenever you like," said my little master, generously, "and p'raps the little girl will like to, when she is well," he added shyly.

Thus was my future settled to everyone's satisfaction. I had truly found my fortune.

TO OUR MUSICAL READERS.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR THE BEST SONG.

ALICIA ADELAÏDE NEEDHAM has kindly consented to decide for us in this Competition.

The Last Announcement of this Competition.

OWING to the great success of the last Song Competition, we have arranged another Musical Competition for the encouragement of our numerous readers who are interested in music, but find it difficult to get recognition for their work. The competition is open to every girl, without distinction, under the age of twenty-five. The competitors are to take a song, the choice of which is left entirely to their discretion—grave or gay, martial or domestic—and to set it to music. The fact that Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, the celebrated composer of "Ballads for the Bairns," and "Little Orphant Annie," has consented to be the judge, will make the award of great importance.

There will be one Prize of the value of FIVE GUINEAS, and five Diplomas signed by Mrs. Needham will be awarded. The songs are to reach the office of THE GIRL'S REALM, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C., not later than February 20th, 1903.

Perhaps our readers will kindly bring the matter to the notice of any girl they may know who has the gift of composition?

The copyright of the successful song will become the property of the Proprietors of THE GIRL'S REALM.

BETTY'S VALENTINE. By Hilda Cowham.



(1.) I wanted Augustus to be my Valentine, and he promised to come early, so's I should see him first of anybody.



(2.) So with great difficulty I descended the stairs, my eyes tight shut.



(3.) And ate my breakfast without looking.



H. COWHAM.



(5.) Just as I am staring in horror at him, Augustus appears. I explain, but to no purpose. Augustus leaves me for ever.

(4.) At last I hear his graceful tread. He comes the door opens. I uncloze my eyes and . . . Why, if it isn't Binks, the page boy!



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAME.

By KATHLEEN WALDRON.

Illustrated from photographs specially taken for THE GIRL'S REALM by RUSSELL & SONS, Wimbledon.

PROBABLY most girls who are interested in games have heard that Vigoro has been played at the Crystal Palace, and at Lord's by teams of men, well-known cricketers, racquet players, lawn or "real" tennis players. After watching the men's Vigoro matches and learning more of the innovation, I am of the opinion that Vigoro really has some very persuasive credentials. There can be no doubt that a team game for girls is much wanted for early spring and late autumn, if not for summer itself.

The first ladies' Vigoro match was played at Southgate between a team of the girls of Mayfield School and a visiting team most hospitably entertained by Miss Bowyer Brown. As no single member of either team had ever played the game before, the "match" was naturally rather of an experimental description.

In Vigoro the fact that leg before wicket is penalised by a deduction from the score on the first three occasions and that the batsman is only out if he is guilty four times, together with the width of the wicket itself, and further the undoubted fact that the racquet strokes are more easy for girls than those in batting at cricket, are points which render the game more suitable for the majority of girls than cricket. Vigoro

could be played as a "mixed" game with better results than any other team game.

Taking the implements, they are happily not extensive, the ball is of indiarubber, soft, white in colour, and with grooves in it like those on the surface of a golf ball. It is just a little larger and just a little heavier than a lawn tennis ball, having, of course, no cloth cover. Besides the ball, the only other special implements are the wickets, or, as they are most provokingly called in this game, the "wikets." These are rather peculiar in design, but on referring to the illustrations it will be seen that they are not unlike a small clothes horse, with four folding sides, arranged so that they are like a capital M, which would be right side up to a player keeping wicket. A loose net is fixed to this frame work so that it is easy to see when the ball hits it, and the bar is fastened across, which keeps the width three feet. Then, every player uses an ordinary lawn tennis racquet. Strikers (who would be batters in cricket), and servers (who would be bowlers in cricket), can with advantage employ better racquets than the fielders, who can get on quite well with their old racquets, so that the happy possessors of two racquets would do well to use both. As to the field, it is unfixed in size, as in

cricket, but in a comparatively small space a very good game can be had, some of the best of the men's matches having been played under cover in the Crystal Palace. It does not require a very superfine pitch. Boundaries should, of course, be estimated as worth a certain number of runs, as in cricket. The space between the wickets (we refuse to call them "wikets") is usually 22 yards, but can be increased to 24 yards at pleasure. 22 yards was found a sufficient distance in the experimental game, and seemed to have the advantage that it allowed over-hand servers to pitch at about the same distance as in tennis, and so to risk spoiling their strokes at the other game less than if the distances were longer. The elevation would, of course, not be the same as in lawn tennis, since the ball has not to rise over the height of the net in its course. Rather more room is allowed within the crease than in cricket, because the attitude when using a racquet is not quite so compact for the striker as for the batter in cricket, while the server also wants room for his stroke. The server's crease therefore extends, in a line with the front of the wicket, six feet on either side, while the striker's crease is drawn four feet six inches in front of and parallel with the server's crease, extending for the same distance. Lines drawn from the ends of the server's to the ends of the striker's crease,

producing an enclosure, indicate the "striker's ground."

The general course of the game is very much like cricket. But it is best not to play with overs, since they pull the game up, and make it slower. Possibly their introduction might be found advisable in summer, but at other seasons it is of course an object to increase the pace of the game. The ball, then, is simply served from whichever wicket it has reached on the return. The numbers of the sides may be varied. A full team consists of twelve players, but smaller numbers with some members of both sides fielding, or seven a side with the whole of both sides fielding, is a good way of playing.

If played without overs it is, of course, best to place the field so that there need be little or no alteration for a change of ends in the serving. To illustrate this, it is easy for mid-on and deep mid-on, by closing up just a little, to convert themselves when the serving changes into point and cover point. These two places are, indeed, the only ones requiring a change. As in cricket, the field can be arranged at pleasure and is controlled by the requirements of the server. There is one very important place—the wicket-keeping. This allows the service in Vigoro to become wicket-keep when the service is from the opposite end. It is



THE UNDER-HAND SERVICE.

necessary to play long-stops, partly because it is difficult to keep the serving straight on the wicket, partly because, although the ball may be stopped with the hand or any part of the body, it must be returned to the wicket with a stroke of the racquet, and a fast service does not seem to be so easily stopped by the wicket-keep, who must thus hold his racquet, as a cricket ball can be stopped with both hands: The one special feature of the fielding is its rapidity. For although the ball, as we have said, may be stopped before it is returned, it can also be hit straight, for a bounce, for instance, to the wicket. No time is necessarily lost as in cricket by gathering and then throwing in. The result is that with smart

tactics when the ball is sent to him by the fielders, for it is surprising how quick the strikers must be in order not to get run out. As in cricket, the fielders should be smart in backing each other up, and should constantly follow the ball with their eyes. The wicket-keeper or one of the fielders may aim at the wicket and miss it, and a slack fielder may find work coming his way when he has not been looking out for it. It will be found that to aim at the wicket with a stroke of the racquet requires practice, for the fielders and wicket-keep, no less than for the servers. More than one fielder, too, can combine in a catch. When the first player receives the ball on his racquet it often rises high and travels some dis-



ANOTHER GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAME OF VIGORO IN SPIRITED PROGRESS.

fielding the strikers are more easily run out than in cricket.

The catching must be done by so manipulating the ball that it is brought to rest upon the racquet without having touched the ground. To accomplish this the ball has to be received on the racquet, and tossed up once or twice, the player "giving" with the racquet until the ball is controlled and remains motionless. In the first trial match one player was splendidly caught, and there were several other very close attempts. It is now more easy to understand that the wicket-keep has very little chance of catching. But he has every chance of stumping. He can hit the ball with his racquet straight on to the wicket from the serve, and so may find the striker at fault, and he ought to be very lively in attempting the same

tance, but the catch holds good if a second fielder takes this volley on to his racquet, provided that it is eventually brought to rest without having touched the ground.

The server has no such easy task as the width of the wickets might lead him to imagine. In the men's matches even the best cricketers, racquet players and lawn tennis players seemed to find it so hard to keep the serving on the wicket. But in the ladies' match many wides and many crooked balls were served, but the standard of serving was high. The visiting team had, in order to provide the best trial, been largely picked from good tennis and cricket players. Among the former was Miss D. K. Douglass, whose overhand service was remarkably effective. But a member of the Mayfield team, Miss Garrett, serv-

ing under-hand, was most "deadly." It need not be supposed, therefore, that the service is beyond the powers of numerous beginners, though lawn tennis players have in this department of the game, and also in the batting, a distinct advantage. The ball may, of course, be served from any elevation that the player chooses, and in the men's matches the "real" tennis players and the racquet players were observed to get a fine ball, with a difficult cut on it, from a position neither quite over-hand nor quite under-hand, the ball being held not quite shoulder-high. No doubt cuts, and breaks, rendered more feasible by the grooves on the ball, would soon convert the service into a very scientific art.

It may be mentioned here, in contradiction of a rumour that we have heard, that fielders and servers can always pick up the ball and hold it in one hand in order to strike it with the racquet. There seems to have been an idea that the ball must only be touched with the racquet, from confusion, no doubt, with the fact that it must only be aimed at the wicket with a stroke of the racquet. Any part of the wicket may be struck in running out or in stumping, but the servers can only hit the front of the wicket in putting out the striker, and in such a way that when at rest the ball shall remain in front of the wicket, or of the line of the server's crease on each side. Fielders should therefore be careful not to touch such balls until the umpire has given his decision as to whether they are in front of the wicket or crease.



THE CATCH.

The other cases in which the striker is out are : (1) as already mentioned, after the fourth time when he is struck on any part of the person below the waist before the ball has touched his hand or

racquet, provided the ball is served in a straight line from server to wicket (L. B. W.). On the first three occasions two runs are deducted as penalties from the total score of the striker's side at the close of each innings ; (2) when caught, as already described ; (3) when run out, or stumped ; (4) if, as in cricket, he play the ball on to the wicket, or if he handle the ball or kick it while in play unless requested to do so by the other side, or if he wilfully obstruct the field ; (5) he is also out if he hit or touch the ball a second time when the ball is outside the striker's ground, or in the air higher than the wicket or striker. But a rule peculiar to Vigoro allows the striker

not only to hit the ball twice if it is in motion within the striker's ground and not higher than the wicket, but also to run for such hits.

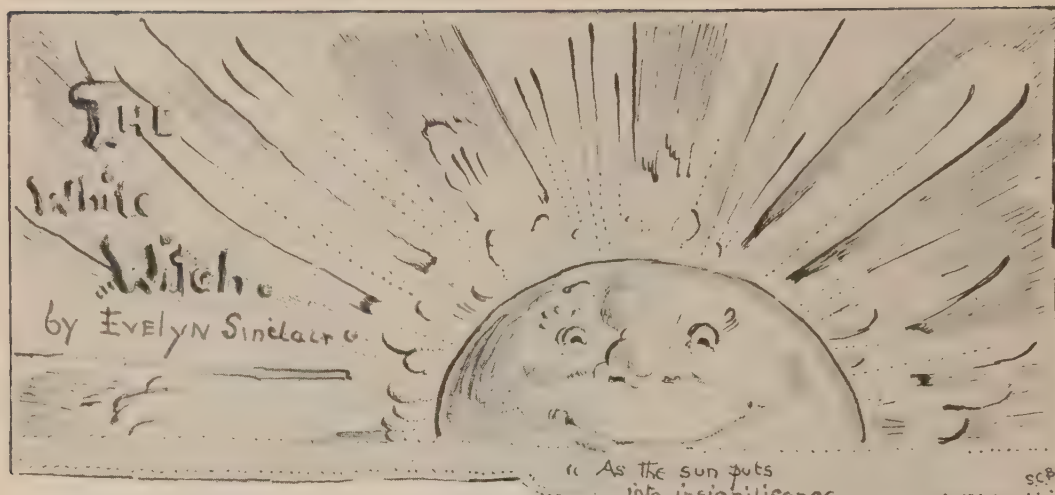
With regard to the actual batting, it was found in the trial game that tennis players and cricketers took to it most easily.

In this account of Vigoro, we have aimed at giving such an idea of the game as would enable any girls to give it a trial for themselves. We have therefore mentioned any particulars where the rules vary from those of cricket, and details

not specified we must leave pioneers to arrange. The rules and apparatus can, we believe, be obtained through any of the ordinary athletic makers, and are not expensive.



AN ATTEMPT TO STUMP PROVES UNSUCCESSFUL.



Illustrated by SYRIL B. BURNSIDE.

IN a far-away country there once lived a Princess whose beauty eclipsed the charms of all other women as the sun puts into insignificance the light of a candle. Her subjects called her "The Beautiful White Witch." When they did so, they thought only of the hearts she had broken and ensnared in the web of her wonderful fascination.

But they were not far from the truth, for the Princess really *was* a witch!

Up to the time of her enchantment she had been so good and lovely that the spell cast on her by the Queen, her stepmother, was powerless to take full effect. Instead of becoming an ugly

and evil old hag she remained gloriously beautiful, and her witchery was exercised over men's hearts only.

The Queen fancied that she possessed sufficient power to change the formerly warm and loving heart of the Princess into one of stone. To this end she decreed that, in the event of the Princess risking scorn, and mockery by declaring herself in love, the spell should be removed. And she chuckled maliciously to herself at the idea that, though apparently magnanimous, she had tied matters into too tight a knot for the Princess ever to undo.

The Princess went her way through life, light-heartedly enough. Love was an emotion that had never touched her. Indeed, she noted, with a wondering curiosity, how strangely the malady affected the various Princes who fell victim to its power.

One sunny June morning she strolled in the woods adjoining the Palace, her pretty head full of thought and perplexity. Rumours had



reached her of a King from a distant land who was impervious to the attraction of any woman, no matter how beautiful. And to make him all the more interesting in her eyes rumour said that he was not only very handsome, but worshipped by his subjects, rich and poor alike.

A man in a shabby velvet suit breathlessly watched the Princess walk through the Forest. It was not hope of succour that quickened his pulses; it was the irresistible witchery of her beauty.

He stepped forward as she drew near.

"I crave your help, fair lady," he said.

The Princess started; her wandering thoughts came abruptly back to the immediate present and centred themselves on the shabby stranger who addressed her. His clothes hung in rags about him, and yet there was a look of refinement in the sunburnt face, with its gentle brown eyes, and clear-cut features. As she looked at him an idea occurred to her. She smiled a little, as she replied:

"You shall have it, friend, but in return you

must teach me what it is that, in your experience, never fails to win a man's heart."

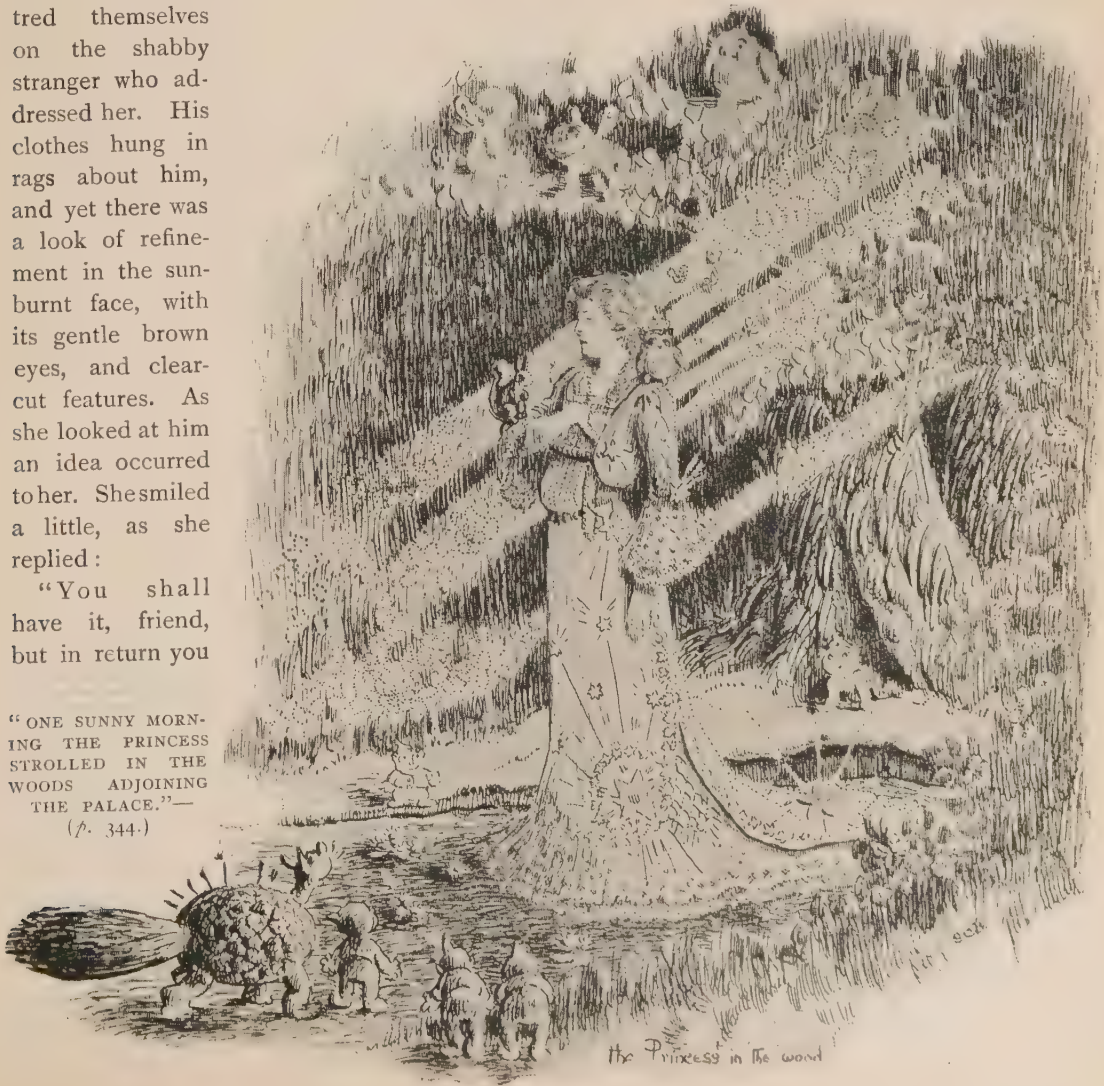
The tramp regarded her fixedly.

"I should hardly have thought that you found it necessary to be told," he said.

"Nevertheless," said the Princess, "I should like to know. I will give you the jewelled chain which I wear round my neck as a token of my gratitude if you can enlighten me."

"I am only an ignorant tramp," replied the man, "yet I think perhaps I could tell you something of what you seek to know, but the telling will take time."

The Princess thought for a moment, then she



"ONE SUNNY MORNING THE PRINCESS STROLLED IN THE WOODS ADJOINING THE PALACE."—

(p. 344.)

the Princess in the wood

said, "There is a fallen log close by, shall we begin the lesson there?"

The tramp assented willingly, and together they walked to the spot indicated by the Princess.

"Come," she said, breaking a prolonged silence, "tell me what you know of the subject."

The man's expression became a little stern.

"I *know* nothing," he said. "I have seen

mean something that lasts and that neither suffering nor advancing years can destroy."

"That is hard to find," he replied. "But would not Constancy touch the heart of a man?"

"No," retorted the Princess. "Why should it? If a man is not in love with a woman surely it would weary him for her to remain constant to him."

"Then there is Sympathy," said the stranger.

"That is, I think, the best and sweetest thing of all; what man can resist the charm of a perfect sympathy that understands, feels, and forgives everything?"

"Do you really think that sympathy is the best quality for a woman to possess?" queried the Princess. "Well, no doubt you are right; I shall try to cultivate it."

Although her lesson was at an end, and she had paid for it, as she had promised, with her jewelled chain, the Princess showed no sign of returning to the Palace, and the two sat on talking until the moments lengthened into hours.

The fascination of the White Witch accounted for the absorption of the tramp, but the Princess could not think

what the strange interest that kept her captive could be. There was a something about this ragged being that enthralled her; his wonderful gentleness and knowledge of men and women charmed her. He seemed so much stronger and more manly than any one else she had ever met.

Reluctantly, the Princess rose to go. As she did so, the man seized her hands in a passionate farewell. She was essaying to draw



"THE KING BORE DOWN, SWORD IN HAND, TO HIS DAUGHTER'S RESCUE."

much misery caused by love, and so I have kept free from its snares, but I can suggest to you a few of the things which I think must appeal to most men. First, there is Beauty."

The Princess shook her head. "Beauty fades," she said, "and though it pleases the eye, it does not touch the heart."

"Cheerfulness perhaps," suggested the man.

"The sorrows of life are apt to submerge that," returned the Princess reflectively. "I

them from his grasp, when the sound of laughter and trampling hoofs broke the stillness, and a hunting party, with the King and Queen leading, came galloping through the forest.

Seeing the Princess apparently struggling with a tramp who was in possession of her neck chain, the King bore down, sword in hand, to his daughter's rescue. As the blade shone in the air ready to descend, the Princess sprang to her feet.

"No, father," she exclaimed, impetuously, seizing her parent's arm, "I love him." With uplifted sword, the King paused to gaze at his daughter, who stood flushed and trembling before him.

A silvery laugh from the Queen floated through the glade.

"How deliciously funny," she said, and the courtiers laughed with her.

The Princess looked round haughtily.

"It is true," she remarked unflinchingly, "and I am not ashamed to acknowledge it."

The stranger took her hand in his. "I love you, too," he observed simply, "but since you are a Princess, and I but a poor tramp, we cannot marry."

But now the Princess was free from all enchantment. She had confessed her love in spite of ridicule and the spell was at an end.

Smiling radiantly she answered, "It is you that I love, not your birth or position."

"My treasure," the stranger cried joyfully, "I was under a vow to win a woman who loved me for myself; so that until you spoke those words I could not tell you that I am not really a tramp, but that in my own country I am a King."

"Your Royal Highness," whispered one of the ladies in waiting, excitedly pulling the sleeve of the Princess's gown, "he is King Seranas, of whom I spoke to you this morning."

The Princess, astonished and overjoyed to find that this was really the case, turned to her lover.

"Thank you for having taught me how to win the heart of the most obdurate of men," she whispered so that only he could hear. "You have fully earned your reward."

* * * *

The marriage of the beautiful White Witch and the Tramp King was celebrated with great rejoicing, and together they reign lovingly over his subjects.

The Princess makes a delightful wife, for she never forgets the lesson, learned in the wood, that sympathy alone begets true and lasting love.

And with love as her crown, what woman could fail to be happy?

OUR TENNYSON DRAWING:

"ST. AGNES' EVE," which forms the Frontispiece this month.



THE literary workmanship of the poem "St. Agnes' Eve" is almost perfect. Alfred Tennyson's youthful muse, unwelcomed at first, had lain a decade silent, and then were produced a set of new poems, of which this is one, marking a great advance in power, freer in their method of expression, and with a wider range. Published in 1842, the new volume won acceptance at the outset from literary judges, and the verdict, so far as this poem goes, allows no risk of reversal.

The poem itself refers in no special way to the eve of the patron saint of virgins—the girl martyr of A.D. 303; but the thoughtful will find allusion to St. Agnes in the

picture: a statue of the girl saint with her lamb has a place in a niche; and two doves—ancient emblems still for St. Agnes—have also from early times been associated with her memory.

Poem and picture alike are an attempt to interpret the feelings of a convent-dweller impatient of earthly trammels. The artist represents her pacing a lonely cloister lighted only by the moon and some chance gules of light from a neighbouring cell. She holds "the first snowdrop of the year," and her thoughts lift themselves even as her breath goes upward in the frosty air.

St. Agnes' Eve has been associated with visions and dreams similar to those said to attend the eves of St. Valentine, St. Sylvester, and All Hallows. The custom was for maidens to go fasting to bed, and tell their most cherished wishes to the moon; and many other curious practices were observed on this night.

Practical Built-in Seats

By Ada Sterling. Illustrated by C.A. Vanderhoof.

THOUGH often the introduction of a small fixed seat in a window or other space may be effected by an outlay for wood amounting to decidedly less than would be the cost of even a modest settle, there are many housekeepers, even in this day of increasing interest in the decoration of the home, who have not realised how much such a seat contributes of artistic worth and cosiness, and at what small expense it may be built. Where a "handy man" is a member of the family, the simple window seat from three to four feet long may be put in at a maximum cost of five shillings. This sum will amply cover the cost of wood and such paint and nails as are necessary for fixing the seat in place.

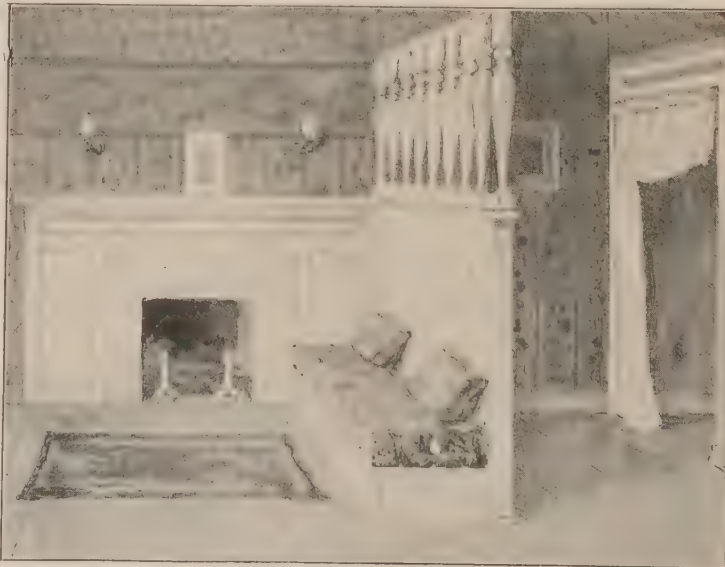
turned percale, similar in appearance to old-fashioned chintz, may be used with advantage in cottage draperies and cushions. Of such dainty but inexpensive fabric, window draperies and cushion-covers, including a valance for the seat below, may be purchased for from fifteen shillings to a pound.

The slight cost for the putting in of the smaller seats makes them equally desirable for girls in rooms in which the use of large divans or settles is often impossible, owing to the cut-up wall space. On the other hand, the owner or occupant of an old commodious country home is often troubled with long blank walls which it seems impossible to fill satisfactorily by the placing of ordinary and available furniture. To her the long side seat extending from fireplace or other angle to the next wall would be a boon, changing the entire apartment, and rendering it modern and comfortable.

The thing to be avoided in seats introduced in this way is painting the wood to match the furniture rather than to correspond with the woodwork of the room. This is demonstrated

The dressing of the seat is the part that falls to girls of the house, and here as much time and money may be spent as can be spared from other duties. If they are wood-carvers, or are familiar with the working of burnt and illuminated wood now so much in vogue, very charming and novel effects may be had without the use of cushions. In ordinary homes, however, the latter are sure to be selected, and the wood-work stained or painted to harmonise with the room. Where possible, a regularly upholstered or mattress seat should be selected, whatever the outer cover. The latter may be of fancy crash, corduroy, or damask. Often a quaintly pat-

in the illustrations of the long settle and the mantel-piece that has been converted by simple cabinet-work into a useful and decidedly pretty feature. In both instances the white enamelled finish has been given, lending quaintness and harmony



A SCREEN FIREPLACE SEAT.

to the rooms in which the innovations have been made.

Given an intelligent amateur carpenter to help, the converting of any unpleasing mantel-piece

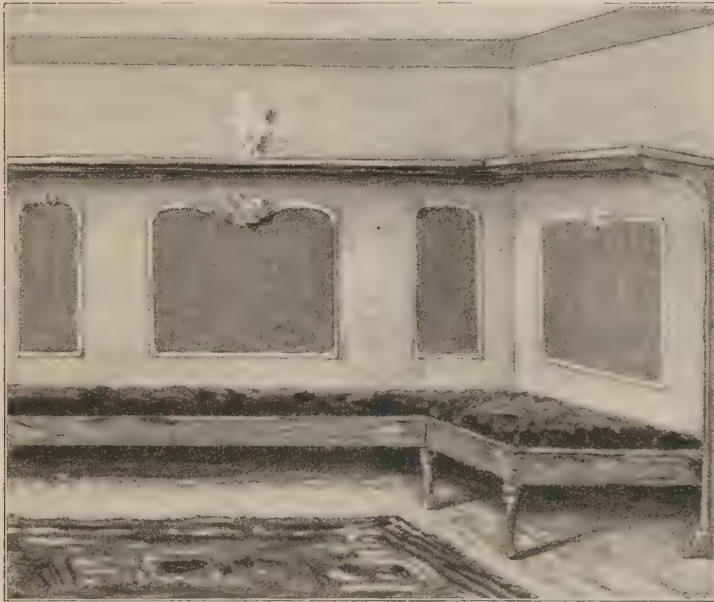
of turned spindles. The latter, it may be said parenthetically, are by no means an obstacle in the way of the amateur's successfully duplicating the design. Such ornaments, and others of end-

less variety, may be selected at slight expense at any turner's shop. This seat has the threefold character of screen (from such draughts as may play about the hall), of a cosy fireplace seat and of a break in the otherwise angular and hard effect of a square bedroom.

In a chintz or cretonne room, with cushions made to correspond with the draperies of windows and bed, this corner may be built effectively in oiled pine, maple, walnut, or mahogany finish.

There is no more effective, and at the same time inexpensive method of treating a dark, unlighted corner of drawing-room, library, music-room or

studio than that designed for a music-room corner. It is inexpensive because, though the cost of the necessary carpenter's service and materials will vary from £5 to £7, according to locality and prevailing prices, the purchase



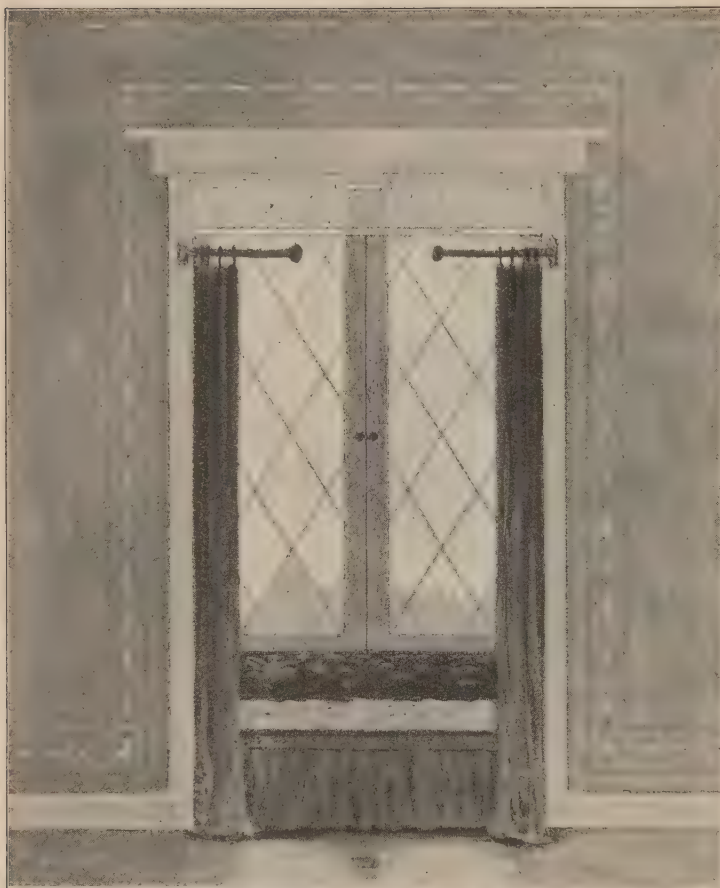
A CORNER SEAT, WITH SHELF ABOVE, ADMIRABLY ADAPTED FOR A MUSIC ROOM.

(and narrow, unsatisfactory shelves of this kind may be seen in the bedrooms of many a farmhouse) into a book-shelf with commodious closets below, involves but little more than the purchase of narrow and wide white-pine planks, that should be purchased already grooved and planed, in order to facilitate the fitting. If a seat be added beyond the mantel-piece, this, too, should be enamelled or pointed harmoniously.

Among the more elaborate of late forms for built-in seats for bedroom and drawing-room, none is more practicable than the two now to be described. The first is a novel bedroom seat, the back of which is formed by a partition that rises to the height of seven feet, where it is topped by a balustrade



A MODERNISED MANTEL AND LOUNGE.



AN EFFECTIVE FITTED WINDOW SEAT.

of furniture that would be as effective for such corner would amount to many times this sum. The frame-work of white pine may be stained to any tone. It should rise twenty or more inches from the floor, and be supported upon turned legs. The seat should be twenty to twenty-four inches wide. Set against a wall treated in two tones of burlaps arranged as Renaissance panels, the original seat of which illustration is given, is exceedingly imposing. Over the seat, and serving also as a hooded ornament for it, is a wide shelf designed in this instance for the holding of bronzes or other ornaments.

This idea of a hooded corner seat has been adapted recently to the making of a tea-corner in a very original room, done throughout in oil-finished wood, stained moss-green. The wood-work of the seat is finished similarly with oil rubbed to a polish. In the tea-corner,

however, each end of the made settle is ornamented with a balustrade extending two feet beyond the width of the seat, which gives an admirable suggestion of privacy. In the centre of the partially enclosed square thus made is placed a simple tea table, stained to harmonise with the woodwork of the seat. The wall is covered with dull green burlaps. The space under the hood, reaching quite to the line of three-foot wainscoting, is completely filled with grey and sepia-toned photographs, framed in the narrowest of weathered-green moulding. The shelf above is supplemented by a second making, besides a convenient bookshelf, a place for the display of a favourite specimen of Copeland or Minton, or a treasured piece of Lowestoft or fine Wedgwood chinaware.

To utilise in this way the wall space above stationary or built-in seats is the aim of all leading interior decorators at home and abroad. In the designs of Serrurier-Bovy and Horta, of Liege, whose models are being copied in the decoration of some of the newer houses, the book-shelf or cabinet, with hood effect, is a feature of all the handsomer seats. Often it is elaborated by the introduction of a panelled seat-back; or the latter is surmounted by an oblong panel of dull unglazed tiles.

One of the loveliest of ingle-nooks, designed by Baillie-Scott of London, introduces a wide white mantel-shelf over a six-foot tiling, divided lengthwise by a bronze shield centre-piece, which rises directly over the fireplace. On each side of the latter is placed a white enamelled seat that turns diagonally into the room. Each seat is provided with a solid back, which rises four and a-half feet from

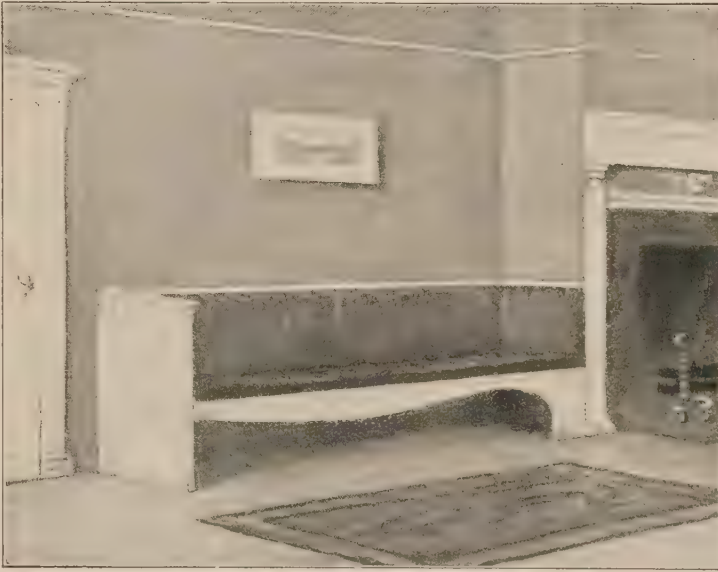
the floor, and ends in a cabinet in which tea-cups and saucers are kept (the kettle swings upon its crane in the centre of the fire-arch), while from the sides of the seat slender white pillars rise to meet and to support the mantel-shelf above. This is excellently arranged for the display of bronzes and ceramics.

Again, a favourite form for the built-in fireplace seat is to have the two ends of the fireplace treated differently, one seat projecting in a straight line into the room, and the other following the line of the wall at right-angles to the first. The seat is provided with an overshadowing shelf, which holds a convenient book or magazine. This idea may be elaborated by adding to the wall-seat a further projecting balustrade which shall have the effect of closing in an angle-nook sufficiently large to hold a small tea-table, a stand for smoker's outfit, or for holding the daily paper or favourite magazine.

The book-shelf over any corner or wall-seat is ornamental, but when built immediately over

a long davenport it becomes a most useful as well as comfort-giving feature of a general sitting-room, in which must be kept a supply of reading-matter. Such a shelf should be placed immediately over the back of the davenport, which, when upholstered properly, will extend some five or seven inches from the wall. Where the means will allow it, a second shelf

may be built above, which may be divided into cabinet spaces sufficiently open at the ends to make a pleasing resting-place for brass or pottery, for candlesticks, or for small fancy lamps. A shelf or set of shelves over a movable davenport that must be set against



A BUILT-IN SEAT OF WHITE PINE ENAMELED.

a long plain wall will add greatly to the furnishing of the room.

The introduction of simple window-seats, even in comparatively narrow spaces, often lends an artistic touch to a room that otherwise would be hard and unattractive. Novelty cushions carefully chosen may be used for decoration.





JACQUES THE SPY.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN ONE ACT.*

By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

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CHARACTERS.

ROSALIE DE MELINCOURT [*An actress, escaping to England*].

MOTHER BONITOT [*Landlady*].

JACQUES [*A spy*].

PERIOD.—The French Revolution.

SCENE.—Room in a lonely inn on the coast of Brittany.

TIME.—Midnight.

A room is dark and has a sinister air ; it is lit by the moonlight which streams in through window, back centre. The outer door opens inwards, L.C. Fireplace down L. Table in front of fireplace. Door R., leading through archway into inner room. A couple of rough chairs stand by table. Through the window the roar of the sea is faintly heard, which grows louder whenever the outer door is opened. JACQUES, THE SPY, comes hurriedly past window carrying small trunk upon his shoulders ; he pushes open outer door and enters, puts trunk down R., and turns and listens with a quick, anxious movement. He is a thin, cadaverous-looking man, dressed in a tattered surtout, his hat is pulled far down over his eyes ; his voice is husky and indistinct. He keeps well within the shadow.

MOTHER BONITOT [*outside*]. Hola ! Stop, there ! Hola ! Hola ! Stop, I say. What, are you carrying the citizen's trunk inside the inn ? She is going on, I say !

[*Enter past window MOTHER BONITOT, a hideous old crone, fat, red-faced and out of breath.*]

The citizen does not want her trunk in here ! You are too quick, you rascal ! Why, scarcely had her coach stopped

when you sprang up from nowhere, seized her trunk, and — [*She peers into spy's face, starts back in surprise.*]

Eh, you arn't of these parts ! Who are you ?

JACQUES. Hush ! Jacques the Spy !

MOTHER B. Spy ! [*She recoils in fear and horror.*]

JACQUES [*In a low, quick voice*]. I have followed her from Dinan. She stopped to bait her horses there. The pressing hurry of her coachman aroused my suspicions, so I went up to the carriage where Madame sat concealed and whined for alms. The hand that threw me them was the hand of an aristocrat.

MOTHER B. [*aghast*] An aristocrat !!

JACQUES. The coach started. I caught on to the axle, and went with her ! And when I felt the sea-air salt upon my face, I knew that she was making for the coast, and flying from the country !

MOTHER B. Then that explains the strange boat that has been tacking round the harbour these three days. The men said she was of English build ! [*Going to window.*] You can see it now, far out at sea !

JACQUES [*to window*]. Aye ! There it is ! She thinks she's safe now, and can afford to stay a minute. [*With a change of tone, quick and secretly*]. Is there a boy you can send to the Maire ?

MOTHER B. Yes !

JACQUES. Let him go quickly. Hush ! She's here !

[*Enter ROSALIE DE MELINCOURT at outer door. She is a beautiful girl, dressed in white muslin gown, covered with dark cloak and hood. Her hair falls in long curls about her face, and partly conceals it ; she wears a small black velvet mask across her eyes. She has a haughty and impetuous air.*]

ROSALIE. Why have you brought my trunk up here, you dolts ? Take it down unto my carriage. Quick, d'you hear ?

* The professional rights of this play are the property of Miss Esmé Beringer.

MOTHER B. [*surlily*]. The citizen was pleased to order some refreshment!

ROSALIE. Yes, yes, but quickly, quickly!

JACQUES [*aside*]. Go! Send the boy!

MOTHER B. I'll fetch you wine for ye!

[*Exit MOTHER BONITOT outer door. JACQUES retreats to shadow by fireplace, where he stands against wall. ROSALIE paces to and fro, unconscious of his presence.*]

ROSALIE. I must wait patiently, or he will suspect! Oh, am I safe at last? Here, in this lonely inn, there could be no one who would know me for Rosalie de Melincourt, actress, accused aristocrat, flying for my life to England and safety? England! England! Oh to be out of this accursed France, this hotbed of anarchy and bloodshed! Ah, even now I see the dreadful faces that thronged the streets of Paris! I see the ghastly, dripping heads borne high upon the pikes! I hear the wild shrieks of the mob—it roars now in my ears—it—[*Turning frantically to window*] No! It's the sea! The sea! [*Rushes to window, throws it open*] This side of the inn gives on the harbour, then! A step and the shore's there! Why, and there's the boat far out at sea! The boat that will carry me to liberty! They are tacking nearer. Oh, if they come a little nearer, only a little nearer, they would see a signal! Now they tack again, they are going from me! They were to be at the shore by twelve. I have half-an-hour to wait before they are due to meet me. Oh, I must have patience, patience! I am safe now, I know that I am safe, and yet—Oh, I see a spy in every face that looks at me! The very beggar who whined for sous at Dinan, seemed to stare at me as if he would peer beneath my mask—as if he saw—

[*As she walks up and down room she gradually approaches fireplace, the spy shrinks back against wall, but as she turns again she sees something in the shadow, stops short, and stares horror-struck. The spy comes forward, and she draws back with a scream.*]

JACQUES. Why, is the citizen afraid?

ROSALIE [*trying to collect herself, shaking with terror*]. I—I—did not see you in the room.

JACQUES. It is a public room, is it not, citizen?

ROSALIE [*staring at him in horror*]. Why—I've seen you before to-day! [*she starts back trembling, her hand upon her breast*]. You are the man I saw at Dinan! His coat was patched across the shoulder so—I noticed it—

JACQUES. Yes.

ROSALIE. You have followed me?

JACQUES. Yes.

ROSALIE [*wringing her hands*]. But why—why—I gave you what you asked for—alms! Why have you followed me?

JACQUES [*with sudden, savage force*]. Because we think the air of France will suit you better than the fogs of England. Aye! good Mother Bonitot is sending now for an escort to take you back again to Paris!

ROSALIE. Paris—oh no, no [*she falls on her knees, imploring*].

JACQUES [*laughing brutally*]. Aye, Paris! Where you'll make your bow to Madame Guillotine!

ROSALIE. Oh, have pity, pity! I will give you all I have! Mymoney, jewels, if you will let me go!

JACQUES. No! I've seen my parents starve. Pity! what pity should I feel for an aristocrat?

ROSALIE. But I am not one, I swear I am not. I have been hungry, too! I have sung in the streets for bread! I am an actress, a poor actress! Ah, you must have heard of me, La Rosalie?

JACQUES. La Rosalie! She who had all Paris at her feet a year ago? She who bathed in milk, and spent a fortune on a single pearl? Let's look at you! [*tears off her mask*].

ROSALIE. How dare you?

[*She wrests herself from him, and he stumbles and falls, and strikes head against door into inner room*].

ROSALIE [*staring aghast*]. He's hurt—[*to him*]. He breathes! He is only stunned! Thank Heaven! I can escape [*to outer door, trying it*]. Why, it's locked! Oh, what am I to do? That old hag will be here again, the spy has told her who I am. Yes, he said good Mother Bonitot is even now sending to the Maire. What can I do? What can I do? [*looks wildly round room*]. Ah! the spy! He kept his hat pulled down so low, the woman cannot have seen his face clearly [*kneeling beside him*]. He is my height, more or less. His coat would fit me. His hat would hide my hair. I'll take the candle so that I shall not be seen distinctly [*blows out candle, takes it into inner room. Emerging*]. I've played the boy before so well that I've deceived half Paris! Now 'tis for my life I'm playing!

[*She drags body of spy into inner room; he must have fallen half within doorway. Then she closes the door, as MOTHER BONITOT is heard, grumbling, outside outer door, which she unlocks. Enter MOTHER BONITOT with tray of wine, which she sets down on floor; she then locks door behind her carefully, taking key from lock and hanging it on her châtelaïne.*]

MOTHER B. [*picking up tray and advancing into room, which is now lit only by moonlight*]. There, I've brought the wine and—Hola! The candle's out! Why, 'tis gone! And so is she! And so's the spy! But how and where? The door was locked, the window's twelve feet from the ground! Hola! Hola, there! [*rushing to outer door*].

ROSALIE [*from inside room*]. Hola!

MOTHER B. [*turning, listening*]. Eh?

ROSALIE. Hola!

MOTHER B. Oh, you're there, are you? What are you doing in there?

ROSALIE. Hush your grumbling! [*ROSALIE appears in doorway, dressed in spy's clothes. She wears his hat into which she has tucked her curls. She locks door behind her and turns to landlord. She has adopted the husky voice of the spy, and bears herself with a boyish*

swagger). Madame began to feel a little nervous, so lest she should raise a clamour, I took the liberty of putting her in there [*coming down stage*]. Now I feel safe—well—safer.

MOTHER B. What have ye done with the candle?

ROSALIE. I left it in there. The moon gives light enough for us!

MOTHER B. Eh, p'raps it's the moonlight, then, that makes ye look so different? No—no—no! Now I come near to ye, I see it's you! [*handling coat*]. Yes, I marked that patched old coat! There's the tear where the trunk-lid caught it! [*releasing coat and looking at ROSALIE curiously*]. Yet you're younger than I took ye for, and of fairer complexion!

ROSALIE. Odds, mother, the dust's off now! I've borrowed some of your salt water in yonder room, and washed my face! [*Laughs carelessly, and strolls across to outer door; when she is within a few yards of it, she makes a dash for it, and finds it locked. MOTHER BONITOT turns amazed, and watches her suspiciously*]. I—I thought I'd stroll down to the quay and see if the boat's in sight [*laughing nervously*]. The—the boat for madame!

MOTHER B. [*suspiciously*]. Why should ye do that, when ye can see it from this window?

[*ROSALIE stands biting her lips, wracking her brains, then looks at window and feigns a violent start*].

ROSALIE. What! From that window yonder?

MOTHER B. Aye—I showed it ye before!

ROSALIE. Fool that I was! I had forgotten! [*To window*]. Why, the moonlight's bright as day. Good mother, dost thou think the sailors in that boat could see a signal from this window?

MOTHER B. [*coming up to window*]. Why, they're so near now, I should think they could! But why? Ye do not want to signal to them—

ROSALIE. No! But she did—aye—she's tricked me!

MOTHER B. Eh?

ROSALIE. She came up to the window so [*coming up to window*], opened it—ye see, 'tis open; leant out, and waved her handkerchief, as I do now—like this, and this, and this! [*Waves frantically from window; then turns and throws handkerchief carelessly in air before she pockets it*].

MOTHER B. Well, as if any one couldn't ha' seen that was a signal!

ROSALIE. But she did it so openly! How could I think she'd dare to go like that [*waving frantically again from window*] before my very nose?

MOTHER B. Stop, stop, you fool! They've seen you from the boat. See, they're coming nearer! Dolt! what have ye done?

ROSALIE. Well, if they come ashore in search of Madame they'll find you—and me!!!

MOTHER B. And you—he, he, he, he! Jacques the spy! He, he, he, he, he! That 'ud be a fine joke on the English swine! He, he, he, he! I hope they come, and find you!

ROSALIE. Ha, ha, ha! So do I! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*gets up to MOTHER BONITOT, and puts her arm wheelingly round the old woman's waist feeling for chatelaine*]. The Mayor takes his time, doesn't he! I'll just stroll up the road and see if he is coming!

MOTHER B. I'll get ye the key [*fumbling at her chatelaine*]. I locked the door because these fine madams are such hussies with their tricks! [*She pauses, key is still on chain. ROSALIE is in a frenzy of impatience*]. I feared she should give you the slip some way or other, and once outside, she'd be at the water's edge in a moment. The sailors 'ud see her; and our prey would have slipped through our fingers, he, he, he! Like that! [*Slips key through fingers as she dangles it on chain*].

ROSALIE. Ha, ha, ha! You've a pretty wit, mother, ha, ha, ha! [*Holding out hand impatiently*]. But give me the key!

MOTHER B. Eh, why are you in such a hurry? [*Staring at ROSALIE surprised*]. I'm giving it ye [*takes key off chain, groan heard inside inner door. MOTHER BONITOT stops, key in hand, and turns sharply*]. What's that?

ROSALIE. Nothing! Nothing! It's only the surf upon the shore! [*Faint groan heard again*].

MOTHER B. Nay! It came from the bedroom yonder [*going to inner door*].

ROSALIE [*flinging herself between MOTHER BONITOT and the door*]. Stop!

MOTHER B. [*starting back, distrustful, savage*]. Eh?

ROSALIE [*bursting out into a peal of laughter, taking MOTHER BONITOT's arm, and gently urging her away from the door*]. Ha, ha, ha, good mother! I used her roughly, perhaps; perhaps I stuffed a kerchief in her mouth to keep madame from bringing down the house about our ears! And why, good mother, why? Because her trunk's here, crammed with jewels, and I locked the door to keep her safe, you see!

MOTHER B. [*covetously*]. Jewels!

ROSALIE. Aye, jewels, mother [*falling on her knees, opening trunk feverishly*]. I thought she'd brought 'em with her, when I spied the trunk. You and I will go halves in the booty [*taking out jewels, flinging them to MOTHER BONITOT, who comes up to the trunk*]. There! Take that, and that, and that!

MOTHER B. Eh, you're a good rogue, Jacques the Spy [*holds up chain admiringly, weighs it appraisingly. Faint groan heard again*].

MOTHER B. Eh, squeal on, my pretty! We've better work to do than to attend to you!

[*ROSALIE is throwing garments back into trunk, MOTHER BONITOT stoops and picks up bottle out of trunk, as ROSALIE throws it in*].

Why, what's this?

ROSALIE [*impatiently*]. Nothing—nothing!

MOTHER B. [*smelling cork*]. Eh, 'tis some tisane [*reads label*]. Sleeping draught!

[*ROSALIE starts, looks at MOTHER BONITOT, then rises*].

MOTHER B. [*handling bottle*]. Eh, a spy would often have a use for this, I swear! [*Groan heard again*].



From a drawing by Frances Ewan.

“‘STOP, STOP, YOU FOOL! THEY’VE SEEN YOU FROM THE BOAT.’”—(p. 354.)

Pah! How she squeals! as gruff as a pig! We might give her a dose if she screams again!

ROSALIE. A good idea! [*takes bottle, and puts it in breast of her surtout*]. As you say, we may find a use for it! Now, mother, the key!

MOTHER B. What! 'Tis some trick, then, to denounce me to the Mayor! That's why ye want to go off and meet him, eh? No, no, my good Jacques, you shall stay here with the jewels and me! We'll hang together! [*she has tied up jewels into bundle in her apron*]. I don't trust in spies!

ROSALIE. Why, mother—I've no wish to denounce you—ha, ha, ha! there, I won't leave you if you are so set on my company! But now I've shown you this fine booty you'll surely give me a glass of wine! We must drink success to our ventures!

MOTHER B. Success to ye—eh, I'll give ye a glass; perhaps you're an honest rogue, but these times makes us suspect our very children!

[*MOTHER BONITOT goes up to table, with her back to window. ROSALIE comes down to table, while MOTHER BONITOT pours out two glasses. As the glasses stand on table ROSALIE suddenly looks at window and gives a wild scream.*]

ROSALIE. Ah!

MOTHER B. [*turning to window, terrified*]. What is it?

ROSALIE [*taking out bottle, and uncorking it rapidly, speaking in a tone of fright*]. The face—the face at the window!

[*MOTHER BONITOT goes hurriedly to window, ROSALIE pours sleeping draught into MOTHER BONITOT's glass.*]

MOTHER B. I see no one—I thought 'twas the English sailors! Oh, how you frightened me!

ROSALIE. Was it only fancy? [*returns the bottle to her breast*].

MOTHER B. [*terrified at window*]. Yes! But the English boat's close in. We've no time to lose.

ROSALIE. No time to lose indeed! Come! Drink success to all our undertakings! Sound slumbers to our friend in there [*pointing to inner door*]. Sound slumbers to you, too, to-night, good mother! Safe conduct to this booty here! [*Taking up bundle of jewels.*] And above all, success to me!

[*ROSALIE holds her glass high in the air; MOTHER BONITOT approaches the table, and takes up the glass into which ROSALIE has poured the sleeping draught.*]

MOTHER B. Success to you, good Jacques, success to you! [*Drinks, putting glass down with a splutter.*] Why, the wine's corked.

ROSALIE [*With breathless excitement*]. Tush! The wine is excellent! You mustn't leave our toast undrunk or 'twill spell ruin! Drink it mother, drink!

MOTHER B. [*Raising glass unwillingly, drinks.*] Pah, 'tis a foul vintage! 'Tis corked, 'tis corked!

[*Opens fresh bottle. Groans from inner room louder.*]

Go on screeching! Go on screeching!

ROSALIE [*watching MOTHER BONITOT intently, speaking with a loud and boisterous voice*]. Yes, we'll crack another bottle! Drink again!

[*She holds out her glass. MOTHER BONITOT stares at her hand.*]

MOTHER B. Why! How white your hand is!

ROSALIE [*snatching it back, confused*]. My hand—

MOTHER B. [*Staring at her*]. Why—the hand of the aristocrat was white—[*sinking into chair*] What's the matter! The room is reeling! I'm dizzy—dizzy—

JACQUES [*Cries from inner room*]. Help! Help!

MOTHER B. That's not a woman's voice!

JACQUES. Help, help! 'Tis I! I! Jacques the Spy! [*ROSALIE stands, terror struck.*]

MOTHER B. Jacques the Spy—then you—[*with a shriek of rage*] Ah, you are the aristocrat!—Yes, yes, good Jacques, I'm coming—coming—[*she rises from her chair*] I have her—she is safe—ah, my eyes are dancing—the room's falling—falling—

[*MOTHER BONITOT falls back into arm-chair, her head on table, asleep. Knocks at inner door louder.*]

ROSALIE. She sleeps! The boat's at hand! Tomorrow's sun will see me safe—in England!

[*ROSALIE takes key rapidly from MOTHER BONITOT's chatelaine, takes up bundle of jewels, unlocks door, and hurries past window. As she passes she looks back at MOTHER BONITOT, who is fast asleep. The voice of the spy is heard calling frantically for help, as ROSALIE disappears outside.*]

CURTAIN.



NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS For CHILDREN

A Winter Picnic

by Anna
Wentworth
Scars.

HAVE you ever planned to give a child's party, unthinkingly believing it would be an easy matter to entertain twenty or thirty children? You may have fancied that all you had to do was to provide enough ices and cakes and some one "to play the piano," remembering, perhaps, functions of a similar nature that you used to attend in your early days, and how comparatively simple was their order.

If this has been your experience, if you have carried out your plan accordingly, I need not give you my advice—rather my condolence! What a dreary memory of that party you will have! Your utter failure as a hostess will haunt you to your last day, and never again will you have the same conceit as before in your ability to face an emergency. I know how your heart will sink when you recall the bored expressions of your guests when you suggested playing "Blind Man's Buff," which used to be such a thrilling excitement to you. The vision of those small turned-up pug noses will be stamped indelibly on your memory, as will the blush which spread over your cheeks as you realised that your suggestion was primeval in its simplicity. As for "Oranges and Lemons," "General Post," or any of the other good old games of our young days, why, their very mention would shock the sensibilities of the decorous maids in

ten-inch skirts and lads in diminutive knickerbockers.

If you expect that babies in this age will indulge in foolish "kissing games" after having had several years' experience in the intricacies of kindergarten amusements, you have something left to learn. And later, when the hour for refreshments arrived, and you hopefully felt that now your struggles were at an end, for a while at least, you discovered that you had made another mistake.

"Plain sandwiches and quite ordinary." *Sotto voce* the words may have been, but quite distinguishable, as was also the aside, "I never eat plain vanilla ices; we always have mixtures," from another part of the table, and the whispered aside between confidantes: "Isn't the table bare? Our nursery table, even, has flowers and decorations."

Oh yes, you will recognise all that I say as true, at least if you have had the modern child to deal with. I know just how you felt when you retired the night after the party. You were convinced that somehow the world had got a little twisted, and that the children of to-day were quite impossible.

It behoves the mothers to look to their laurels, and bravely face the situation as it is. I know that I felt the necessity of living up to the modernness of my small daughter after the conversation we had on the subject of a seventh-birthday party. Otherwise this article would never have been written.

"So you are tired of progressive game parties and hunts and a regular sit-down-to-a-table supper?" I commented, after we had opened the discussion. "What do you think of a soap-bubble party?" tentatively.

My daughter was not enthusiastic. "When Dorcas had hers," she meditated, aloud, "Lilian pulled down the bowl of soapy water by mistake, and it went all over Stuart's best velvet suit, and it got into his eyes, and he cried——"

"Well, dear heart," I sighed, "it shan't be a soap-bubble party. I will try to think up something, and will let you know what it is to be when I decide;" but I knew from the

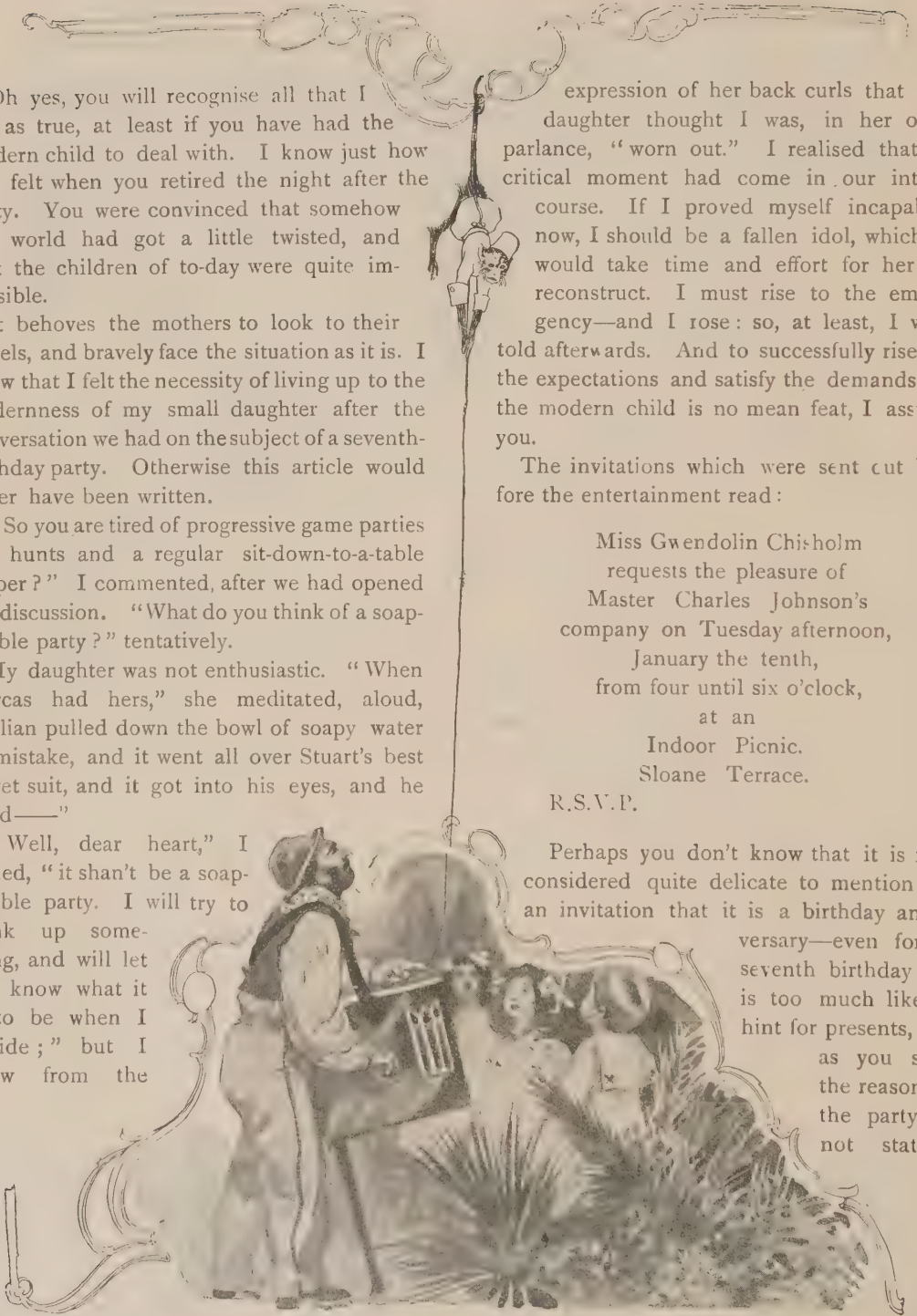
expression of her back curls that my daughter thought I was, in her own parlance, "worn out." I realised that a critical moment had come in our intercourse. If I proved myself incapable now, I should be a fallen idol, which it would take time and effort for her to reconstruct. I must rise to the emergency—and I rose: so, at least, I was told afterwards. And to successfully rise to the expectations and satisfy the demands of the modern child is no mean feat, I assure you.

The invitations which were sent out before the entertainment read:

Miss Gwendolin Chisholm
requests the pleasure of
Master Charles Johnson's
company on Tuesday afternoon,
January the tenth,
from four until six o'clock,
at an
Indoor Picnic.
Sloane Terrace.

R.S.V.P.

Perhaps you don't know that it is not considered quite delicate to mention in an invitation that it is a birthday anniversary—even for a seventh birthday; it is too much like a hint for presents, so, as you see, the reason of the party is not stated.



These invitations in little envelopes went out by hand ten days before the day of the party. The paper on which they were written was engraved with a sylvan scene for decoration, and they excited much comment, some of which was pertinent.

"Thank goodness, it isn't going to be another old Punch and Judy show; I've seen so many of them that they just make me mad—silly things!" was what little Miss Florence McFrilly remarked, when she had perused the note; and, "I knew that Gwen's mother would think of something jolly, and not have a stupid peanut-hunt or a fish-pond, or any of those chestnuts," it was told me that Gwendolin's second cousin Jack had said. I took more pleasure in the reputation that I had established with Gwendolin's second cousin Jack, on her father's side, than in most of my more mature conquests.

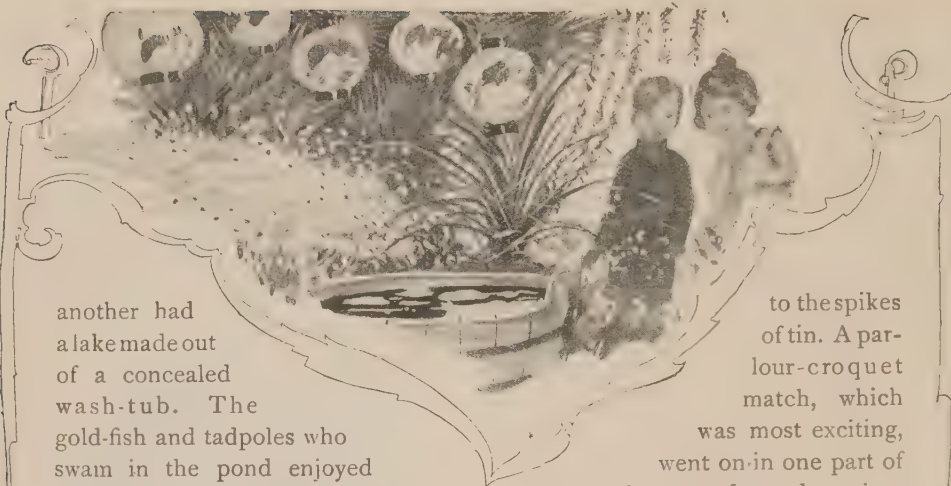
But to establish a reputation for giving amusing entertainments with persons under ten years of age, and to have an indoor picnic, requires that you spend nights in lying awake thinking and days in active doing. The entertainment was expensive to give, too, but not more so than a Punch and Judy show would have been, or a sleight-of-hand man who throws indigestible bonbons to the children, and bores them by turning hats into rabbits—a feat which most babies do not consider at all surprising in the light of a caterpillar turning into a butterfly.

In the first place, before we started operations we had to take all the

pictures and most of the furniture from the room which was to be the picnic-grounds. Then we covered the floor with inexpensive green paper muslin, and put on top of that cones and pine needles and whatever green stuff we could get.



Next, we placed about, to look as natural as possible, fir-trees that we had hired for the occasion and growing palms and plants. We trailed vines over the windows, so that they looked like arbours, and put in them rustic seats, also hired for the occasion. We banked the mantelpiece with boughs and ferns, and made garlands of them for the walls. We made a minute daisy field in one corner with potted plants, and in



another had a lake made out of a concealed wash-tub. The gold-fish and tadpoles who swam in the pond enjoyed their large quarters immensely.

We hung a hammock in a corner, and manufactured a swing for another corner, and we put rustic seats wherever they seemed appropriate. The place really did look enchanting when it was finished; the "picnicky" atmosphere was complete; and when the small guests, after taking off their wraps upstairs, were ushered into the picnic-grounds they were so delighted and surprised that they forgot to be self-conscious, and the ice of their usual party reserve was completely thawed.

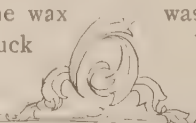
Presently the games began. Such an entertainment would be nothing if not harmoniously carried out, and I tried to preserve the outdoor spirit of all we undertook. There was a target fastened to a tree, at which the older children shot with little bows and arrows, while the younger ones threw wax balls with brilliant feathers—quills at a halfpenny apiece—fastened to them at a prickly target on another tree. The wax balls, if thrown carefully, stuck

to the spikes of tin. A parlour-croquet match, which was most exciting, went on in one part of the grounds, and a ping-

pong tournament in another. After all the contests and games were over we awarded the prizes. The most popular were a canary-bird in a gilt cage and a small Angora kitten.

Now had arrived the hour for refreshments. I flatter myself that I met the difficulty of serving a picnic luncheon indoors as well as I could under the circumstances. And I kept in mind my daughter's prejudice against "a regular sit-down-at-a-table supper."

First the servants brought in small white iron tables, and put them about the picnic-grounds in appropriate places. Then they brought in little camp chairs, and last of all trays on which were pretty picnic baskets tied up with different-coloured ribbons. These they passed to the guests, and each child took one. The boys and girls whose ribbons matched were partners for the supper, and sat together at the same little table. It was great fun to open the picnic basket and discover its con-





tents. In each were a napkin to protect party clothes, a little glass, a daintily-arranged napkin of sandwiches, another of slices of cake, a box of sweets, and a little favour—a doll or a baby-house toy, or a knife or pencil. When all the baskets had been opened and the contents spread out, lemonade and milk were passed, and, later, ice-cream was served direct from the refrigerator, "just like a regular picnic"! Wooden plates were used for the different courses. The service of the supper was so novel that the children forgot to be critical and difficult, and ate everything with a regular picnic appetite. We were not obliged to have any of the costly conceits considered necessary for a child's party. There was no Jack Horner pie or expensive mottoes; the baskets made pretty souvenirs to carry home, and nothing else was needed. Nor were we obliged to have flowers to decorate the table and give as bouquets and boutonnières.

You see, after all, it was not so much more expensive an entertainment than the ordinary party, although the final feature cost something. It was the crowning-point of the whole affair, and not an irregular picnic feature, either. An organ-grinder with a monkey made his appearance when supper was over. It would have been questionable to have introduced the conventional Italian and his belongings into that company of delicately nurtured children.



I had an obliging friend who was enchanted to act the part of organ-man, and we found a trick monkey that we could hire for the occasion. The children were enchanted when monkey and organ were shown in. After they had tired of the little animal they danced to the music. It was a pretty sight to see the small people dancing among the trees by the light of the Japanese lanterns.

The girls' short skirts—of every conceivable hue—twinkled in and out of the greenery as the sturdy arms of the boys steered them in the intricacies of a waltz, or guided them cleverly up and down the room in a merry, romping polka. It was as though some fairy had transformed that dull, prosaic room of ours into a twinkling fairyland. The boys and girls seemed entirely to forget they were confined between four walls, and to remember only that they were in some sylvan glade; the trees and green all about them heightened the illusion, and they tripped to and fro in the dance merrily, as in some fairy ring. I have rarely seen children so completely happy; one and all they abandoned themselves wholly to the magic of the moment, and laughed and talked with an absence of shyness and self-consciousness that delighted me. While I may not have been as regretful as my guests when the hour for departure had arrived, I had a happy sense of having lived up to my daughter's expectations.





A MUSICAL STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY SENTA K. LUDOVIC.

Illustrated by F. L. FULLER.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived in Naples a great musician, who is in our days considered the founder of the more elaborate art of modern piano playing. His ingenuous and clever compositions charm us even nowadays, but the *maestro* would probably be much surprised if he heard them played on a Steinway piano by one of our great artists. The instrument in his room could not aspire even to be called a piano; it was a harpsichord, or a claviacembello, and had a blurred, swishing sound that could never fully yield the effect of the artist's intentions. Next to it stood a harp, equally simple, and far removed from the pedal harp of our days, but, nevertheless the delight of the artist and his friend Ponto.

Domenico Scarlatti was, like every genius, far in advance of his time, and his contemporaries found him not very tractable and easy-going because they could not always understand him. Little inclined for commonplace social pleasures, Scarlatti lived a secluded life in his

little house and garden. The roses and myrtle sent their perfumes through the window, and peeped shyly at the artist and his friend. The latter was a philosopher, or at least he looked like one; but he was, above all, a fine tom-cat, with magnificently glossy black coat and most extraordinarily fascinating manners; at least, his master thought them so. Ponto's four paws and also his imposing tail were tipped with irreproachable white. He was only an ordinary cat of unusually fine dimensions, but his intelligence and his musical understanding were far above the average. The harp had a great attraction for him; first one black paw would steal softly up to the strings, and when the subdued buzzing answer came from them the other paw would stealthily follow. Then issued a wild game, and the louder grew the blurred sounds of the strings the more Ponto enjoyed himself; finally, he would jump about on that harp until his artist's soul had not an atom of dignity left. Scarlatti would interrupt his work to watch the queer animal finding

ever new amusement in this extraordinary performance. Finally, he would get up, take puss gently by the glossy neck, and sit him down on top of the piano, whilst he himself took his place at the harp, and let his fingers glide along the strings. Puss calming down immediately, would begin a comfortable cleaning process, while the artist, forgetting his surroundings, conjured up a flood of melody.

It had happened like this the day I am writing of. Puss sat on the piano, and Scarlatti at the harp. The last harmonious chord was trembling in the air, when the master's eye, in waking from his day-dream, fell on his companion, who sat there with Sphinx-like calm. Far from sleepy, Ponto sat upright and would not move: he also had to be awakened from his contemplation, and only after a specially friendly invitation would he come on his master's shoulder and purr his delight into the artist's ear. For he *was* delighted, though his musical ambition probably never soared so high as destiny had meant him to attain.

Scarlatti had a pupil, a big, ponderous young German with gay blue eyes, fair curls, and a great musical talent. He had travelled all the way from Leipzig to receive the great master's tuition, and his youthful gaiety struggled hard sometimes against the rules of respectful and quiet behaviour to which the old musician and the dignified Ponto were accustomed from grateful pupils.

The stairs creaked under the young student's weight, and his clear tenor voice rang with some sweet melody when he burst on the two inmates of the little house with the rose garden around it. At that moment neither of them was at all in the mood for his turbulent company.

"*Maestro*, shall I have my lesson this morning? I have worked hard and, I think you will find, not badly," the young student called out in Italian with an unmistakably German accent. "Oh, bother you!" or some such Italian equivalent, was Scarlatti's only answer. "I am very worried, and you come at the wrong moment. I wish to find a new idea, a really original theme, far removed from all the commonplace melodies of which Italy abounds—but my brain is barren. In vain

I have striven the whole morning for inspiration. If I could only find an original theme I could work it out at my ease into a most intricate fugue. That would not trouble me much, but the theme, the theme—could I but find a theme to satisfy me! The work must be finished soon; it is ordered. You had better go; I cannot have you now."

The boy's merry face fell, and in his bitter disappointment he cried, "Oh, *Maestro*, how cruel!" The older man's attention was arrested by this genuinely sorry exclamation; the great sympathy which existed between master and pupil in their love of music and their enthusiasm for their art vanquished the former's momentary egotism.

"No, no," he called after the boy at the door, "return and wait here, I will retire into the next room and if you will be patient I will see your work after mine is finished. Do what you like here, while away the time as best you can. Ponto is an amusing companion, but you must not tease him."

"Certainly not, *Maestro*," answered the boy; "I will keep quite still and read over my work again whilst I am waiting for you."

The old professor hobbled away, calling back once more: "Adolphus, I trust you have not brought your dog with you, as you did the other day."

Adolphus only hummed a few bars of a song beginning: "No, no, no, no." Scarlatti taking this to be a satisfactory answer, left him reassured.

Now the youth really intended to be reasonable. Ponto stared at him from the height of the piano with great mistrusting eyes, and followed every movement of Adolphus, who was now unbuttoning his coat. Reminiscences of a sinister kind connected with this coat were stored away somewhere in the cat's memory, hence his misgivings. Adolphus unrolled his music and began reading it. Detecting a fault in it, he bent down to correct it, and in so doing freed a little toy terrier from his prison in the roomy coat-pocket. A leap and a yelp! Ponto's fur became ruffled, he swore a big and terrible oath in the mysterious language of his tribe, and prepared to meet the enemy heroically. The terrier, an agile little fellow, had meanwhile

swung himself on to the piano-stool. Adolphus, with all his boyish instincts on the alert, thought no more of the master's displeasure, nor of his work, but gave himself up recklessly to the enjoyment of inciting the two antagonists to fight. Ponto, infuriated, jumped on to the keyboard, but the little dog continued to yelp and jump about in too great a proximity for the cat to reach the ground. He ran wildly to and fro on the keys, stopping occasionally to confound his opponent with more swearing. The youth's laughter, the dog's wild barking, and Ponto's agitated performance on the piano, at last brought the *maestro* back into the room.

hour elapsed before the *maestro* returned, and then, to the young man's great surprise, he told him to show his work, praised and corrected it, and sent him away happy, telling him to come to-morrow if he wanted to see his master's composition.

Adolphus, thankful to have escaped so easily,



"PONTO, INFURIATED, JUMPED ON TO THE KEYBOARD."

Things looked bad for Adolphus; Scarlatti could be terrible in his wrath, and here he had to deal with a triple crime: the pupil's denial of having brought the dog, the torment caused to Ponto, and the inconsiderate disturbance whilst the master was working. The boy grasped the dog by the neck and hid him in his coat, trying in vain to silence his excited growls. Scarlatti stood at the threshold whilst Ponto rushed once more over the keys before taking refuge on his protector's shoulder. Adolphus, who dared not speak, was genuinely frightened when the master suddenly turned away from him muttering, "I have found it, I have got it. Come along, Ponto." Then he remembered the boy, and, turning round, thundered at him: "You wait till I come back, and let me not hear a sound from you or your dog." Half an

returned the next morning to be shown the great piece of music called "The Cat's Fugue," which is the delight of all players whose fingers are skilled enough to render the creation of Scarlatti's clever brain. The master's explanation of his new composition was, that Ponto's jumpings on the keyboard had suggested the theme of this grand fugue.

If you play the notes of the theme alone (they are given in the heading to this story, where also the portrait of Scarlatti appears), you will find that they sound exactly as if a cat were walking over the keyboard. Thus had Ponto's fury given the inspiration to a remarkable work, and where his master's name and fame is known there will also Ponto's memory not be forgotten.



Photo by Russell & Son.

A GROUP OF THE CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA, WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, THE PATRON, IN THE CENTRE.

THE CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA.



MR. PERCY ARMYTAGE,
THE FOUNDER AND
CONDUCTOR OF THE
UNIQUE ORCHESTRA.

"THE great fundamental idea which we have kept before us during the seventeen years the Children's Orchestra has been established is to show what a band of young people can do to help other children less happily situated in life."

So spoke Mr. Percy Armytage, the Founder and Conductor of this unique Orchestra of young ladies who meet every fortnight for nine months of

the year to practise orchestral music, and whose proud boast it is that by the giving of concerts they have raised over £6,000 for different children's charities since the Orchestra sprang into being.

We were chatting in Mr. Armytage's room at 28, Hans Place, a room lined with photographs, one table being set apart for pictures of members of the Children's Orchestra. The piano in this room bears an inscription that it was a gift from the Orchestra to their Conductor.

While I sat there members of the Orchestra passed through the hall in quick succession, and, divesting themselves of their outdoor wraps, found their way to the music room upstairs where the opening rehearsal of the eighteenth season was about to be held.

"In all these years I believe I have only missed taking one rehearsal," said Mr. Armytage, "and that was through illness. This Orchestra began in most informal fashion. In 1885 I arranged a Children's 'Toy' Orchestra, with cuckoo, nightingale and a mixed medley of instruments for a charitable entertainment at Downshire House; the children enjoyed the work immensely, and it was suggested to me to form them into a regular band with the object of giving concerts for benevolent purposes.

"As our band, which, by the bye, has always been a

strictly private one, progressed, the 'toy' instruments were gradually eliminated, and violins, violas, cellos and basses, etc., took their place. We still retain the Turkish bells, which are played by our most youthful members; these can be undertaken by little girls of seven, at which age they are admitted to the Orchestra. As the years go by these children move up in the band and play the string instruments.

"H.R.H. the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, took the keenest interest in the Orchestra and was our President till the time of her death. The children frequently gave concerts in aid of charities in which the Princess was interested. They also played at the White Lodge when the Duke and Duchess celebrated their Silver Wedding, and again at the garden party held there in honour of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"On the death of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg became our President, the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who has been interested in the Orchestra since its commencement, being our Vice-President. But now," said Mr. Armytage, breaking off, "I must go and take the rehearsal which I should like you to come up and hear." Nothing loth, I followed him into the music room where the young musicians with their violins and other instruments were in readiness.

At the extreme end of the room, which terminates in a conservatory, were the drums, grand piano and the organ at which latter Mrs. Percy Armytage presides. In one corner of the room are kept the red and blue silk banners which were designed and worked by Mrs. Percy Armytage for the Orchestra. These banners bear the motto of the Children's Orchestra, "Omnia Pro Bono," and are always hung in a conspicuous place at concerts and festive gatherings of the Orchestra.

It was the prettiest sight possible to watch that band of children, some of them

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"

others scarcely out of the nursery with short frocks

and flowing hair, and each responding so delightedly when Mr. Armytage addressed them personally.

"The National Anthem," commanded the Conductor, raising his baton. With this the rehearsal commenced, the drums rolled, the bells clashed as the little musicians jerked them in time, violins and cellos sang, and a good volume of sound filled the room.

"God Save the King" at an end, the Orchestra seated itself and the serious work of the afternoon began. Practically all the music given out was "read at sight," the ensemble was excellent, the children responding quickly to the slightest movement of Mr. Armytage's baton. It was pleasant to hear the Orchestra ringing the changes from grave to gay. First the stately march, "Pomp and Circumstance," by Elgar, followed by a selection from "The Country Girl," and also a Suite by Tchaikowsky.

"Hard work," said Mr. Armytage, as they gave the joyous Finale with excellent effect. He laid down his baton and the strings who had been rigorously following his lead rested their violins thankfully. A brief rest and then came the Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which brought the rehearsal to a conclusion.

After this, instruments were put away, the music promptly slipped into long cases of thick brown paper stamped "The Children's Orchestra," the bells were carefully replaced in their bags, the double basses and the drums put back in their resting-places till the next practice, whilst the smaller instruments were taken home by their owners. The muster is sixty members when the Orchestra is full, but every year it changes considerably, "because they will grow up," said Mr. Armytage plaintively. "That is really the most trying feature of the band, for it means that year after year we have to begin at the beginning. When the children reach their eighteenth birthday they have to leave us. It is, of course, a natural proceeding, yet it is a difficult task to bring up the band to its full strength when each autumn we re-open with reduced numbers. It has always been the endeavour of the Committee and myself to keep the Orchestra if possible formed of children who know each other and whose parents are friends."

"Does your Committee meet often?" I asked.

"Once a month during nine months of the year. It is formed of parents of the children belonging to the Orchestra and ladies selected by the President and Committee. These include: Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Roden, the Countess of Romney, the Lady Stratheden and Campbell, Lady Jeune, Lady Milman, Lady Lockwood, Mrs. Percy Armytage, Mrs. Henry Dickens, Mrs. Percy Thomas, Mrs. Lawrence Hasluck, Mrs. Charles Cave, Mrs. Edward Drummond and Mrs. Whitaker Thompson.

"A new member of the Orchestra must be 'proposed' and 'seconded' by the parent of a member past or present, or by a member of the Committee, and the candidate's parents must be personally known to both proposer and seconder. This rule is rigorously observed."

"Do you find the girls very regular in their attendance?"

"Yes, indeed! the number of absences is notably small, as no member can take part in a concert unless she has attended at least half the number of previous rehearsals, including the final one; whilst any member staying away three consecutive rehearsals, except through illness or absence from London, ceases to belong to the Orchestra. There are many other rules which our members must observe. They have a special uniform for concerts—white dresses, made high, with red and blue sashes slung across the shoulder and the badge of the orchestra, black shoes and stockings, black ribbons in the hair, and no jewellery. At concerts as well as at rehearsals members must wear their badges which are only theirs so long as they are members of the Orchestra. They are not allowed to play in any other orchestra or at any public performance without having first obtained permission from the Conductor."

"I think you said that your Orchestra once played before the late Queen Victoria?"

"Yes! we were commanded to Windsor in 1890, and at a very short notice. A letter was received from Sir Henry Ponsonby on Saturday, March 8th, saying that Her Majesty would be pleased to hear the band play at Windsor Castle the following Tuesday evening at 10 P.M. You can perhaps guess how highly delighted and not a little excited were the members of the Orchestra." The children were conveyed by a special train to Windsor, and reached the Castle by 9 o'clock where charming preparations had been made by Her Majesty's household for her little guests. The concert took place in the Green Drawing Room, which was exquisitely decorated with flowers; it lasted for one hour. Her Majesty's gracious words to the children at the close of the performance can never be forgotten by those to whom they were addressed. The day after the concert Mr. Armytage received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby to say that the Queen was much pleased with the performance and had graciously consented to become the Patron of the Children's Orchestra.

The business and correspondence of the Orchestra is carried on at Mr. Armytage's office by his private secretary, Mr. A. C. Michils, who is also secretary to the Orchestra. In large volumes is kept an interesting record of the entire history of the Orchestra, the names of all members, past and present, the minutes of each Committee meeting year after year, and the programmes of each concert, and there have been many. To mention all the charities for which the Children's Orchestra has worked would take up too much space.

The final concert of the season 1902 was given at the Westminster Town Hall on July 9th in aid of Lady Jeune's Country Holidays Fund when £105 was realised. The band was composed as follows:—

1st Violins: Miss Marjorie Husey (Principal), Miss Beatrice Langley, Miss Primrose Roy, Miss Violet Greenwood, Miss Audrey folkes, Miss Marjorie

Pigeon, Miss Brenda Collins, Miss Dorothy Hutchinson.

2nd Violins: Miss Norah Hasluck (Principal), Miss Kathleen Barry, Miss Jessie Roy, Miss Evelyn Sylvester Samuel, Miss Olive Cave, Miss Madge Lockwood, Miss Esme Graham, Miss Dorothy Wallace.

Violas: Miss Muriel Thomas (Principal), Miss Irene à Beckett Terrell, Miss Eileen Wallace.

Violoncellos: Miss Phyllis Hasluck (Principal), Miss Edith Pigeon, Miss Violet Graham, Miss Morwenna McNeill.

Double Basses: Miss Ethel Powell (Principal), Miss Lilian Cave.

Flute and Oboe: Miss Rosa Græme.

Clarionets: Miss Naomi Wallace.

Bassoon: Miss Gertrude Malkin.

Bass Drum: Miss Marion Thompson.

Cymbals: Miss Edith Edinger.

Side Drum: Miss Daphne Milman (Principal), Miss Dorothy Cave.

Triangles: Miss Hermione à Beckett Terrell, Miss Cynthia à Beckett Terrell.

Bells: Miss Eveline Thompson (Principal), Miss Enid Goolden, Miss Gertrude Langley, Miss Marjorie Napier, Miss Barbara Stirling, Miss Désirée Dickinson, Miss Katherine Burnell.

Pianoforte: Miss Dorothy Goolden.

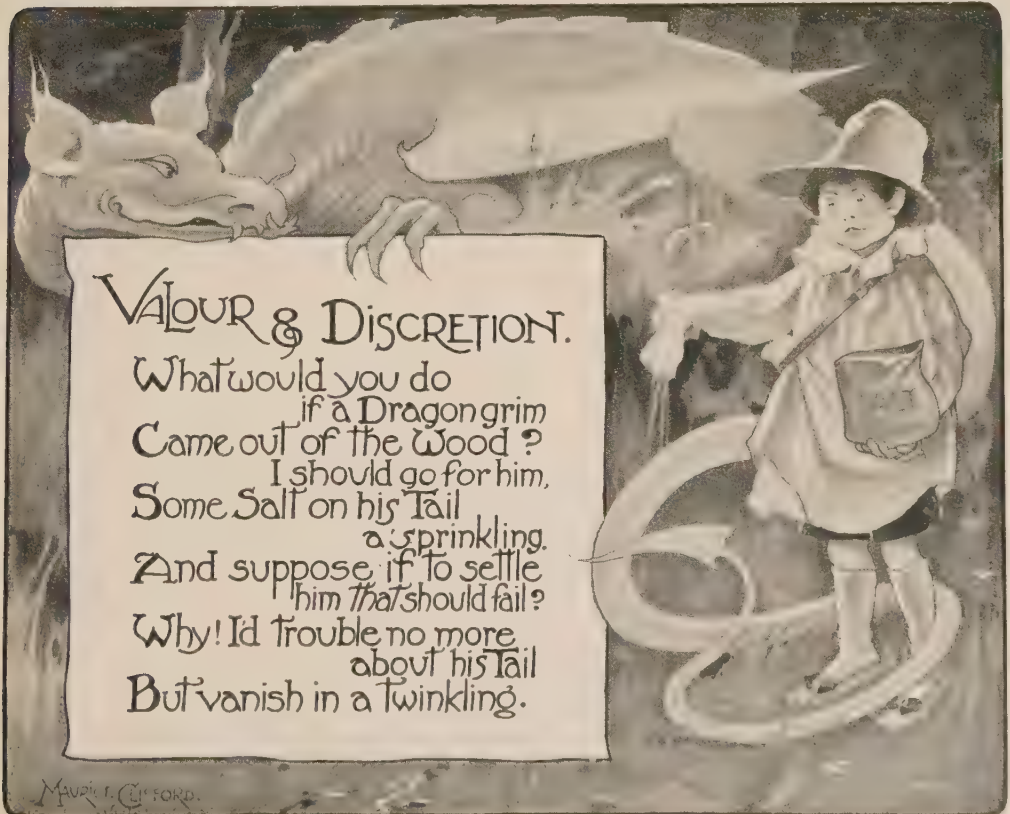
Organ: Mrs. Percy Armytage.

Conductor: Mr. Percy Armytage.

Sub-Conductor: Miss Muriel Thomas.

Nearly every Children's Hospital in London has received substantial benefit from the Children's Orchestra. In addition to charity concerts, the Orchestra on one or two special occasions has given concerts at various Institutions, among them the Duke of York's School, and the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where, in celebration of Queen Victoria's eightieth Birthday, a concert was given in the Great Hall before the old pensioners. At the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Belgrave Hospital for Children, by H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Orchestra was in attendance and played a selection of music.

Thus quietly and unostentatiously for many years has Mr. Armytage led his young band, teaching them not only to work for the good of others, but to benefit themselves by the regular orchestral practice, and above all inculcating in them all unconsciously that *esprit de corps* which makes so much for good in this world, where the effort of the individual alone is not to be considered, but the result that is produced by all seeking together to produce a great harmonious whole.





HOW I CAN EARN A LIVING.

BY
FRANCES H.
LOW.

Journalism appeared October and November; The
Care of Children, December; The Reply to a
Business Letter, January.

LADIES' TEA ROOMS.—I.

I AM struck by the number of young women who want to start tea rooms, usually without possessing the most rudimentary qualifications that are necessary if one is to meet with the most modest success. Only last week an impulsive young lady wrote and asked if I did not think that such-and-such a place which she named would be excellent for her proposed tea shop, adding in answer to a few questions I had put before giving any advice: "No, my friend, and I don't know anything about housekeeping or the 'purchase of food in the cheapest market,' and we are certainly *not* business women. Alas! neither of us are cooks, but we know a splendid place for buying delightful little cakes, and our dresses, which we are designing ourselves, will be a great 'draw,' more especially as I am exceptionally tall and fair, whilst my friend, who is really beautiful, is very statuesque and has black hair and eyes." The writer of these foolish words, an innocent country girl who has lived all her life at a country vicarage, is, of course, an extreme example of ignorance and recklessness, to whom an enterprise, such as a tea shop, presents itself as "great fun," in which the principal anxiety to a charmingly pretty girl will be whether her uniform will be as becoming to her as to her dark friend.

But only a very small percentage of those who propose to open tea shops seem to have any idea that for this trade, as well as most others, training and the possession of definite qualifications are indispensable. I have scarcely ever come across a lady proposing to start a tea shop who was able to answer my question, "Can you make your own cakes?" truthfully in the affirmative. And yet in my judgment this is a prime, essential qualification for any one undertaking a tea shop, except in London, for these reasons, which are peculiar to the Metropolis. First, that the London tea shops being for the most part in the richest and most fashionable parts of the town, very high prices can be asked and obtained for a cup of tea; and next, that the very best quality of produce is to be procured in London at a few minutes' notice. So that, though it would not perhaps be imperatively necessary from the mere business point of view for the West End

proprietress to know how to make her own cakes, it is unquestionably so for the woman whose tea shop is in the country; or even in one of the many hundreds of large towns where it is the most difficult thing in the world to buy a dainty, delicate cake, made of a few simple ingredients instead of one in which all the materials used were stale.

Now I am constantly asked to decide on the conflicting views held and recently expressed by two ladies regarded as having a knowledge of women's work. According to one, the tea shop enterprise has been so overdone that she now "advises girls to take up dressmaking in preference," whilst her friend is just as positive that if only ladies would set up tea shops all over London they would "do splendidly." My opinion is that the whole truth on this question is in the middle way of the paths taken by these two ladies. I should certainly say that there are no more openings for tea shops in the area of the West stretching from Oxford Street to Knightsbridge, and taking in all the district of Baker Street, and also South Kensington, which is extremely well provided for, and I should strongly dissuade any girl, even with the proper training and an immense circle of friends, from starting a tea shop in the West End. On the other hand, I am equally convinced that there are countless openings for country tea shops with "combinations," and that the successful working of them by a couple of clever girls—sisters or friends—might mean a pleasant, delightful free country life, in which an income could be obtained that will enable these workers to lay by provision for old-age. Adjoining the shop there might be a cottage or flat where the friends would live; or, better still, where they might be able to spend the leisure part of their active lives in intercourse with their families.

But because I say this, after very deliberate consideration and knowledge of the facts, do not those of you, my dear readers, who are attracted by the picture, at once decide upon drawing out your money from the bank—where it is safe—to start a fascinating little tea shop, say, at that lovely place up the mountain, which your friends,

the Jones's, told you was visited by thousands of English people in the summer all wanting tea. Do not act on random information of this kind. Even the most probable inference must not be trusted. For instance, there is one fashionable place in England constantly honoured by Royalty and the aristocracy, that has never been able to maintain a financially successful tea shop of the Bond Street kind; yet it would be difficult to explain the causes of this failure. By far the best way, unless you have some trustworthy friends who are resident in the place, and who have a large enough circle of friends to be able to supply you with representative data, is for you to get into touch with one or two business men (builders are not as a rule independent enough for our purpose), a few retired tradesmen and one or two people with good social connections. There is another source from which you could obtain reliable information, and as it is likely to be a very important one I want to say a few most emphatic words in connection therewith. Before you commit yourself on a single point, obtain through your father or some person with knowledge of the world, the name

OF RESPECTED LOCAL SOLICITORS AND GET
THEIR CO-OPERATION.

You may think that to have to pay a firm of solicitors a retaining fee of thirty or forty guineas is an extravagance of expenditure that you must not dream of till you are "making money." Now once you are doing this you will have gained the necessary experience; but what I want to impress on you is the urgent necessity for having at your back, from your earliest days, respected, trustworthy solicitors, even if it means their receiving the profits of the first three years. I cannot give you any idea of the value they can be to you, not only with sound business advice in protecting you from the unscrupulous, but in a thousand other ways—references for tradesmen and bankers, negotiating with landlords who often take advantage of women, and so forth. If you have the good fortune to avail yourself of the helpful knowledge of the world and human nature possessed by many quiet, honourable country solicitors, you will

(To be continued.)

be saved a thousand expenses and worries; and I cannot too strongly impress on you that your very first step after reviewing the district should be to present your introduction to your future solicitor.

HINTS AS TO SUITABLE LOCALITIES.

It would not serve any useful purpose if I gave the names of actual places which seem to me to offer excellent opportunities for a tea venture, but I can, I think, give a few useful hints to any readers who are on the lookout for a suitable place. For example, within a few miles of Guildford there are two favourite summer resorts. In both of them, hotels and boarding houses abound; and there are the usual unprepossessing confectioners, whose wares—coarse currant buns, stodgy cakes, tarts with gruesome "custard," and the like, are anything but tempting to the numerous well-to-do people who come there year after year. Now, a dainty little tea shop, not in the village but along the high road, would be a grand success all through the summer, as in addition to the visitors there is a constant stream of cyclists.

Another hint. If the tea shop could be established near to the little country stations, which in both of these little towns are some way from the village shops, another set of customers—those waiting for trains or waiting to meet friends and drive them perhaps four or five miles—would gladly avail themselves of the comforts offered by a well-managed little depot of this sort. In my next article I shall speak of the "combinations" that might be added to the tea department, and that would be necessary from a financial point of view, as the summer season would be too short to permit of entire dependence upon the profits derived during this period. The two localities I have indicated are by no means isolated examples. All over England, Wales and Scotland there are openings for these concerns, and every likelihood of their being lucrative, provided care is exercised and the situation viewed in all its aspects, viz., whether useful to cyclists, whether possible to continue during the winter, what other branches can be added so as to compensate for a short summer season, etc., etc. On all these points I shall have something further to say.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I most deeply regret that several letters seem to have gone astray, and hope that any one who has never had an answer will write to me again.

INCOME AT HOME (Constantia).—Yours is a brave, courageous letter. And as you want to make so small an addition I shall not feel happy till I have put you in the way of doing it. Now here are two suggestions. Suggest to Lady X. that she should pay for the half-dozen or so girls (who have not sufficient intelligence to get situations) to be taught weaving, and that you yourself should be the teacher at thirty pounds a year. If she agrees to this you might go to Mrs. King's School of Weaving at Haslemere. Tell Mrs. King, who is a sympathetic woman, exactly how much you are prepared to spend. Make a similar suggestion to the authorities of the National Schools in your locality. If this does not meet your fancy, could you not utilise your "ornamental" capacity (with which adjective I disagree), and make little dainties which people would gladly purchase at higher prices than the shops ask, in the shape of delicious homemade marmalade, potted meats, jellies, afternoon tea biscuits and the like? You could make it known through these columns, and

would, with a moderate degree of success, make the little extra income.

THE INVESTING OF £1000 (Clyde).—I do not think I could give you any advice of a useful kind as I know nothing of the particular investments. Have you no solicitor who could advise you? If not, let me advise you to consult Mrs. Ashton Jonson, The Sesame Club, Piccadilly, W. She gives practical advice on business undertakings, and can be absolutely relied upon. She is practical, most wise and most disinterested, and I hope you will let me hear you have obtained her counsel before handing over your money.

TRAINING TO BECOME A JOURNALIST (Alice Ray).—I am not sure whether the lady journalist would think it worth her while to take you for the small fees you offer. But send me a stamped envelope and I will put you into communication with her. Many thanks for your kind words. If you like to call and see me when you come to London, "isolated and almost friendless," do. Only you must let me make an appointment beforehand.

(Remainder of Answers next month.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN ENGLISH FAMILY, resident near the Hellespont, in Asiatic Turkey, wish to engage as Teacher and Mother's Help for two children (a girl of 12 and boy of 4½) a young lady of sound education and cultivated tastes. She must have liking and natural aptitude for tuition, bright, cheerful disposition, even temper, high principles, and genuine love of children. (The two with whom she would have to deal are not spoiled, very intelligent, and would give little trouble to any person with ordinary tact.) Her duties

will be light. She must nevertheless be energetic, active, strong, orderly, an early riser, and possess good health. German, French, and music not essential. Will be considered and treated absolutely as friend and equal. Age 18 to 24. Three years' engagement. Salary £35 per annum. Outward passage (first class) paid; also first class return at end of engagement. For further particulars write to F. R. J. Calvert, Esq., Thymbra, Plain of Troy Dardanelles, Turkey.

MY CHAT WITH

BY ALICE

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

CORKRAN.



MISS LOUISA INNES LUMSDEN, the first head-mistress of St. Leonard's School, Fife, has written in the school "Gazette" a letter which I wish all girls could read. It touches upon the points that make the business of life a noble or an ignoble one to play. Over those points woman has a mighty influence. "If we will think of it we must admit that the ideal is the only true reality, that it never can be wholly materialised," she says. This truth struck me as I read her letter. It is the ideal that is the truth in life, and so far as we have it clear before us so far we can guide our life by it. She traces the history of St. Leonard's School since its foundation in 1877. Before that time its local habitation had been in two houses at the end of Queen Street. The Council elected Miss Lumsden as the head-mistress of the new institution. She was full of hope and full of energy, but she tells us she was as inexperienced a head-mistress, practically, "as school was ever blessed or cursed with." The ideal, however, was clear before her, and she set about realising it as best she could. Hers was to be true in thought and deed and word, and to endeavour to make her girls feel the beauty and holiness of truth, and to fit them to carry it out. To be truthful you must be courageous, you must have your nerves well under control. It was a quality that in the old times—or what seems to us the old times—was considered to belong peculiarly to man. To have these nerves strong, well balanced, the necessity of a fine physique became more and more apparent to Miss Lumsden. The young ladies in the novels of long ago, in which our grandmothers are portrayed, may be looked upon as the ideal young ladies of the time. They never went out for a real walk, they never came in touch with what was rough and wholesome, they studied the elegance of life—they were, in short, ladylike in their tastes and their habits. They had vapours, they fainted upon the slightest excuse, they were timorous to a degree. Their ideals and their practices were guided by their notions of decorum, of correctness and femininity.

I have many letters from girls telling me of their ideals in life and of their ideal of a lady. In none of these letters do I find what is "decorous in a female"—which was the way of speaking of women in the days of Bonaparte—to be the preoccupation of my correspondents.

Miss Lumsden tells us that in 1877 there were no playgrounds in girls' schools. "For in those days to look for a playground in a girls' school seemed as incongruous as it would be now to seek for a sewing class in a boys' school." Taken on the intellectual side, Cheltenham College and other institutions were revolutionising the instruction given to girls, but nothing as yet had been thought about for their physical education. St. Leonard's led the way. There was a purpose in the movement, as I have shown you. To make girls of a courageous temper, quick to take a resolve, to be sensitive to the honour of comradeship, to be staunch to their school, these precious qualities, much more developed in boys than in girls, were now to be cultivated. The training they were to have in the playground was to develop in them a sense of honour. It was to be bred in the open air, in the fine healthiness of wind and sunshine, in the active play of limbs, in the discipline of the courtesies of the playing field. Miss Lumsden started the first playground in a girls' school at St. Leonard's. Girls playing at boys' games shocked many of the good people of St. Andrews, as for a while it continued to shock the people who lived in England. All sense of delicacy would be lost, was the cry. But Miss Lumsden went on nevertheless. Still, she says, "It is easy to exaggerate the value of games and there is falsehood in all extremes."

The central idea of her school was "trust." The girls were to trust their mistresses, the mistresses to trust their girls. This was a tremendous revolution against the system of prying and spying that still was in force in many institutions. You may all have read Currer Bell's novel "Vilette," and perhaps you will remember the head-mistress, Madame Beck, stealing through the dormitories at night, examining the pockets, the drawers of pupils and pupil teachers, reading the letters which she found therein, making herself, in short, acquainted with all the projects and the doings of the young people under her charge. Dean Stanley, in the noble memoir of his beloved master, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, has recorded the manliness developed by his system of trust in boys. The master believed in his boys, he never questioned their word. It was a simple human relationship of perfect trust between them, the trust of man to man; and the boys put upon their honour were ashamed of betraying the

confidence reposed in them. Miss Lumsden felt this and established this system with her girls. She trusted them and they acknowledged the obligation, and did not break the bond between them and their teachers. Of the purpose and the profit of the studies at St. Leonard's ample record exists, but it is upon the effect of the training for women by the school that the head-mistress dwells. Every girl, be she intellectual or not, can become a true woman, the portrait of which Miss Lumsden draws:—

"She may have little or no direct influence over the insincerities of business, the frauds and meannesses of trade and commerce; but indirectly they, as women, will have something, nay, perhaps much to do with these things. By mad extravagance, by vanity and luxury and folly, they can encourage, even demand, the heaping up and the spending of vast fortunes. Or by insistence upon simplicity of life, by curbing folly and the insatiate desire of having, they can make wealth secondary, even despicable. At all events the insincerities of daily life, social shams, follies of dress and behaviour, the superficialities and mere conventionalities of so-called religion—these are in their unchallenged sphere, and these they can stand out against."

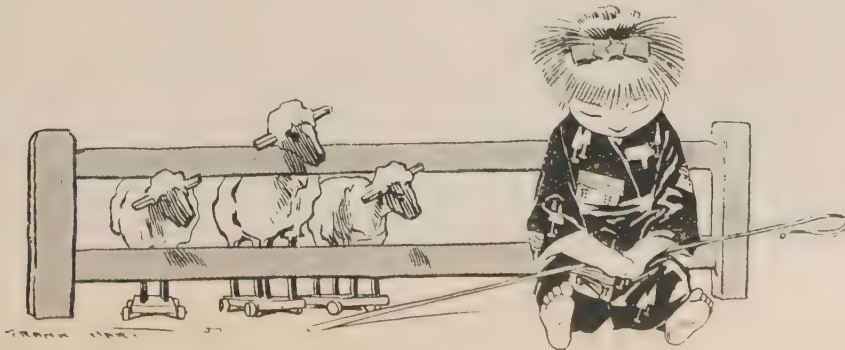
The price of such women will be far above rubies to their homes, even to society at large. Their influence over husbands and over those who come within their range will be such as Browning writes:—

"You will have blessed him to his whole life's end—
Low passions hindered, baser cares kept back,
All goodness cherished where you dwelt—and dwell."

And now, let me turn to my letters. A phrase in WHITE VIOLET'S long and interesting epistle from Germany struck me: "My ideal lady must be very sensitive because one must feel in order to feel for others, or to know how they are feeling." Yes, sensitiveness and imagination are the two characteristics of the true lady, for they are at the root of all the sympathy that enables her to guess the pain of another. I have known poor working women who possessed this sympathy, and they were "ladies" in the truest sense of the word. Quick to feel a slight—you could see how it hurt by their wavering glance—they were eager to spare the sting of it to another. They had a hint of noble breeding in their blood, these lowly ones, a hint not to be found in that of many a stately possessor of castle or

mansion. "White Violet" tells me of a hurtful experience that was lately hers in German society. "Am I too proud and sensitive?" she asks, and the soreness at her heart, bred by the brutality of the incident pierces through her question. No, dear Violet, you are not. You were hurt, and you fled from the scene in which you had received your wound. It might have helped you to bear it with equanimity if you could have remembered that this man's deplorable manner was the result of an over-estimate of his special individuality. He thought himself in his own personal distinction lifted above humanity, and above the necessity of paying observance to the shades of courtesy to be observed towards women and towards the weaker ones of life. It was not so much against you and against the young girls with you that he offended. His demeanour was the special offering he made at the shrine of family position.

BELINDA writes me quite a despairing little letter. She has not passed her examination. "I shall never pass it," she says. "I am so frightened that I forget everything. What am I to do? I knew all the answers to the questions asked, but I was so frightened that I forgot them all." Dear Belinda, it is a'l nervousness, and nervousness is to be conquered. Do you take enough fresh air? Do you accustom yourself to look brightly and confidently at the ordeals you have to pass? Many girls who succeed in passing their examinations have told me that they make it a practice never to think of their studies when they are not actually at work. Never worry your mind. Let it rest completely between times. Concentrate upon your studies when you are at work, but put the thought of them away completely when you are not busy with them. Over-work consists in never allowing yourself an interval of healthy quiet, of entire forgetfulness of the subjects upon which you have been absorbed so long. Miss Fawcett, on the day that she surpassed the achievements of the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, played a game of lawn tennis just before going into the examination hall. During the time of her preparation she never neglected recreation. To play was as sacred as it was to work. Her example is one that should be followed by all students. I cannot answer to-day the other letters I had hoped to reply to. That of VERONICA I should have liked to notice, but my space has come to an end. MARIE'S, also, I must defer considering.



THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD.—VIII.



Drawn by R. Y. CORY.

THE LONG WET DAY.



THE FISHERS.

From a photograph by WINIFRED ROWLEY MILLER.



THE PEOPLE OF TENNYSON.
A SERIES OF SIX PICTURES
BY J. S. ELAND,
OF WHICH THIS IS THE FOURTH.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

"So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur,
But ere he dipt the surface rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt."

—See Editor's note on page 394.



LIVING PICTURES.

Being Mabel's Wonderful Experiences at the Wallace Gallery.

BY GEORGE PASTON.

Illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.

"DIEGO VELASQUEZ DE SILVA, known as Velasquez," read out Miss Maxwell, "'pupil of Francisco Herrera the Elder, at Seville, and then of Francisco Pacheco in the same city; further developed under the influence of——' Are you attending, Mabel?"

"Ye—yes," answered Mabel, hastily swallowing a yawn, for the thoroughness of Miss Maxwell's educational methods was decidedly fatiguing. "'Under the influence of——'"

But Miss Maxwell's—or rather the catalogue-compiler's—sentence remained unfinished, for just then the governess caught sight of her dear friend, Fräulein Müller, who was wandering round the gallery by herself, and a minute later the pair were seated side by side on one of the velvet-covered benches, exchanging the interminable confidences which Mabel knew were not usually intended for her ear. Being an honourable little girl, she moved away to a distant seat, and sat down to rest, for she was tired of staring at pictures, and wanted her tea. They were in the long room on the first floor of the Wallace Gallery at Hertford House, and they had done most of the smaller rooms very

conscientiously. Mabel's mother was a modern woman, and Miss Maxwell was a modern, Girton-trained governess, and they were both quite determined that Mabel should imbibe as much art and culture as possible during a winter in town. On art Miss Maxwell was particularly strong, and she had already introduced her charge to the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the Historical Portrait Gallery. The last Mabel had found the most fatiguing, because all the pictured people were real, and there were all their dates and the details of their careers to be remembered as well as those of the painters. Mabel felt bound to try and remember as much as she could, because she knew that if she did not, Miss Maxwell would be blamed.

On this particular occasion there were not many people in the gallery, because it was not a free day; and, besides, the light was bad, for it was getting near closing time. Mabel indulged in a comfortable, undisguised yawn, and looked round, feeling more charitably disposed towards the pictures, now that the catalogue was resting idly on Miss Maxwell's knee. Exactly

opposite to her was the famous "Laughing Cavalier,"* and for the first time she looked at him through her own eyes, though a painful reminiscence of the notice of his creator still lingered in her mind—"Franz Hals depicts with a vital force and energy hardly paralleled in art the brighter and more momentary aspects of——"

"Thank goodness," observed Mabel, addressing the portrait, "we don't know anything about you, and even the name they've given you is clearly wrong, because you're not really laughing at all. You look as if you'd got a private joke, and you may be laughing internally, like old Mr. Weller, but outwardly you're only smirking."

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth than she jumped up and went closer to the portrait, for she fancied that she saw the muscles twitching at the corners of the mouth, and she was almost certain that there was a sparkle of fun in the eyes. As she gazed into the pictured face the lips slowly unclosed, revealing a row of white even teeth, and the eyes screwed themselves up as the Cavalier actually began to laugh. Mabel did not feel particularly surprised at this phenomenon, because the portrait was so life-like that there seemed no sufficient reason why it should not both laugh and talk.

"Oh, do tell me the joke!" she said eagerly. "You've kept it to yourself for three or four hundred years; you must be longing to tell it to someone."

He laughed again—such a mellow, ringing laugh.

"I couldn't tell it to you," he said, "You're too young; you wouldn't understand it. Besides, though it was a very good joke when it was new, it is now, as you say, more than three hundred years old, and is probably worn threadbare by this time."

Mabel looked at him with some dissatisfaction.

"I suppose you told it to Franz Hals," she said. "And so he made you what the catalogue calls 'one of his freer and more humorous portrait studies.' I should have thought you cared too much about your clothes to be fond of jokes. I never saw a man so dressed up—what with your brocade sleeves and your satin sash and your lace collar and cuffs. It must have

taken you a long time to dress for your portrait."

His face suddenly softened, and the laughter went out of his eyes.

"I didn't dress up for my portrait," he said. "This was the suit I went courting in. She—my sweetheart—wanted me to be painted in it, and the picture was for her. When I went to the wars I wasn't dressed like this—sometimes we were all reduced to rags; but I did not fight the worse for liking fine feathers in time of peace. Your men never seem to put on handsome clothes, even when they come here with their sweethearts. They always wear ugly black pots on their heads, and black bags on their legs."

"Well, anyhow," retorted Mabel, instantly on the defensive, "they don't fight any the worse for not dressing up like peacocks in time of peace. By the way," she added, "are you the only picture that can talk, or do the others ever come to life?"

"All except the unreal ones," he said; "and there are not many of them in this assembly. Our off-time generally comes at night, and, anyhow, we never talk to the grown-ups; they are too dense, and they always have their noses in the catalogue. But if you walk round, you'll find that most of the portraits are willing to have a chat."

Mabel looked about her with eager interest, and saw that there was a strange stir among the pictures. The ladies and gentlemen were relaxing, with an air of relief, from their long-maintained attitudes, the dogs were stretching themselves, and even in the landscapes she could see the trees waving, and hear the brooks murmuring over the stones. She wandered on, and felt the cool breezes blow on her cheeks from the brown woods of a Hobbema, and wondered where the road led that wound away so mysteriously under the trees.*

"I should love to bicycle through those woods," she thought to herself; "the roads are so delightfully shady, and as flat as a table."

A little farther on she was startled by a loud splashing sound, and the next instant a cloud of salt spray dashed in her face. A big fishing-boat

* "The Laughing Cavalier," by Franz Hals. No. 84.

* No. 95.

was cutting its way through the rough water of a river's mouth, and the waves foamed up round its bows. On board the men were lounging about in comfortable attitudes, and one of them was drinking out of a big bottle. A stately ship lay at a little distance, and a small rowing-boat was putting out towards her.*

"No, I think I'd rather not, thank you," said Mabel hastily, as a woman in the little boat shouted an invitation to her to come out with them to the ship. "I'm not very fond of the sea. At least, I like it very much from the beach, but there seems to be a great deal of wind to-day."

"Ah, Master Albert Cuypp cared nothing for wind," laughed one of the sailors. "He could sail a ship as well as he could paint her, and that's not saying little. Often and often have we——" But his voice was lost in the roaring of the waves, and Mabel quickly passed on to a more peaceful subject.

A long straight avenue of trees lay stretched out in front of her. Near the entrance stood a man in a red cloak holding a couple of small horses, while a black-and-tan terrier kept an eye on the three. A cow was lying down at the side of the road, and another man was riding

towards the group. On one side of the avenue were some ruins, and on the other a river, with a little town, consisting chiefly of wind-mills, stretched along the further bank.*

"That must be Dordrecht," observed Mabel.

* "Landscape with Avenue." By Cuypp. No. 51.



* "River Scene." By Cuypp. No. 49.

"ARE YOU ATTENDING, MABEL?" ASKED MISS MAXWELL. (P. 375.)

I remember the catalogue said that Cuyp lived there and often painted it. How quaint it looks! I wish I could walk up that avenue and see what there is at the other end!"

The picture-frame looked exactly like a door, which opened upon the pleasant sunlit road. Just for fun Mabel cautiously put out one foot, and the next moment she found herself standing under the trees, close to the man with the two horses. Looking back into the room, she could see Miss Maxwell and Fräulein Müller still absorbed in their conversation.

"Supposing I can't get back!" she said to herself. "I must take care not to go too far."

The red-cloaked man smiled pleasantly at her, and the little terrier ran up to sniff at her skirts.

"Is that Dordrecht?" she asked the man. "That little town on the river-bank?"

"Dordrecht—yes," he answered, waving his hand in the direction of the wind-mills. "You go straight on to the end of the avenue, cross the bridge and turn to the right—that will take you into the town. I would show you the way, but I must wait here with the horses for my young masters."

"I should like to go on," thought Mabel. "It would be fun if I could go home and say I had seen Dordrecht. I don't believe even mother has been there. But then she would want me to show it to her on the map, and ask me who founded it, and about the architecture of the churches, and the battles that have been fought in the neighbourhood. No—I don't think I will go to Dordrecht after all. Besides, I might lose my way, and not get back by the time Miss Maxwell was ready to go."

So she thanked the red-cloaked man for his information, and then stepped carefully back through the frame. Going a little further on, she came upon a pale-faced little girl holding a basket of strawberries.*

"Oh, what a funny little girl!" said Mabel. "You're the strawberry girl, aren't you? But why are you so dreadfully yellow and faded? You look worse than I did before mother made me take iron. Have you been eating too many strawberries?"

"No, it's the fault of the colours," answered the little girl. "He *would* make so many experiments. But you should have seen me when I was first exhibited at the Academy of 1773. Everybody raved about me, and Sir Joshua himself said that I was one of the half-dozen original things which no man ever exceeded in his life-work."

"He'd certainly think you original if he could see you now," said Mabel. "You really look as if you ought to go to a convalescent home. How funny it is that nearly all you Sir Joshua and Gainsborough people seem to sit in brown woods beside a little brook, and most of you have not got your outdoor things on! Oh, there's a jolly-looking little girl hugging her dog, as if she were going to squeeze the life out of him!"

She was standing opposite little Miss Bowles, whose bright eyes were dancing under her brown curls.*

"I'm awfully fond of dogs," began Mabel, in conversational tones. "We've got two at home. One is a fox-terrier called Tim, and the other is a black retriever called Bobs. What sort is yours?"

"I think he's a kind of spaniel," answered little Miss Bowles. "But he's not grown up yet. I'll tell you a story about him and this picture. My mamma wanted to have me painted by a young artist who came to see us one day wearing fine silk stockings and very smart shoes. My poor little Carlo tried to jump upon his knee, but he was very cross, and kicked the darling away. So I begged my mamma not to let me be painted by such a horrid, cruel man. Then she took me to kind old Sir Joshua, and told him the story, and he laughed very much, and said he would paint me and Carlo together." And he always called the picture, 'Love me, love my dog.'

"Well, that's much more interesting than anything the catalogue ever tells one," said Mabel. "I should like to know you at home. Now I think I must go and talk to that little boy on the pony. Perhaps he'll offer to let me have a ride."

She walked across to the portrait of little

* "The Strawberry Girl." By Reynolds. No. 40.

* "Portrait of Miss Bowles." By Reynolds. No. 36.

Don Baltasar Carlos in the Riding School,* which chanced to be the very picture that she and Miss Maxwell had been looking at when Fräulein Müller appeared. It seemed much more interesting now, though the ugly, supercilious-looking little boy was sitting in the same

* "Portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos in the Riding School." By Velasquez. No. 6.

stiff attitude, with his hand on his hip, while the pony kept up his eternal prance.

"That's not a bad animal of yours," observed Mabel cheerfully. "Though I can't say I like a white nose myself, and he looks built for strength rather than speed. I'd back my Tony against him across country."

The little boy glanced disdainfully at her as



"THE LITTLE BOY'S UGLY FACE GREW DARK WITH ANGER. 'PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AWARE,' HE SAID, 'THAT I AM DON BALTASAR CARLOS——'"—(p. 380).

he made his steed curvet in more fiery fashion with a touch of the spurs.

"There is not another *manège* in all Spain which has his equal," he retorted. "But what can a girl know of horses? Girls never ride; they are only carried in litters."

"In your time, perhaps," said Mabel; "but not now. I can ride as well as Jack—that's my brother—and last winter I went out hunting."

"You! Pray what do you hunt?" he inquired.

"Oh, foxes and hares chiefly, but sometimes the regimental staghounds come our way."

"Foxes and hares!" he cried, with a little sneering laugh. "That's only sport for children. We hunted wolves and wild boars."

"Yes; I've seen you at it," returned Mabel. "At the other end of the room there's a picture of a boar-hunt by the same man who painted you——"

"No; by his pupil," put in Don Baltasar.

"Well, it's all the same period. Anyhow, they are hunting boars in an enclosure like a circus, with what look like canvas walls all round. There are a lot of men with spears and hounds, and one poor little boar which hasn't a chance of getting away.* I don't call that sport at all."

The little boy's ugly face grew dark with anger.

"I am not accustomed to be spoken to in that fashion," he said. "Perhaps you are not aware that I am Don Baltasar Carlos——"

"Yes, I know, Infante of Spain," put in Mabel hurriedly, for she felt that it would never do to allow the portraits to give historical facts about themselves; that would be worse than the catalogue. "I believe an Infante is a kind of prince, and I dare say you've been spoilt by the courtiers, but to me you are only a surly little boy, and I'm not the least afraid of you."

"There, a setting down will be good for him for once in his life," she said to herself as she passed on. "Boys of that age are so dreadfully bumptious. I should have quarrelled with him if I had stopped any longer."

A few paces further on she was brought to a sudden standstill opposite a big picture called "A Family Group." This represented a rather

peevish-looking gentleman sitting hand-in-hand with a stout, florid, jolly-looking lady, a tall girl with a bird in her hand, a younger girl who seemed to be bringing a basket of fruit to her parents, a boy, carrying a dead hare, who was trying to help himself to an apple out of his sister's basket, and a little boy, just able to toddle, who was leading a dog. There were altogether five dogs represented in the picture, as well as a peacock, which was drinking out of a fountain made in the shape of a river-horse.* The curious thing about this painting was that, while the dogs had come to life and were scratching themselves or snapping at flies in the most natural manner, the figures remained merely paint and canvas.

"That is odd," thought Mabel. "They look as if they were portraits of real people, though they are so stiff, and the children appear so unnaturally good. I must go and ask somebody what it means."

Her first acquaintance, the Laughing Cavalier, was near at hand, and she trotted up to him and asked—

"Why hasn't that large family come to life, though all their dogs have?"

The Cavalier laughed out loud in evident enjoyment.

"That's another joke," he said, "and one that you will be able to understand. I knew those people; they lived in Antwerp at the same time as I did. I knew Couques, too, who painted them; we used to call him the Small Vandyck. Well, the father of the family, as you may see, was a fretful, querulous sort of man, always finding fault with his children and nagging at his easy-going good-tempered wife. People began to gossip about his domestic affairs, so he had himself painted holding his wife's hand in that absurdly-affectionate attitude, and the children were arranged round their parents, looking as demure and dutiful and loving as children always ought to be, but seldom are, when they have a peevish-tempered father. It is because they were not themselves when they were being painted that there is no life in them now, while the dogs, who were perfectly natural, are just as real now as I am. The peacock was only put in as part of the

* "A Boar Hunt." (Ascribed to Velasquez.) No. 70.

* "A Family Group." By Gonzales Couques." No. 92.



"‘I AM NEVER QUITE SURE WITH YOU WHETHER YOU ARE IN JOKE OR EARNEST,’ CRIED MABEL.
‘THERE IS ALWAYS SUCH A TWINKLE IN YOUR EYE.’"—(p. 382.)

‘composition’ and was painted from a stuffed bird, so it remains as artificial-looking as its masters."

"I see," said Mabel, nodding her head and looking very wise. "It serves people right for being affected and trying to look better than they are. Oh, dear, I'm getting so hungry—I do want my tea! I wish there was a tea-table in this room that had come to life.

and that I could help myself to a piece of cake."

"I don't know what you mean by your tea," remarked the Cavalier. "I never heard of tea before. But if you go to the end of the room and turn through that doorway near the boy on the pony, you'll find on your left a beautiful dish of real fruit. I know it is real because I remember seeing it painted by my friend Jan

Weenix, whom I used to visit at Utrecht. You could help yourself to a peach or a few grapes."

"Oh, but do you think I may?" cried Mabel. "I should like some fruit, but there are a lot of policemen about, and if they saw me taking any they might think I was spoiling the picture. I'm never quite sure with you whether you are in joke or in earnest; there is always such a twinkle in your eye."

"I'm quite serious!" he said. "No one here has any right to object to your taking some fruit. It belonged to my friend Weenix, who has been dead more than three hundred years, and I am sure he would have wished that you should help yourself."

"Well, I'll just go and have a look at it," said Mabel.

Following the Cavalier's directions, she passed through the doorway near Don Baltasar Carlos into a smaller room, and there on her left she found a magnificent pile of most tempting-looking fruit.* There were huge bunches of grapes, both purple and white, ripe peaches posi-

tively rolling towards her, and some large round things that she thought might be pomegranates.

"I'll only take a grape or two," she said to herself, "because they won't be missed off that big bunch; but if I took a peach it might spoil the look of the picture."

She put out her hand to pluck a grape, when she was startled by the sound of loud ringing, and the next moment she heard Miss Maxwell's voice calling, "Mabel! Mabel! Where are you?"

Hurrying back to the big room, she found that it was closing-time, and that Miss Maxwell was afraid they would be late for tea. During the few seconds that her absence had lasted, all the life had gone out of the pictures, which had become mere paint and canvas again. As she passed her friend the Cavalier, however, she fancied that she could perceive a quiver under one of his eyes, while she was almost certain that the corners of his mouth were twitching. Even Miss Maxwell seemed to notice something, for she said—

"Really, in this dim light, that portrait is more life-like than ever. It looks as if it were going to burst out laughing in our faces!"

* "Flowers and Fruit." No. 102.



What Winny Wants to Know.



WINNY wants to know

If it's going to rain?

Why those nice green apples give you such an ugly pain?

And—— If she cut the kitten's tail off, would it grow again?

Winny wants to know

Do dolls go to Heaven?

Are the little angels always sent to bed at seven?

Or Are they 'lowed to sit up late, till—say, half-past eleven?

Winny wants to know

Why pigs haven't wings?

Do you know the title of the song the kettle sings?

And—— If she can't have jam for tea—as well as other things?

Winny wants to know

What bees charge for honey?

Would a baby brother cost a dreadful lot of money?

And—— If the world turned topsy-turvy, *wouldn't* it be funny?

Winny wants to know

Why sometimes you mayn't

Tell the truth, but say you're glad to see folks when you ain't?

And—— Why nurse says she's 'nough to try the patience of a saint?

A. R. HARRIS.



CHAPTER I.

IN the village of Daisyfield stood a large white house. There was a little turret at each corner; and the roofs were very old, and were built in all sorts of curious shapes. Funny old chimneys with gilt vanes and weathercocks, popped up here and there in odd corners. It was an interesting place.

A high wall surrounded the house and the garden; thus it was quite private, and had even an air of mystery. Now and then the gates would be flung wide open, and a haughty little girl would walk forth attended by her maids. The villagers viewed her with respect, for the great house and gardens belonged to her; and though she was only twelve years old, she had two maids to wait on her, and did exactly as she pleased.

Alas! Miss Muffet was not worthy of their admiration! She had a dreadful failing, than which nothing could be more unpleasant:—Miss Muffet suffered from greed. Her cheeks were fat and pale; her eyes had a dull stare; her countenance lacked that pleasant expression we look for in a Christian child. The only exercise she took was a stroll to the confectioners' in the village. Here she would sit for many an hour, tasting the various dainties, while the little ragged boys of the village flattened their noses on the window-pane, and stared hungrily in. But did she ever think "those little boys would much enjoy a bun?" Oh no. Miss Muffet was far too selfish. Not a crumb or a picking did she give to any one. She did not

even remember her faithful maids. Truly her conduct was detestable.

When she walked into the beautiful gardens her only pleasure was to stuff herself with fruit, pull the green gooseberries, or make havoc of the strawberry-beds. She never paused to smell a pretty flower, nor chased a butterfly, nor skipped about. Her one thought was of food.

CHAPTER II.

NATURALLY Miss Muffet did not enjoy the best of health; and when the greengage, her favourite fruit, was at its prime she took to her bed with most severe pain. So ill, indeed, did she become, that the good old doctor who attended her became quite anxious lest he should lose his best patient; and advised her maids to send post-haste for Miss Muffet's guardian.

Miss Muffet's guardian lived in London town. He seldom visited Miss Muffet, for he led a gay life, and did not love the country; he also hated children. However, on such an urgent message he came at once; and the villagers, who were naturally enjoying the excitement of Miss Muffet's illness, had the added pleasure of witnessing a post-chaise dash through the village at break-neck speed, and thunder in through the great iron gates, as though the King were inside. Now Mister Poppem was a dashing blade. His waistcoat was of crimson satin, embroidered with gold; his coat of the finest

silk velvet, with flashing buttons; he wore a ring on every finger; and his hair was curled and powdered, and scented with ambergris. Naturally the Muffet household was agog to see this gorgeous gentleman; and Miss

was sufficiently recovered to sit up and converse with her guardian; and he accordingly broached the subject to her. But to his surprise Miss Muffet met all his suggestions with naughty tears and sobs. When he talked of a pleasant school, she stamped her foot with rage; a home in a Christian family she viewed with the same unreasonable horror; and finally, when he proposed to dismiss her maids and send a kind governess in their place, Miss Muffet fairly flew at him, and scratched and bit him like a little fury.

Naturally her guardian did not approve of such violent conduct; in severe tones he reproved her for her ill manners; and finally took chaise to London determined to send a governess without delay to his naughty ward.

CHAPTER III.

Now Pamela had been listening at the keyhole during their conversation; and she hastened to console Miss Muffet with serpent cunning.

"Never mind that nasty Mr. Poppem," said Pamela. "Your own Pamela will never, never leave you—no, not for a thousand Mr. Poppems—no, she won't!"

"Crocodile!" hissed Amelia, who entered the room that moment. (You will notice the two maids were madly jealous of each other.) "See how you've disarranged my

Muffet's maids, you may be sure, were spying from their bedroom windows. Amelia was the elder of the two. She had a hot temper, and was most vain and giddy. A gaudy scarlet ribbon fluttered from her cap; and she had a bold eye. She hung out of her window in a pert manner; and giggled as the coach drew up. Pamela, the younger servant, was sly and lazy. She was sixteen; but she was indolent to a degree; and her dislike for work was only equalled by the cunning she showed in escaping her tasks. She peeped out from behind the curtain in a secret manner. Mr. Poppem saw; and distrusted her at once.

It was easy to see Miss Muffet had been shockingly indulged; and now her gluttony had brought her near to death, Mr. Poppem felt she must be checked. The next day she



"MISS MUFFET HAD A DREADFUL FAILING, THAN WHICH NOTHING IS MORE UNPLEASANT; MISS MUFFET SUFFERED FROM GREED."



"THE LITTLE RAGGED BOYS OF THE VILLAGE FLATTENED THEIR NOSES ON THE WINDOW-PANE, AND STARED HUNGRILY IN."—(p. 383.)

sweet Miss's frill. Smile at your Amelia, my gentle lamb!"

Then Amelia's gentle lamb gave her a great push, and Pamela a pinch, and squealed out, "Oh let me alone, I tell you! Guardy's going to send me a nasty gov—gov—governess. Yes! And he says you're both to go; but you shan't—you shan't!" Then Miss Muffet opened her mouth very wide and howled for an hour. Did anyone check the naughty child? No! They ran to fetch sweetmeats, cakes and jellies; told her she was as pretty as paint; and made other stupid compliments to her. What wonder that Miss Muffet continued in her naughty ways?

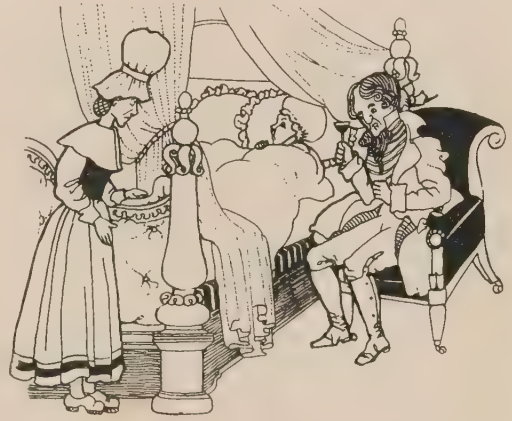
The next day a quiet coach drew up before the white house; and a modest lady stepped out and knocked at Miss Muffet's door. She was plainly dressed in good black silk; and her face wore an engaging expression. She was not very old, nor was she very young. Her hair was silver-grey; but then her cheeks were like rosy apples, and her teeth as white as pebble-stones. She carried a neat reticule containing her smelling-salts, her handkerchief and a book

of Meditations; one could see she was of tidy habits. This lady, whose name was Mrs Checkem, was Miss Muffet's governess.

Now when that naughty child saw the coach arrive, she did not wait to see Mrs. Checkem alight; nor did she run to welcome her as any pretty-mannered Miss would do. No! She scampered off as fast as she could tear into the garden, stuffing at an orange as she ran. At the bottom of the garden was a pleasant green lawn, which sloped down to a little stream. Here grew a gigantic yew-tree, whose branches swept the water; and squeezed behind its trunk, between it and the wall, was a funny little summer-house. Inside the door the

naughty child concealed herself with glee. "Certainly she will never find me!" she thought. Aha! She did not know Mrs. Checkem.

Now when that lady arrived, she was much



"THE GOOD OLD DOCTOR WHO ATTENDED MISS MUFFET BECAME QUITE ANXIOUS LEST HE SHOULD LOSE HIS BEST PATIENT."—(p. 383.)

grieved to see no welcoming face, but only empty rooms. She inquired as to Miss Muffet's whereabouts; but Pamela was sullen and would not speak; and Amelia was saucy, and said too much.

However, Mrs. Checkem was used to naughty children, and picking up her skirts, she marched into the garden. Winding walks ran here and there among the trees, and there were pleached alleys and high privet hedges. For a minute Mrs. Checkem was nonplussed; then she saw a simple little thing—a piece of orange-peel. "Aha!" thought Mrs. Checkem. "Now I have you, my sweet Miss!" And off she went, murmuring, "Aha! Aha!"

Now this clever lady had one! golden rule; this was "Smile!" When her pupils wept, she smiled; when they raged and said naughty things, she smiled. It is even reported that when a particularly naughty boy, who has since died on the gallows, threw a pot of ink over her spotless cap and kerchief, she still smiled. Not that she punished her pupils any the less



"MR. POPPEM SAW; AND DISTRUSTED HER AT ONCE."—(p. 384.)



"MISS MUFFET'S MAIDS, YOU MAY BE SURE, WERE SPYING FROM THEIR BEDROOM WINDOWS."—(p. 384.)

severely. Oh no! But she did everything in a pleasant manner. Now when Miss Muffet saw this smiling person looking in through the door, she nearly tumbled off her chair with surprise and horror. In fact, she



Miss Muffet hides from Mrs. Checkem, in her yew-tree house.

was so surprised, she quite forgot to scream or kick or perform any of her usual little tricks.

"So this is my naughty pupil," said Mrs. Checkem with great sweetness. "What a pleasant spot you have found! And you have refreshment too, I see! How fortunate! My favourite fruit is the orange." And Mrs. Checkem sat down to the table, and consumed with great relish the remainder of Miss Muffet's orange.

But when Miss Muffet saw her feast disappearing, her naughty temper reasserted itself, and she gave a piercing scream. To her astonishment, Mrs. Checkem took no notice; but only consumed the orange with greater gusto. Finding her screams were of no avail, Miss Muffet proceeded to assault Mrs. Checkem with violence. But judge of her surprise, when she found herself seized by a firm hand; a black rod appeared, as if by magic, from Mrs. Checkem's capacious pocket; and Miss Muffet received a richly-deserved chastisement. Would you believe it! This was the first time

the young Miss had been corrected, and she was so astonished she quite forgot to howl.

With great prudence Mrs. Checkem seized the occasion to give her some good advice. "Aha! My little dear!" said she, with smiling face, "I do well to feast upon this sweet fruit, for I am tired with my long journey; but you, who have lately dined, would only run the risk of indisposition, and perhaps take to your bed again. So courtsey prettily, and thank me for relieving you from illness."

Miss Muffet looked very glum; but the black rod peeped out in an ominous manner, and she made a sullen bow as she was bid.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM that day forth, Miss Muffet's life greatly altered. She became of natural plumpness; her cheeks grew rosy; her eyes bright. Plain food and wholesome exercise Mrs. Checkem enforced; Miss was strapped to the backboard for four hours a day; she learnt singing, French, dancing, geography, syntax, history, the art of polite letter-writing, and conversation, and lessons in deportment; she also worked a sampler, and repaired all Mrs. Checkem's linen and her own. Every minute of the day was profitably employed; was she not a lucky girl?

At times, however, she still rebelled, and would run to Pamela or Amelia with her grievances. They hated Mrs. Checkem so much they quite forgot to be jealous of each other, and were never weary of telling fresh tales of her fancied failings.

Now one day Mrs. Checkem was summoned to the death-bed of a sick friend. She accordingly called Miss Muffet to her; and informed her she should be away for



"FROM THAT DAY FORTH MISS MUFFET'S LIFE GREATLY ALTERED."

a day and night. She forbade her to leave the house; but gave her a pleasant task for every hour, so that she should have plenty of occupation. Mrs. Checkem then left her orders with the maids and departed.

No sooner had she left the house than Pamela sought Miss Muffet with a wicked proposal to make holiday. "I have packed a basket full of dainties," said the bad girl, well knowing what would best appeal; "let us picnic in the woods. It will be enchanting!" In vain Miss Muffet pleaded her tasks. "Oh, that is easily arranged," said Pamela the cunning. "I will say you were indisposed, and had to lie abed all day." Was she not a serpent?

Across the stream which ran beside the lawn was a little wood, which was called the Forest Evergreen. Miss Muffet was forbidden to walk within its shade, for it had a bad name. Witches, dragons, and other dreadful animals dwelt there; one could see at a glance it was enchanted. The trees were very dark and old; even in spring they displayed no young green verdure. The grass grew high and thick, and the birds and bees made no noise.

Everything in that wood was silent as the grave.

However, Miss Muffet knew no fear when she was doing wrong; and followed by the faithful Pamela, with a hop, skip and jump, she was over the stream, and on the edge of the wood. Her sandals were soaking wet; her petticoat dragged in the mud; truly she was in a shocking state to walk abroad. Now witches and dragons are of particularly tidy habits, and Miss Muffet felt in an unfriendly atmosphere directly she stepped into the shade of the forest. The trees seemed to stretch out long arms as though they would seize her in their grasp; dreadful unseen creatures scuffled softly through the underwood, and fierce eyes

seemed to glare at her from out the trees. It was not a cheerful spot.

As usual, Pamela the indolent followed with lagging steps; and presently she begged her mistress to rest awhile. Miss Muffet accordingly sat herself down upon a convenient tuffet; the basket was unpacked, and behold, there was a luscious bowl of curd, comfits, and rich conserves. Did not Miss smile for joy when she saw the dainty fare! She did not note how dark the shadows were; she did not heed the gloomy animals that lurked in the shadow of the trees, surveying her with sullen stare. With greedy zeal she gobbled

the sweet dish, and never paused for breath or politeness till every morsel had vanished. Then she gave a sigh of happiness, and said with condescension, "Pamela! You may pass the comfits!"

No answer. "The comfits, Pamela!" she repeated crossly. Still no answer. Miss Muffet turned her round, and gazed and gazed. Pamela was nowhere to be seen. "Pamela! Pamela!" she screamed. Then she heard a horrid rustle; two shining eyes glared at her from the shadow of



Miss Muffet and Pamela in the Enchanted Wood.

the trees! Oh, horror! what could that object be! Petrified with fear, Miss Muffet closed her eyes; soft, clammy claws touched her hair; she heard an unpleasant, ploppy sound beside her, and opened her eyes to see a monstrous SPIDER!!! Oh, my goodness! Wasn't Miss Muffet frightened! Down went the bowl of curds and whey; and off she flew. She felt the spider's long arms reaching after her, but she ran as she had never run before; and at last she perceived the shining waters of the stream through the trunks of the trees. Down the bank she flew like a mad thing; splash, splash across the stream; she gained the bank she clambered up; my good-

ness! what a surprise! There stood Mrs. Checkem.

Mrs. Checkem did not say a word, but her smile was truly dreadful. In awful silence she took Miss Muffet by her little hand; she led her to her little room. Here she was confined for seven days. No news she heard of Pamela; but from Mrs. Checkem's smile when her name was mentioned, Miss Muffet felt sure she knew all. Amelia, I grieve to say, openly proclaimed her joy at the fate of her fellow-servant; but did it serve her as a lesson? No! She grew flightier and more impudent than ever. She pranked herself out in poor Pamela's clothes; she took her cap-ribbons, her shawl, her white straw bonnet. When she met Mrs. Checkem's eye, she did not blush, but tossed her head, and muttered rude words below her breath. Such sauciness was bound to come to no good.

CHAPTER V.

MISS MUFFET was now beginning to attain to years of discretion. She had greatly improved in beauty; and was becoming quite a pretty-mannered Miss. One day Mrs. Checkem called her to her and informed her that her guardian was going to visit her again, for the first time in Mrs. Checkem's reign. Miss was naturally excited; and ran, of course, to tell Amelia the news.

Now Mrs. Checkem had found Miss Muffet

most unsuitably attired in silk brocade, and flowered velvet, hoops and furbelows, and other unbecoming garments for a child. Accordingly she confiscated

Muffet, though sixteen, was now modestly attired in a white muslin slip, and ruffled pantalettes. Her hair was no longer frizzed and powdered, but hung in natural curls about her face, con-



Miss Muffet hears a scuffling noise outside

fined by a simple ribbon. Consequently Amelia was very wroth with Mrs. Checkem, for Miss Muffet, in days of old, would often give her a discarded scarf or flower, or other gewgaws. Mrs. Checkem, of course, never encouraged vanity, so now Amelia had no perquisites.

When the artful maid heard of Mr. Poppem's coming, she threw up her hands in pretended despair, and even allowed a serpent tear to trickle down her cheek. "What!" she said, "the handsome Mr. Poppem to see my pretty Miss in such poor garments! Oh that you could have worn your purple farthingale, or your sweet peach sacque! He would fall in love with you, there is no doubt; and then you would be a fine lady, and be called Madam."

"Certainly it seems a shame I cannot have my pretty things," said Miss Muffet.

Amelia nodded her head, and looked very wise. "What if I could get them for you," she said mysteriously. Then she unfolded the wicked plot she had contrived to gain possession of the key of the bureau where they were kept. "I will secrete the clothes in your



"MISS MUFFET PRESENTED MRS. CHECKEM WITH A SUM OF MONEY."
—(p. 389.)

all her clothes, and kept them under lock and key in her own room, occasionally airing portions of the finery on her own shoulders. This proceeded from kindness and a desire to keep the moths out. Miss

chamber," said the sly maid. "Your guardian will not arrive till seven. When it is growing dusk I will run to your room, and help my pretty lamb to dress."

Miss Muffet hesitated, but the bad Amelia's wiles prevailed; and with a fluttering heart, she at last acceded. Oh what a wretched day Miss Muffet spent! Surely Mrs. Checkem had never smiled so much or so unpleasantly. And when her tasks were done, she hurried to her room to wait Amelia. Her pretty clothes were laid upon the bed, but to her surprise Amelia was not there.

"The giddy thing!" thought her young mistress with a pout, "she is always loitering!" And in no patient frame of mind she sat herself down to wait. The minutes passed, the shadows grew darker and darker: presently the light was almost gone; but still came no Amelia. Then the stable-clock chimed out six times, and, with frightened heart, Miss Muffet decided to attire herself. She raised the hooped petticoat, so stiff, so grand; she unfastened her little slip; but she went no further. Overhead she heard a horrid scuffling noise, then came a faint scream, something was happening on the roof. With awful fascination she approached the window. Surely there was something lurking in the shadow yonder.

It squirmed; great shadowy tentacles waved out; oh horror! it had seen her!

She rushed across the room to seek protection; she seized the door; it was locked. Outside, silk skirts rustled; was it fancy or did she hear a ghostly "Aha!" I can tell you she did not pause to wonder; she forgot she was a well-brought-up young lady; she forgot all Mrs. Checkem's precepts; she just tucked up her little skirt and bolted through the window. A great tree grew beside the house, and in a trice Miss Muffet was on the window-sill and clinging to its branches. Like a monkey she skipped from bough to bough; and made her perilous way to the ground. Alas! Two shining eyes gleamed redly

through the leaves above her head; she felt a soft wet claw upon her hair; already she had reached the ground. Oh joy! The clatter of a chaise was heard along the avenue. One piercing scream she gave and knew no more.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN she recovered her guardian was standing, proud and handsome, at her side, while at her feet lay the spider, dead as dirt. What need to ask Amelia's fate? Round his neck the spider had tied a red cap-ribbon.

Then with tearful eyes Miss Muffet told her guardian all. Her modest air and artless penitence touched his heart; he forgave her faults and remembered her loneliness and large estates; he kissed her hand, and with unequalled condescension announced his intention of seeking her in marriage.

Mrs. Checkem heard without a tear the fate of the luckless Amelia; when Miss Muffet spoke of her shocking climb, she shook her head; but Mr. Poppem disarmed all her frowns. He told her of his generous proposal, when she smiled again, forgave Miss Muffet freely, and even kissed her. Nay, her kindness was so great, she offered, of her own free will, to live with them after marriage. But Miss Muffet, though grateful, was afraid the continual smile would irritate her husband, and with a thoughtfulness and tact beyond her years, declined the offer. She however presented Mrs. Checkem with a sum of money.

Mr. Poppem used often to go shooting in the enchanted wood, and in time killed every witch and dragon on the place. He built little arbors and grottos made of oyster shells, at every corner, which made it very pleasant. And on a summer's day they would often picnic there, when Mrs. Poppem, surrounded by her thirteen smiling children, would tell her wonderful adventures, and draw many a moral lesson from her own naughtiness.





A PRETTY GLIMPSE OF A SPANISH HUNTING LODGE.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

ENGLISH girls, with their healthy freedom and fearlessness, their liberal education and independence, would find the life of the Spanish girl intolerable. But in Spain only the poor girl (and she is the exception) who has brains enough to think, and heart enough to feel, discovers its irksomeness and inadequacy. For the rest, it suffices. It offers them all they have been taught to desire: plenty of time to dress lots of purposeless needlework to do, over which they can chatter and exclaim to their heart's content; the window-frame, or balcony, where they may sit for hours, holding dumb converse with their eyes and those of the lover below; then the late afternoon walk on the Plaza, expensively dressed for the admiration of the town or villages, refreshed with caustic comments, on the clothes of other girls and women, and ordinary gossip. This is the routine of their days until marriage, and even then there is little change.

It is not to be wondered at that these youthful representatives of a race, whose fundamental characteristic is the most profound and incurable selfishness, should regard the rest of humanity with the liveliest indifference. It has been my privilege to see and hear a good deal of Spanish girls, and I can say that I have now a pretty extensive acquaintance with the entire race. The woman of the peoples are the cream of the race. But in the upper and middle classes, the girls are simply crude and placid-going animals, without an idea or a sentiment that is not personal.

Utterly deprived of mental culture, their physical attractions consist in a charming smile, lovely skin, and soft luminous dark eyes, with fine eyebrows and quantities of dusky hair. Sometimes, but rarely, you will find real beauty and an imperial grace of carriage; frequently you may count upon a placid, unintelligent gentleness.

Let us consider her training from infancy. She is brought up with her elders—for in Spain there is no nursery—and once they leave swaddling clothes and the nurse's arms, children sit at table with their parents, and are only separated from their mothers when they are old enough to be given in charge to a foreign governess. The convent school is merely a resource for preparation for the First Communion, which, with the Spaniards, is a ceremony nearly as important as marriage or baptism. Noble and bourgeois alike employ the foreign governess—English, French, German, or Swiss. But the Irish governess is the most popular.

The subjects of talk around her are: gossip, dress, servants, and the prices of things. Babies in Spain have a knowledge of the value of money that is perfectly astounding. When they learn English, the two words they pronounce first are "cheap" and "dear." Their niggardliness is phenomenal. That the aged, who have learnt by sharp and incessant experience the blighting lesson that money is hardly earned and easily spent, should be mean, is but one of the many bitter

consequences of their battle. But most unlovely is it to find at the tenderest age a complete absence of generosity, of recklessness, of impulsiveness in money matters; a grudging mania of parting with a penny; a familiarity with the complaint that everything is "too dear"; an unwillingness to give, to repay, to spend.

From earliest infancy they are familiarised with the deplorable variances between language and intention. They hear their parents assure the most indifferent stranger that their house is his, and everything therein at his disposition, while they are aware that if the stranger had the indiscretion to beg a glass of water he would be classified as the very last of men. This is not precisely the atmosphere in which a love of sincerity and the practice of Oriental hospitality may be cultivated.

As for the growth of intelligence, what chance has that in a land where women, capable of opening a book, are regarded frankly as either mad or immoral? An unmarried woman, of fifty years of age, could not read a harmless novel if some married relative, mother, or aunt, had not previously digested its contents to assure her that there was not a line in it capable of deepening the colour in the cheek of fifteen. But at fifteen, girls may sit in the balcony and ogle the young men below. However, the law against reading is no hardship for the Spanish girl. She dislikes literature in every form.

She lives and observes with eye and ear, and this she does consumedly well. She hears and sees everything, and remembers everything she has seen to the minutest detail. In matters of toilet her eye in infancy is that of an adept of fifty,

but give her a lesson to learn and remember, and you may break your heart in a futile effort to make some advance in her training.

Languages, on the other hand, she is quick at. To do her justice, she generally writes and spells a foreign tongue a great deal better than her own. That remains one of the inexplicable mysteries for the intelligent stranger, why Spaniards of both sexes should spell and write their own language so vilely. Is it the lisp that is responsible? or the confusion of b's and v's, and mute b's and vowels? A perfectly bred Madrileña will talk her pure

Castilian delightfully, with precision and elegance, who will write you a letter to startle and puzzle you. H's where there should be none, omitted where they should be placed, b's and v's inextricably mixed, and grammar in a hopeless confusion. This is part of the nation's *cachet*. Once upon a time it was the sign of a gentleman in England to spell atrociously, and write still worse. Let us remember that the Spaniards stand still upon the edge of the sixteenth century. They have not recovered yet from the death of Philip the Second, practically their last sovereign.

But the single thing she excels at is needlework. In this she eclipses every other race. The woman who earns an honourable livelihood by her needle; the bourgeoisie who, having large demands upon her purse, will save an honest penny by turning a dress, or mending a rent; the chatelaine who wiles away enforced leisure by working delicate tapestry on dainty embroidery—all alike claim our respect and admiration. But to train girls neither in the interests of household economy nor beauty; to sit hour after hour stitching uselessly away at



SPANISH GIRLS ABSORBED IN ONE OF THEIR GRACEFUL NATIONAL DANCES.

useless stuffs, with empty minds and emptier hearts, with no ideas, hopes, aspirations, thoughts, above this miserable futility, which consists in decorating washing towels and dusters with all sorts of hideous devices in coloured threads, is surely a national iniquity. It is not demanded that every woman shall be trained to write, to paint, to play a musical instrument, to build houses or make roads. Vocation, taste, talent (for genius is so rare in both sexes as not to count) will decide the choice of the exceptions. But what

nobles and valets may jostle unconcernedly upon the public place, and the noble will find the valet no less a gentleman than himself, and dare not treat him uncivilly. In private life, pride of bearing or insolence are conspicuous by their absence. A duke will salute his servant, and a duchess will kiss her maid. Servants will address youth and maid with family names as long as themselves by their Christian names, and neither dreams of regarding it as a liberty. When you tell them of British pretensions, even among the lower middle

classes, where the very babies must be called Master and Miss This and That, they arch and smile with a superior air they are wont to assume when they learn of transpyrean barbarities and affectations. It is fitting in their esteem that the offspring of a Spanish duke or marquesa, whose blood has become anæmic from very antiquity, should be simply addressed as Paquito or Concha by their dependents and inferiors as well as by their friends and relatives. I know of a little aristocrat who, independent of her father, one of the greatest nobles of Spain, is a marchioness in her own right. Though eleven years of age, the child, who has danced with the King, is not allowed to know it, lest her pretty and most gracious simplicity should be spoiled, and is called by all around her Mercedes. At the palace, in accordance with her rank and personal title at the children's ball, she was addressed by the chamberlains and nobles as "Marguerite" (little marchioness), and on her return she begged her father to explain why she was so called. "I suppose because I am a marquis," replied her father evasively, though, had the child been bright enough, she might have retorted that her sister Pilar did not receive this official title. Once I heard a foreign governess inquire of a young marchioness for her baby boy attacked with measles, "*J'espère que Monsieur le Bébé va mieux,*" she said. The marchioness replied with Spanish courtesy, which in its more outward manifestation is certainly the most genial and precious of the world, and when the foreigner moved away, I remarked to her that *Monsieur le Bébé* had quite taken my fancy, that to my unaccustomed ear it sounded both quaint and graceful. "She meant it well," said the Spanish noblewoman, "but how extremely ridiculous! A baby is always a baby." How winning this Spanish simplicity!



PEASANT CHILDREN TAKING THEIR MID-DAY MEAL IN THE OPEN AIR.

the average girl should be taught to do is to think, to feel, to judge; to understand the broad issues of life.

And in reckoning up the list of the rudimentary feminine virtues, it must be added to their praise that snobbishness is no feature with them. They receive no national training as we do in worship of titles and the golden calf. In a land where hospitality is not practised there is small call for ostentation or servility, with the fine result that

the average girl should be taught to do is to think, to feel, to judge; to understand the broad issues of life.

I will cite another example of the lack of snobish pride. Children are so little in the habit of hearing talk of birth and blood, which taken for granted are never discussed at all, that once the question of a very decided *mésalliance* arising at table before a girl of sixteen, belonging to one of the oldest and most distinguished historical houses of Spain, she turned to her governess and asked in English: "Am I of good family, Miss —?" This is, of course, a proof also of the Spanish girl's ignorance, but when ignorance means a very charming ignorance of one's own social value, it takes on the quality of a virtue. Another girl of brilliant name and degree once implored her gover-

There is another winning quality to be taken into consideration in our summary of the characteristics of the Spanish young girl. From earliest years she is taught to regard sickness as sacred. Indeed, one of the strong reasons why sickness is honourable among the well-bred Spaniards lies in the excessive strain and sacrifice it imposes on others. Hence the obligation of breeding to take every possible precaution against illness. The meanest servant in sickness is personally looked after, with an indefatigable devotion, by her masters. I have known the case of an English nursery-maid, so objectionable and disagreeable to the other servants of the establishment, that these refused to



A TYPICAL SCENE IN A SPANISH FARMHOUSE: GIRLS TAKE THEIR SHARE IN THE WORK OF THE FARM.

ness, about to return to her own land on vacation, to obtain for her an invitation from her people to accompany her thither. The governess bravely explained the difficulties, as her parents kept a grocer's shop in a modest little town, and that it would be impossible for them to house the heiress of a palace. "How delightful," cried the Spanish girl in glee. "Do, Miss —, get them to invite me; I'll help in the shop. I'm sure I should be awfully clever in measuring out pounds of tea and sugar, and really and, truly I give you my word, I wouldn't rob any sweets or almonds, or if I did I promise most faithfully I'd pay for them." It was the time of her first ball, but that she would have relinquished as an ordinary excitement for the pleasure of going to England and assisting in a country grocer's shop.

attend her in an attack of bronchitis. The duke and duchess, her masters, took their turn in sitting up with her at night, and ministering to her in the most menial services. In a land where sickness imposes such solemn duties upon the community, it is not surprising that children are bred in terror of it. But the attitude of the silliest girls towards the sick is admirable. They sacrifice their pleasure, their distractions without a murmur. They are unweariedly patient and attentive and tender in these hours, and their whole minds are given to the question of remedy and help. Neither night service nor daily privation is found a hardship. The invalid alone exists. Such devotion naturally implies a considerable amount of tyranny for the sick person, and no small share of blame should he or she add to the exigencies and hardships of a

national virtue by insubordination or recklessness. In Spain you are expected to take care of your health for the sake of others, if you do not feel disposed to do so for your own. And this view is a sufficiently just one where the invalid is not permitted to retire into congenial solitude, and there be ill at ease. It has a pretty effect on the young girls, imbuing them with an immense sentiment of duty to the physically stricken, but it is irksome enough for the invalid. I own it is quieter and pleasanter to be ill with less blaze of trumpets to announce the event to an awed household, less hush of atmosphere, less insistence on remedy often futile, if not noxious, less pose on either side. Its advantage lies in a discouragement of affected maladies, and in a silent endurance of pain often splendidly heroic.

Spanish girls are spoiled to a degree it is not possible for us to conceive. The surprising thing is that these same spoiled children, whose parents were their slaves, instead of exacting a similar servitude from husband and children, become in turn the slaves of their own children, and are docile and easy wives. The Don describes himself as "Lord and Master" in his house, and the woman does not dream of disputing his sovereignty, however autocratically she may have reigned in her father's house. But his rule is no imperious one, if we except Catalonia. The Catalans are regarded by the rest of Spain as a rude, coarse, and authoritative race. It would be difficult to name a more antipathetic one. But elsewhere the Spanish husband is mild, attentive, domestic, interested in his wife's whims and caprices, studious of her dress and wishes, ready to bear his share of all her trials, illnesses and occupations, without inflicting any of his upon her. This is why Spanish women are so contented with

their dull and dreary lot. As girls they have no hardships to bear, no bread to earn, no rebuffs and humiliations to endure. They are merely dolls, to be dressed and amused and fed by their indulgent parents, and by-and-bye to be married to some equally indulgent husband, who will be cast into a flutter of alarm and anxiety if their finger ache. In payment for their merely decorative or domestic position in life they are not asked to submit to the yoke of daily etiquette. In the house their dress is simple to slatternliness. Neither husband nor father expects anything in way of the picturesque or the formal about him. That is reserved for the public gaze. The servants market, select, cook, and serve the daily meals, so that housekeeping is not a very onerous task. Among the well-to-do, curling pins are not allowed at table, and the laws of breeding lay no inconvenient restrictions upon the tone of the voice. Maid or matron may scream and yell about the house at her own sweet hysterical will, and not in the least alienate her husband's affections, or draw upon herself the exasperated anger of her father. The women return this complaisance with an equally placid and wonderful endurance. In patience and mutual good-will each sex completes the other.

The parents live for the children, the children live for themselves. The young girl may not wander from her elder's gaze, but Pablo or Juan is always at hand with much eloquence ready to share her servitude, and as a slave she is a personage of stupendous importance for a creature so empty of heart and head. A kindly, simple young animal, a creature of instinct and of extensively penetrable guiles, vilely trained, but naturally courteous. Not assuredly the worst page of humanity.



OUR TENNYSON DRAWING:

"SIR BEDIVERE," which forms the Frontispiece this month.

THE half historical, half legendary epic of King Arthur and his court finds a fitting termination in the veil of mist brooding over the mere, into which the Queens silently bear him.

Nor is there wanting dramatic appropriateness in the incident immediately preceding Arthur's departure—the return of his mystic sword to the maiden of the lake, who made it:

"Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps,
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

This month's Frontispiece shows Sir Bedivere, the last of all the scattered Knights of the Round Table, hurling the brand into the lake. The scene is near the outfall of the lake, the placid waters of which, as they flow nearer, fall with impetuous eddies, symbolising the troubled feelings surging in the breast of the knight. "Clothed in white samite" rises the arm of the lake-maiden from the water, to catch the sword as its whirling flight declines; and, far beyond, the ghastly fires of the battle-field still flicker on the distant mountains.



COUSIN WILLIAM'S VALENTINE.

Written and Illustrated by SYBIL REID.

Now Anna had a heart of gold—
Though you may smile, she really had!—
I know, of course, you have been told
How very often she was bad.

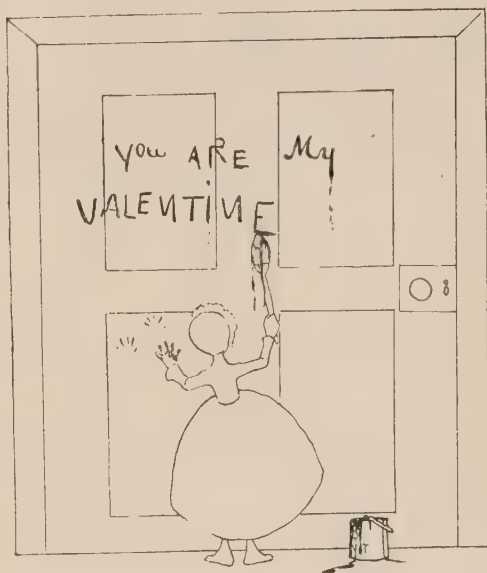
Out of his door her cousin burst,
And, when she saw him, Anna *flew*.

* * * *

"Next time," her Cousin William said,
"My wishes you would best divine

And when the Feast of Valentine
Came round (as it is wont to come),
Said Anna, "This idea of mine
Will please my Cousin Willi-um."

She commandeered a pot of paint,
A paint-brush of abnormal size,
And with the aspect of a saint
Fared forth upon her enterprise.



If you would *buy* a blue and red
And fringed and scented Valentine.

"Remember, as the door is
mine,
Your message would have
touched me deeper
If you had *bought* my
Valentine;
Added to which it would
be cheaper!"

Upon the door of Cousin Will-
iam she wrote the legend plain;
His Valentine would nearly fill
All of one side and more again!

And having done her best—or worst—
She sought fresh woods and pastures new;





LITTLE MOTHER MEG

BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

By ETHEL TURNER.

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbie," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

"LITTLE MOTHER MEG" has to do with the family at Misrule—Meg, Nellie, "Pip," "Bunty," and Poppet, the sons and daughters of Major Woolcot, by a first marriage, and with Peter and Essie, the children of his second marriage. His young wife, whom they call Esther, while she regards her step-children as her own—and they reciprocate her affection—often finds them "a handful." Misrule is an old rambling house situated on the river, with great paddocks and fields attached. The family is a happy-go-lucky one. Meg, the eldest girl, is married to Alan Courtney, who, at the time of their marriage, was a prosperous young hospital surgeon. It is not long, however, before a blow comes to them. Alan loses his private income by the failure of a bank. The young couple have still a sufficient income from Alan's hospital appointment, and they are unperturbed by this loss. But worse is to come. Alan's eyes become affected; he may become blind. He resigns his post, and, borrowing money, goes to Germany to a great eye-specialist, to undergo an operation which will either cure him or render him sightless. After a long period of suspense, the news comes to Misrule that the operation has been performed and is wholly successful. Meg and he return and set up house in a poor quarter, where Alan means to practise. A little boy has come to cheer them in their difficulties.

The family at Misrule repay the bounden hospitality offered them by giving a dance. To this dance comes a Captain Morton, invalided home from the Transvaal. He speaks some things to beautiful Nell, which make her very happy. An evening or two later, at some Tableaux, Bunty and she overhear him talking slightly of her to a Miss Lyttelton. That evening and ever after Nell will have nothing to do with Captain Reginald Morton.

On the estate adjoining Misrule live the Savilles—father, mother, Jack, and Lylie, a little girl to whom the Misrule children take a great fancy. Essie and Nell go to call on Mrs. Saville, "a lady with flashing eyes," and are told by her that she "never sees visitors." A mystery surrounds the family. Poppet is certain there is another little girl whom no one sees. The children are never allowed over the wall. One day, however, after watching Mrs. Saville and Lylie safely out of sight, Peter and little Essie venture in to see Jack. To their great surprise they find Lylie indoors studying. "Why," says Essie to her, "You were out . . . I saw you going out. . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM THE WINDOW.

"A little since and I was glad, and now
I never shall be glad or sad again."

A COLD, blustering day. Misrule's trees tossed their branches restlessly, the grass was strewn with dead leaves and blown rose-petals, the river was silver-grey and ruffled all over with vexed little waves. Overhead stretched a dull sky with scudding clouds.

Esther had gone to town, and reluctantly enough when she looked at the wind, but she had an appointment with the photographer that might not be put off. Her mother's birthday was approaching, and a large counterfeit presentment of her small grandchildren was to be Esther's present. So Peter was inducted into his short fawn overcoat over his best sailor suit, and adjured to pull up his high socks and attend to the neat lacing of his best boots. And over Essie's white muslin was put her warm pelisse of white velveteen and fur, and on her feet white shoes and socks, and a white furry bonnet on her brown curls.

Nellie had dressed her and combed out those curls that they might show to best effect in the photograph.

She made a suggestion or two to Esther as she put finishing touches. "I think I'd only have head and shoulders," she said—"the two leaning together, and then have it cut medallion shape."

Esther looked doubtful. "It would look nice

and artistic," she said, "but then you know mother is never satisfied unless she can see all of them, legs and arms and all, so she can judge how they are growing."

"Tell you," said Peter; "me holding a gun—I could take it with me, Bunty's gun, needn't have any cartridges in—I could be pretending to shoot. Grandma would like that."

"And me," said Essie jealously, "me holding one end of the gun."

Esther declined the suggestion gently.

"Well, tell you," said Peter; "we could pretend to be playing circus—me bending down and Essie standing on my back—that would amuse grandma a lot."

"Oh, yes, let's," said Essie, and hopped round the room with one white-shod foot caught in her hand to show her exuberance of admiration at the suggestion.

"Only you always tip over, you're such a duffer," said Peter.

"I don't," said Essie indignantly, "it's your fault, you don't bendle your back down enough."

"Jack doesn't tip over," said Peter, "only silly girls."

"He does—he would," said Essie, "he's a nasty, horrid boy."

But the bonnet-strings were tied by this, and Peter's sailor cap stuck on, and Esther's lost gloves found, and her purse put in her hand. And down the stairs the three all hastened, and helter-skelter down the drive, and with very little more dignity even on Esther's part down the red road, for had not Poppet rushed from the staircase window shouting that the boat was coming round the bend.

Now the house was settling down quietly once more after the breeze. Bunty went off to the laundry—it was Saturday morning—a tin of metal paste in his hand, to give his bicycle a "good old clean." He adjured Poppet to come and do the same to hers.

"In a minute," said Poppet, who was curled up in the broad window-seat of the drawing-room with *The Daisy Chain*.

"You will do no such thing," said Nellie. "Esther said you were to be sure to do your practice. You know Miss Burton will be here at twelve to give you that music lesson you missed."

"Oh, bother," said Poppet. But she rose up and drifted gradually, reading as she went, to the piano. And here she sat down, put the open book on the music-holder, and played her scales, major and minor and chromatic, one after the other, the while she read absordedly.

Nell stood at her vacated place in the wide window and looked out at the waving trees and the dull river.

What should she do this morning? Oh, yes, of course, there was the stocking-bag to be attacked, and the vases wanted doing, and Esther had asked her to label a trayful of bottles of tomato sauce, and Martha would need telling what puddings to make for dinner, since Esther had gone off in a hurry without leaving any orders.

But how dull all these things seemed, dull as the river, the sky, the trees. Oh, what a dull, dull old thing was life altogether—every day the same, getting up and having meals, helping with the young ones, going to little gaieties, or staying at home and reading! Reading—what if she got a book like Poppet? Her mind ran languidly over the books in the house—nothing new. What if she turned Poppet off the music-stool—she would go thankfully and get out of her music? Nothing new there, all the old pieces, old songs.

"A great deal *you* have to grumble at," said a voice in her heart. "Think of some girls' lots. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"So I am," she answered it; "still all the same everything *is* deadly dull."

"You know it's not that," said the voice, "all is the same as it always was. It is you who are altering."

"Well, I suppose it is," she said. "I am growing old—I am nineteen."

"You know it's not that," said the stern voice. "The real reason is——"

She shrank from it. "No, no, don't say it," she said.

"It is, you'd better face it at once; you've refused to look it in the face for too long. The real reason is——"

"Oh, no, no," she said piteously, "I've forgotten all about it. If I met him, I shouldn't even change colour. I don't care one atom—one atom. I—I think I absolutely dislike him."

"Well, why are you letting it change you?"

"Oh, oh"—wildly—"wouldn't any girl? To have let oneself care, even only a bit, a tiny bit, and to have thought he meant it; but, oh, yes, he did look—ah, he shouldn't have looked like that and held my hand—oh, oh, to think I let him hold it; no, I didn't, I didn't, I took it away, I did truly, as soon as I could, or—or almost as soon. And perhaps he imagined I *did* care, and he laughed."

Over and over the miserable little affair she went. That was the canker, the horrid spot on her sore young spirit. A man had treated her as a plaything, and she had not had sense enough

or dignity enough to see it; instead she had given away unasked—what? Not her heart, that was sound enough yet, but a bundle of girlish emotions and pretty trust and romanticism that she took to be her heart.

She had climbed her stiff bit of hill when she came to it bravely enough, but now she was over the brow of it and had fought through the thorns, no one would ever know how wretchedly flat, stale and unprofitable stretched out all the level road once more.

What a frightful discord Poppet was making! Left hand and right hand, left so entirely to themselves, had started off on entirely different journeys. Poppet's eyes glanced absorbedly up and down the book in front of her; every minute or two the right hand left its treadmill to flutter a page over and then hastened back to catch up the left as well as might be.

"I ought to stop her," said the conscience at the window; "if I were a proper eldest sister—like Meg or girls in books—I should go and take her book away, and sit down beside her and hear her practise properly."

"Well, why don't you?" said conscience number two.

"Oh, what's the use, she would only argue—I hate arguments!"

"A lazy, self-centred creature, that's what you're growing to be—a love-sick little idiot such as you'd despise in a book. Why can't you brace yourself up a bit and look life in the face again boldly?"

"Love-sick! What a horrible, horrible thing to say!—I'm not, I'm not—he's no more to me than a stone."

"Well, brace yourself up and stop being cowardly."

"Poppet, Poppet, put that book away at once—what a thing to do! You are making a frightful jangle. Do practise properly."

"I am. I'm doing my scales. She told me to practise them ten times each," said Poppet.

"Not without looking at them."

"It's good practise; I might be blind some day."

"Put that book away, Poppet, till this afternoon."

"Just another chapter—oh, it's dreadful!—they've all got scarlet fever, and Leonard is catching it, and—and——"

"What in the world is she doing?" said Nell, an almost startled tone suddenly in her voice.

"What is who doing?"

"Why, Lylie,—well, I can hardly believe my eyes,"

The Daisy Chain came tumbling with a crash on the keys, and Poppet sprang across the room to the window where her sister stood. Lylie! Lylie! what could there be connected with her this quiet Saturday morning?

Then her eyes went round as Nellie's, her mouth opened in amaze and forgot to close again.

There was Lylie climbing over the fence and dancing over their grass—the plain, sober grass of Misrule—it was no hallucination. Lylie in a white cashmere frock, with her nimbus of pale gold hair around her head, and no hat on at all. What was she doing now? Walking right on the flower-beds and gathering and dragging at the flowers till her arms were full; throwing the blossoms down and dragging more; pulling the plants up by the roots and flinging them aside; breaking the roses off by their heads and tossing them in the air.

Poppet drew a deep breath and caught at Nellie's sleeve. "I'm only dreaming, I know," she muttered.

On and on danced the little white figure. There was Essie's kitten asleep under the marguerite bush, its favourite spot. She caught the trustful little animal up by the tail, swung it up and down, and finally flung it as far as she could in the air, watching it turn over and touch the ground, and creep away dazed and subdued, with peals of laughter.

At the foot of the path was a heap of dried leaves and rubbish that Bunty had raked up to burn, but finding the wind so strong had laid his matches down for a leisure hour.

The astonished watchers in the window could not see the matches, only the child stooping for a moment over the heap. The next second up shot a pale tongue of flame—the heap caught and crackled.

"Good heavens!" Nell cried sharply, and pushed agitatedly to raise the sash of the long window that she might rush out. "Her frock will catch."

Round and round the blaze danced the white figure, moving its arms joyously.

Nellie had the window up now and was dashing out—it only seemed to both of them one minute since they had seen the child climbing across the fence.

Then a scream of frightful horror broke from Poppet. It was no longer a white figure that danced; the pinafore had caught, and blazing from head to foot the child rushed madly across the long stretch of grass, shrieking and stretching her arms towards Nellie, who was rushing down to her,

CHAPTER XVI.

UP AND DOING.

"With a heart for any fate."

BUNTY and the servants ran to the front of the house at the first frantic screams. And Bunty's impulse was the same as Nellie's—to rush to help and never stay to find means; he had not even his coat to help him. The next second he swung round and darted back. "Blankets, rugs," he shouted; tore up the hall rug and flew out with it.

Nellie—what was Nellie doing?

"Fool!" she had muttered to herself. "Fool I was not to catch up a blanket!" Yet on she ran, darting lightnings of thought rushing through her brain. It meant mutilation at least, loss of all her beauty; but oh, the child's face of mad, piteous terror, her heartrending shrieks; she must do something—fling her down, try to roll the flames out!

But what was this? Almost as she reached the blazing figure she stumbled over something, a long black sinuous thing on the grass. Heaven be praised, Bunty had used the garden hose yesterday and left it carelessly flung down on the grass; a trickle of water still ran from it, he had not even turned the water off properly. And now she had caught up the end and turned away from the terrible rushing figure that had touched her, turned and began to run again; her own sleeve had caught, yes, yes, press it out—how easily it yielded to her other hand!

"Don't touch her—don't touch her. You can't save her," Bunty had shouted as he tore back for his rug. Better that one, a stranger, should perish than that Nell should madly fling away her young life like that.

But Nellie was bending down, bending at the stand-pipe—the next second they knew why she had turned. Out from the end of her hose burst the stream of saving water! She stepped back, back as the child advanced on her, and played her hose on the pale flames with steady capable hands.

"Lie down, lie down at once," she called, and

the child fell in a heap, and they heard the splutters and hisses of the flames as they went out.

It was all over when Bunty and the servants with their rugs got down; the whole thing had not occupied two minutes, two more waiting for those rugs and the child's life had been lost.

As it was her condition was alarming. She lay a pitiful little blackened, drenched figure at their feet; all the gold hair burnt away, her face scorched, the white frock, fortunately a thick one, burnt right away, her under-petticoats singed, and her arms in terrible condition. Nellie's face was sheet-white, but she was not even trembling; her nerves were up to highest tension point, and she kept them there.

"Bunty—a doctor," she said. "Poppet, go next door and tell them. Martha, help me to carry her to the house—give me those blankets to wrap her in."

They bore the shivering, moaning figure up over the grass and into the drawing-room, and by that time Poppet was back again with Mr. Saville, the only one at home next door.

The man came up to the sofa with a face like ashes.

"I had fallen asleep—God forgive me, I had fallen asleep," he said, again and again.

"Yes," said Nellie gently, "but what shall we do? We must do something—the doctor will be some time—what shall we do?"

"Fallen asleep," repeated the man, "and she had left me in charge. God forgive me.

Nellie plucked at his sleeve. "Think what we can do," she said, "that is the first thing. Oh, look at her—listen to her—what can we do?" For a second she had let her nerves relax, thinking here was someone to take the responsibility.

But the poor stunned fellow did nothing but mutter that he had fallen asleep, fallen asleep when he should have kept guard.

Martha came staggering in with a bath of cold water. "Lay the poor lamb in this," she said.

Bridget was voluble. "Mashed potatoes," she said, "that is the best thing, spread it over the burns—only



"'BUNTY—A DOCTOR,' NELLIE SAID."

there are no potatoes cooked. Will I be after cooking some?"

But Nellie was ready to take charge again "Get me flour," she said; "no, wait." What was it Esther used for all the cuts and bruises and little burns in the household? Yes, boracic powder they must run no risk of poisoning. "Don't touch her," she said, and flew up to Esther's medicine-chest two stairs at a time for the familiar red tin. And she dragged a sheet from the bed, thinking of the agony of blanket on that quivering skin. And here was the brandy-flask—yes, a spoonful or two of that.

She pushed the useless father gently aside; she forced the brandy between the white, moaning lips; she cut away gently, very gently, the charred clothing, and sprinkled her boracic thickly on the burns and reddened parts, then laid her sheet on lightly and a blanket over that, for the child shivered and screamed at the touch of the air.

"Now we can do nothing but wait," she said. "Martha and Bridget, please go away, I am sure we should keep her quiet. Pull the blind down, Poppet—the light seems to hurt her eyes. Mr. Saville, sit where she can see you, will you, please?"

The man obeyed her like a chidden child. "Here, shall I stand here?" he said.

"That will do nicely," said poor Nellie, "and speak to her, poor little thing, try to comfort her—think what pain she is in, and I am a stranger to her."

He leaned over the sofa. "Dearie," he said, "dearie, don't cry—don't cry, dearie."

No other sound for nearly an hour in that terrible room. Just the child's moans and screams and the man's dull voice saying again and again, "Dearie—there, don't cry." Two or three times when a hand was flung out of its covering, Nellie shook more powder on the burns and covered all up again. Two or three times Poppet crept out of the door and up to the staircase window to see if there was any sign yet of the doctor.

The third time she returned her face was brighter, and she beckoned Nell to the hall.

"Alan," she whispered, "coming down the hill as fast as possible on his bicycle."

"Thank God!" Nellie said. "Now if only her mother would come——"

"Nellie," said Poppet, "I'm not dreaming, I'm quite awake, but that isn't Lylie."

"Nonsense," said Nellie, "of course she looks different now, that is all."

"It isn't," persisted Poppet; "I knew it wasn't before she caught fire. Lylie is littler and doesn't look quite like that."

"Nonsense," said Nellie again, and turned back again into the room.

The movements roused Mr. Saville from his benumbed state.

"The doctor is almost here," Nellie said; "hush, Lylie—there, darling, the pain will all have gone soon, here is a doctor coming. Mr. Saville, can't you get her mother?" She added this in a whisper.

The man stood up and shook as if he were palsied. "I dare not," he said—"I dare not. I dare not. What can I do? Make an end of things?" He muttered the last and turned as if to leave the room.

But Nellie kept her hand on his arm. "You mustn't leave us," she said; "we shall want you. Look, here is the doctor—oh, Alan, at last!"

In five minutes the poor little girl lay perfectly still under the influence of an opiate, the burns were dressed, a folding spring stretcher was carried down and made into a comfortable bed. In this they laid her very gently, and Alan sat down to patiently await the awakening.

He had greatly relieved their anxiety. "By no means as bad as it might have been, considering the circumstances," he said. The muslin pinafore had blazed easily, but the thicker cashmere frock had resisted longer, and the body parts were only a little reddened. The arms and legs had suffered the worst, but even these were only injured, as he technically called it, in the second degree. The shock to the system was what he feared the most.

"Did I do anything wrong?—have I made her worse by what I did?" poor Nellie said, when all was quiet again.

"You did excellently," he said—"excellently; everything quite right." Then he remembered Bunty's hurried account of what the girl had done, and his keen eye noticed the tense look of her young lips.

"Go and get a cup of tea," he said; "remember, it is doctor's orders, no disobeying; I'll stay here and look after the child. And see the father has a cup; he's so unstrung I've not been able to ask him anything yet."

The father! Nellie had forgotten him for the last few minutes; and when she turned to look for him he was nowhere to be found in any of the rooms.

With a catching of breath as she remembered his last muttered words she ran across the grass, scaled the fence almost as quickly as Essie managed to do, and was at the hall door of the gloomy house, as she had calculated she would be, just as soon as he who had gone by both front gates reached it.

"Yes," he said ; " what do you want ?"

He spoke impatiently ; life, long almost intolerable, had suddenly become absolutely so to him. Let him but have a moment or two to leap over the edge of it for ever.

But Nellie was clinging to his arm.

"Oh," she said, "I am so faint, will you give me some—some tea?"

The brave girl who had saved his poor little child!—knocked over now, and completely spent—what a blind, selfish fellow he had been! He almost carried her into the house; he put her gently into the dining-room's easiest chair; then, seeing Charlie and Tairoa had gone to gape and exclaim in Mistrule's kitchen, and the coachman was away with the brougham, he busied himself in the unusual and difficult task of making a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DEEPER SEA OF TROUBLE.

WHEN it was ready she drank it thankfully. For one thing it gave her a little time to quieten her beating heart and think what she best might do; for another, her throat was dry and swollen, and the excitement had given her a raging thirst.

Then she looked across to her host again and found, now his task was finished, he was standing at the window, his head sunk on his breast, quite oblivious of her again.

She went across to him.

"You must think how much worse it might have been, Mr. Saville," she said. "Alan—the doctor

says there are scores of worse cases continually at the hospital, and they get on very well. She will be well and running about again in no time."

He looked at her piteously. She had never thought of him before as an old man, but now his



"'FALLEN ASLEEP,' REPEATED MR. SAVILLE, 'AND SHE HAD LEFT ME IN CHARGE.'"—(p. 399.)

ruddiness replaced by that grey, curiously-cowed look, his shoulders bowed, his hands shaking, he looked positively aged.

"Oh, no," he said, "she will die—of course she will die!"

"No, no," said Nell eagerly; "Alan says she will do well, he thinks—the shock was worse than

the burns—we must just keep her very quiet and take care of her, and you will see how soon she will be well. When her mother comes back she——”

He began to shake again so violently it frightened the girl. Why had she not told Alan or one of them to follow her and help in this dreadful crisis, instead of flying impulsively off alone as she had done?

She took his arm gently and drew him to a chair.

“There,” she said, “sit down—oh, I know, I know how dreadful you feel, but no one could blame *you*; when she—when Mrs. Saville comes home she will quite understand it was no fault of yours. Children cannot be watched every moment—ours are never watched at all—how could you dream she would get into such mischief? It will be hard to tell her, of course, but she can’t blame *you*.”

“You don’t understand—you don’t understand,” he said; “of course she can blame me; it is the first time she has ever left her for a whole day—since—— And she told me not to let her out of my sight one minute. The first time she has gone for more than an hour or two in all these four awful years. She had to go—Lylie’s throat has been getting worse, and she has taken her in to a specialist to have some growth removed.”

“Lylie!” repeated Nellie bewildered. “You mean Jack, of course.”

“No, Lylie,” he said. “She took Jack so that he might get into no mischief.”

“But, Lylie,” said Nellie again, “surely that is Lylie at home—Lylie who was—burnt.”

“No, no,” he said, “that’s our poor little Enid—poor, poor little Enid!” Great tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

“We did not know you had two girls,” Nellie said; “I thought it was Lylie running to me.”

“Enid,” he repeated, “my poor, poor little Enid. And it was not enough that I had blasted her life once—I do this thing now. Well, well, we’ll all go together now—if Heaven had had any mercy it would have finished us both off that day at Coora-bong, and not let us drag on black year after year to an end like this.” He was talking to himself, Nellie quite forgotten once more.

“Oh, hush, hush,” cried Nellie, shrinking with all a young girl’s fright from further hearing of tragedy; “come back home with me, you ought to be there—don’t let us stay here—oh, I want to go home, please, please come with me.”

His head dropped more and more, the mutterings became more indistinct. Nellie only gathered a sentence or two. “They call it the coward’s way—well, let them call it. We’ll go together, little Enid and I.”

Her fears increased—what might he not do, left alone in a state of mind like this?

“Oh, please, please,” she urged at his elbow, “oh, do come back home with me, I must go—they will want us both.”

He sat up straighter. “Well,” he said, “run along, run along.”

“But you,” said Nellie, “I want you to come too.”

“No, no,” he said, “run along. I—I have something to do.” He looked vaguely round the room.

“Perhaps she is crying for you,” said Nellie; “think how terrible for her, no mother there and no father—you *must* come.”

“No,” he said, “you don’t understand. She doesn’t know me or care for me now at all—has not done so all these years. But down there—in the dark—she’ll remember—and forgive me.”

“Oh,” said Nellie, and her eyes flashed, “I think it is—not very brave to talk like this. I know it is dreadful, *dreadful* for you. But you are a man, and a man has to be strong and bear things. No one but you can tell her and stand by her—Mrs. Saville, I mean.”

“I!” he said, “any one but I can. Don’t you know it was I who made my poor little girl as she was?”

“I don’t know anything,” Nellie said, “except that you must be brave and meet this—bravely.”

“No,” he answered bitterly, “not a second time, there’s a limit to bearing. I met the thing the first time decently—at all events, I stood it. It’s different now. Go back to your home and leave me.” Again he gave that vague look all round his room.

“Mr. Saville,” Nellie said, “I can’t and won’t go back without you. Don’t you think you might do this when I ask you? I—I did my best for your little girl. Look at my arm, I should like the doctor to do something to it.”

Then horror came into his eyes as he looked where she bade him and saw the blouse sleeve singed and burnt below the elbow.

“Let us go at once,” he said, “at once. I did not know you were burnt.”

And in very truth Nell had hardly known herself, and certainly had never stopped to look at the scorched red patch on her white arm.

“I *should* like something put on,” she said, and then there were no more words between them all the way down their gloomy drive and up Misrule’s sunny one.

The child still lay under the influence of the drug that had been given to her.

Alan was looking for Nellie.

“Have you had that tea yet?” he said, and she

just nodded, and pushed Mr. Saville gently to a chair by the bedside.

"Mr. Saville will watch," she said. "I want you to come and do my arm, Alan. It is *so* badly burnt."

He caught it up in concern, but looked relieved to find it was no serious matter. "Perhaps it is more painful than it looks," he said.

"It is dreadful; come and do it at once," she said, and went before him into the breakfast-room.

But once out of the squatter's sight she forgot the arm again, and hurriedly told Alan of the interview the other side of the fence.

"I am sure if he isn't taken care of he—he will do something to himself," she concluded, and burst for the first time into excited sobs. "What can we do? What can we do? And when she comes home it will be worst of all—she is so hard and hateful. Oh, you can't imagine—whatever he did she ought to forgive him. Who will tell her?—*he* shan't! I will tell her myself first." Again she sobbed, and shivered.

Alan questioned her about the interview, learned all that Misrule knew of the family next door. It was plain there was some sea of trouble beyond, even deeper than this they had just plunged into.

Then he went back to the drawing-room and stood by the bedside again, and watched the father watching his child.

What is the doctor's talisman? In ten minutes Alan was in possession of the sad story of next door, and Mr.

Saville was leaning back in his chair, the relieved look on his face that the mere telling of a trouble often brings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF THE SAVILLES.

"Crying twice, 'O child,' and thrice
So that men's eyelids thickened with their tears."

A SAD enough tale in very truth.

The Savilles came from Queensland, where they had owned a big station; droughts, bad times, the tick pest—nothing seemed to affect them, and they grew richer every year. Mrs. Saville had been a

lovely, petted society girl, but when the first child came she gave up her gaieties willingly enough, and lived the greater part of the year on the great station, entirely absorbed in her beautiful little girl. After three or four years Lylie came, and later, Jack; but the mother's chief love and pride seemed concentrated on Enid, the one who had come first, and was so bright, so lovable, so beautiful and high-spirited that all who saw her were captivated.

Mr. Saville shared her pride; it was his delight to teach the little girl to ride, to drive, to swim, and a well-known sight around Coorabong was the pleasant-faced squatter mounted on a big-boned favourite of his, and by his side, on a horse almost as high, Enid in her little holland habit, with a sailor hat, her bright hair blowing behind her, her eyes sparkling, her little hands skilfully guiding her great steed.

When the child was about eight some races were got up among the big stations about, and importance was lent to them by the fact that besides Sydney and Brisbane people a number of English visitors were to be present. Saville himself was greatly interested in the event, and worked hard to make it a success. "We'll show these English fellows what riding means," he said, and scoured the country for miles around to be sure no able horseman or promising horse had been overlooked.

There was to be a ladies' jumping contest, and he was anxious to enter Enid for it, for young

as she was she and that loose-boned horse of hers could take a fence with most of the women riders in the district. But Mrs. Saville had always been nervous of Enid jumping; indeed it was a matter father and daughter chuckled over and kept to themselves that the latter could jump at all. A born little horsewoman, the child had given her father no peace until he allowed her to follow him over his fences, and at last he had a low hurdle or two put up for her in a far paddock, and took her there to practise daily until she became unusually expert. Utterly fearless himself with horses, he had taught Enid to be the same, and having



"A WELL-KNOWN SIGHT AROUND COORABONG WAS THE PLEASANT-FACED SQUATTER MOUNTED ON A BIG-BONED FAVOURITE, AND, BY HIS SIDE, ENID."

selected her horse with the greatest care and given some hundred and twenty guineas for it, he had little more apprehension for her safety when he watched her galloping beside him than he had for her when he saw her walking about on her own two legs. She entreated him to enter her for the jumping contest. "Let's do it and s'prise mamma," she begged; "let's keep it secret right till the time." So he smiled and entered her name. It would be easy enough at the time not to let her start if her mother objected strongly, he told himself. In the meantime he took the eager little rider every day to the actual scene of the races to familiarise her with it, and watched her clear the three hurdles—they were not very high—one after the other as easily as he could do it himself.

The race day came, and all the neighbourhood turned out with all its horses, and all its motley assortment of vehicles, and all its babies. Many of the women rode, and any horse it seemed that came handy—a heavy farm one in many cases. Habit-skirts were by no means the order of the day, and the English visitors were vastly entertained by the spectacle of girls riding in ordinary print or cashmere dresses with frills and furbelows, and an old woman of sixty in a brown stuff dress heavily trimmed with beading and steel work, plodding along on the back of a steed that might have been born the same year as herself.

As a rule Mrs. Saville herself rode to these events, but this particular day she was watching the events from the box-seat of the drag, with Jack and Lylie and two or three of the many visitors they were entertaining at the time on the station.

When the ladies' jumping contest was announced there rode into the big ring only some half-dozen competitors—two or three girls in fresh blouses, very long serge riding-skirts and sailor hats, a squatter's young wife in a blue cloth habit, a tall woman wearing a faultlessly-fitting dark-green habit and an immaculate tall silk hat, and looking for all the world as if she were going for a trot on London's Rotten Row. Saville looked dubious when he saw her, for she made a business of these country races, and carried the prizes off everywhere; Enid had at least a chance among the other competitors, but with this one starting there could only be one end to the race.

He decided he would not even cross the grounds to the drag and beg his wife's permission for their child to start, as had been his intention; he had left the asking until the last moment, thinking it likelier that she would consent if she had no time to think it over.

Then into the ring came riding his little girl. The eyes of the whole course were on her instantly

—such a picturesque, small figure in the little white linen habit and the little white helmet, beneath which fell the sunny curls. Such a saucy, glowing, happy little face, such eager small hands—one holding the reins, one the gold-mounted riding-whip he had given her.

"No, lassie, no, it's no use starting, you'll only be disappointed," he said; "go outside and watch."

"Ah, no, no—ah, daddie, I must—oh, did she say so?—oh, let us go and beg and beg!" Such a flame of scarlet on her cheeks.

"I haven't asked," he said, "but see, Miss Clinch is going to ride—you would stand no chance whatever."

"Let me try, let me just try," she urged; "oh, I *must* try, I *must* try—Gaylad is *lovely* this morning; he knows he can win everybody and everybody. Oh, make her let me—make her let me!"

The eyes of all the multitude on his little girl—how his heart swelled with pride for her; she could not win, of course, with that woman there; but how good it would be to show those city people, those English fellows, what she could do!

"Beg, beg!" she urged—"and quick, quick!—they'll be starting in 'bout five minutes."

He half turned from his place—he was acting as one of the judges—to go to the drag. But here was Mrs. Saville hurrying across to the ring on foot. What was it they were all saying—her little girl entered for a jumping race? She was quite white when she reached her husband.

"What nonsense is this?" she said sharply; "they are saying you have put Enid down for this race! Of course it is untrue?"

"Beg, beg, beg!" said Enid, riding round and round them anxiously.

"Won't you consent, dear?" said Saville. "I have trained her thoroughly myself. She is as safe as a church on Gaylad, you know. I'd like to show them all what she can do."

"Never, never!" said Mrs. Saville; "how could you? Send her out of the ring at once! How *dare* you without consulting me? How *could* you?" Her very lips were white.

Round and round them rode Enid.

"Oh, let me, darling mamma, let me! Oh, I'll be *so* good always; I'll learn to sew—I'll do *anything*! Oh, mummie, mummie!"

The first bell rang for the race.

"Send her out to me. Get off your horse and come in the drag with me, Enid, at once," Mrs. Saville said. "Nothing in the world would make me allow you."

Saville was sorely disappointed, both on his own account and the child's; but his wife had her rights.

"Very well, dear," he said ; "of course I'm sorry, but since you feel like that about it she shall not start. You'd better get back now to the drag ; you'll see better from there."

Mrs. Saville moved away again, relieved, and hastened back to her seat, the memory of having left Jack on that high seat hurrying her footsteps.

The riders were in a row and waiting.

"No," said Saville shortly ; "my little girl isn't starting. Ride out, Enid."

The child gave one more passionate appeal.

"Oh, daddie, daddie, let me !" she said ; "oh, I know I could win her !" Such eyes, such lips all a-tremble, such scarlet in her cheeks ! There was the racing fever in all the Savilles' blood—father, grandfather, great-grandfather—all had owned racehorses and run them. Now on Gaylad's back sat one of the same blood fighting with a feeling she had no understanding of, and that seemed only just born in her.

"Oh, daddie !" she said.

Saville choked something out of his throat. It hurt him like a knife to disappoint her so grievously. He reached up a moment and squeezed her little hand, he made her reckless promises—a new horse, a visit to Sydney, anything, anything she liked to ask him to make up for this.

"They are waiting, sir," said a man.

"Ride out, Enid," Saville said and the little girl drooped her face, and rode her horse slowly to the fence.

Saville was to start the race. He gave a quick, irritated look at the line of riders—what interest could he take now in any of them ? Then he fired his pistol and off went the eager horses.

Over the babble of the crowd rang a woman's scream. Saville sprang forward suddenly, then stopped stock still. There was Enid riding madly after the tearing horses, Enid he had actually seen right at the fence. To the spectators generally, so quick had the whole thing been, it seemed she had started with the others:

They were at the first hurdle ; someone's horse grazed it—you heard the clatter of its hoof on the wood ! No, not Enid ; the brown horse had skimmed it easily and was striding along, fast picking up lost ground.

They were at the second hurdle. Up—up, and over again, like a bird—like a bird ! A cheer broke from the crowd, all for the little white figure



"THEY WERE AT THE FIRST HURDLE ; SOMEONE'S HORSE GRAZED IT."

and the flying curls. She was past all but the green habit now ; cheer after cheer rose as she had gained on one after the other—good horsewomen all of them, but where was another horse of Gaylad's strain ?

They were at the third hurdle now, and the

white-clad rider was over again easily, easily. Saville's heart was thumping with pride and terror ; she was leading—see, half a head beyond the green habit ; half a head, three-quarters—why, Gaylad's heels were right in front of the bay horse's head. But now the green habit is gaining again—yes, yes, she has plenty of strength in reserve ; she shoots right on in front, and look, look, the little white figure seems to droop a little, to falter ! Saville is tearing over the ground on someone's horse, shouting, cheering—"Up, Enid, up with him ; up, darling, up, up !" It is the only way to save her ; excited horse, excited rider, he dare not shout to her to stop and risk her pulling up at such a pace. "Up, my darling—up, girlie, hold him together, up—p—p !" The green habit is over easily, the little white one rises after it—up, up, well enough, but the race is lost, lost ; oh, bitter disappointment, and the little hands, tired and trembling with the strain, relax, and the green back becomes a blur, and a noise of hoarse waves is in her ears. Gaylad's head is not coming up again at all—oh, the crash of his heels on the wood behind her—oh, the sickening thud on the fresh spring grass !

"Daddie !" she shrieks, just before the horrible second, then out go the sun and the trees—and a surging darkness, rent with a woman's frightful scream, falls over her.

* * * *

If you had spoken of the occurrence in Coorabong two months afterwards everyone would have told you that the child had escaped marvellously. "Not a bone broken—a shock to the system, of course—nothing more." You would also have heard that the Savilles had gone away, taken the child to England for a change and to help recovery.

Even four years later, though Queensland friends had seen the Saville names in the shipping lists as returning from England, the Coorabong homestead still remained shut up, and the family seemed to have dropped out of the lives of everyone. No one even knew where they were actually living. Occasionally Saville was met by old friends ; but he only spoke vaguely of his place of residence, and said, Yes, Mrs. Saville was well and the children were well.

Escaped miraculously ? Yes, the little fallen body had done that, but the bright, active mind ? The frenzied mother for long refused to acknowledge that anything was wrong when the first shock had passed and the child was about again, looking like herself, but acting so very differently. Then, when there could be no longer doubt that there was something seriously wrong, she rushed to England, to Germany, to France with her, and the brain

specialists saw her, and some shook their heads and some said that time might work the cure that they could not.

And years went on—four, five of them, and the condition remained the same—a state of stupor occasionally varied by fits of wilful and malicious mischievousness.

The mother shrank unutterably from the fact being known ; she clung tenaciously to what one of the German specialists had said—that at fourteen there might come a change and the torpid condition might pass away. In the meantime she put forth all her powers to hiding the present state, lest when the girl was grown up and possibly well again people should whisper and point at her.

The lonely, tree-surrounded house next to Misrule had struck her as the one place where they might live comfortably and healthily and yet hide the secret. She brought back men-servants for the housework to avoid having chattering women-servants, and then with dogged patience she set herself to the work of combating the girl's heavy moods, training, suggesting, watching, watching. Such a task demands the best bodily, mental and moral powers, and they were forthcoming. She became a woman of one idea, interested in nothing beyond the daily development of her unfortunate child. She discharged her duties towards Lylie and Jack most faithfully, taught them herself, to avoid bringing anyone else to the house, even tried to find amusements for them. But she seemed frozen at the heart ; and in all those five years she had never forgiven her husband, never spoken an unnecessary word to him.

He acquiesced in the punishment, and became a quiet, gentle fellow such as his old friends would not have known. Though his wife would have little of his help with the child, preferring to rely solely on herself, still he stood by, ever ready, leaving home only when business took him, and hastening back as quickly as might be to the gloomy place, he whose nature seemed made for merriment, sunshine and prosperity.

He would never forgive himself—that went without saying ; never would he lose the memory of that green paddock, and the brown horse with the little white figure as it rose over the fourth hurdle and crashed down the other side.

But in all that time he had never even tried to clear himself from blame to his wife ; never told her that he had sent the child out of the ring, and had never dreamed of her starting. He felt he could not lay the blame on the poor little girl's shoulders and tell of her wilful disobedience ; the fault was his, for he had taught her to jump, had wanted her to be in the race ; the childish impulse

that had led her to start her horse when the others did she should not be held accountable for.

And yet had he spoken it would have made some difference to his wife ; for the most bitter and the most unforgivable part to her had seemed that after promising her, the moment her back was turned, even before she could take her seat again in her drag, he had gone from his word and permitted the child to go.

So the dreary years dragged on, and the five lives that had been as full of sunshine as their bright Queensland was, moved now in the deepest shadows.

Lylie grew up curiously like her poor sister in appearance, but timid, shrinking, depressed, as was natural. Jack, his father's nature stronger in him, made attempts to enliven his days, as has been seen.

Saville spent a fortune on toys for all three of them, and carried the two younger ones off from time to time to the pantomime, to circuses and such, to try to make up for the gloom that was their daily lot. He had begged the mother to allow the companionship of the young ones from Misrule, but she had vehemently refused, not trusting the discretion of either Lylie or Jack until they were older.

"They are better off than many children as it is," she said coldly ; "they must expect, situated as we are, to make some sacrifice for Enid, who is cut off from everything."

It was when she took Enid for the daily drives in the brougham that Jack had made hay, though so firmly had even he become impressed with the necessity of telling nothing about the strange sister who lived upstairs and did such queer things from time to time, that Misrule had never learnt from him that he had any sister but Lylie.

And then a whole day's absence of the mother and here came this new and frightful tragedy !

Saville had been sitting with the child in the beautiful room they had furnished for her, watching her as she sat turning over and over again a box of coloured bits of silks and velvets. She had not grown very tall in all these years, indeed Lylie had almost caught her up, but she looked strong and healthy. The hair was the same, the bright light curls that had blown out in the wind that frightful day. But the eyes that had sparkled and danced, the bright face that had had the young soul aglow in it—ah ! these were changed, lustreless, expressionless. Saville had sat watching her in saddest reverie, thinking of the days when she had galloped, laughing, chattering, by his side over the white roads round Coorabong.

And sleep crept over him ! The strain of the

trouble had made him a victim to insomnia all the five years, and the last two nights had been the worst he had ever experienced. Outraged, nature rebelled, his head fell back against his chair and he slept—slept and dreamed he was lifting his beautiful girl, laughing, loving, up on to Gaylad's back.

And Poppet had awakened him, shaking him by the arm, sobbing, shivering, gasping about the fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALONG THE ROAD.

SOME mile or so from Misrule stood the Moore's house, where dwelt the dainty Sybil whom Pip always placed as central figure in the castle his early manhood's dreams so often built. Here, too, for the last year had made their headquarters two nephews of Mrs. Moore ; the gallant Captain Reginald Morton, recruiting there on Saturdays and Sundays after his war experiences and living in barracks during the week, and Edward Twynam, a reserved, quiet-natured man, lately come to establish a branch of the great iron works owned by his father and himself in Manchester. This Saturday of the trouble at Misrule he had been spending at home, working through a mass of correspondence to catch the next mail.

But after the one-o'clock lunch he took his pipe to smoke on the road, a new restlessness in his veins compelling him to strike beyond the boundaries of his uncle's well-kept grounds.

It was freer, fresher out here on the open road ; the house he had just left was the last one of the suburb, and where its fence ended the untouched common began again and ran up and down the gentle rises parallel with the river, until the roofs and fences of the next suburb stretched out to meet it.

And yet it was no day for pleasant strolling ; clouds of dust blew up and down the road, the trees waved wild limbs on either side of him, fragments of clouds whirled like driven smoke across the white sky where now the sun shone and now turned its face away.

He shook himself once or twice ; he tried to laugh at himself. Here was he, arrived at the mature age of thirty-two, almost without a single "attack of the heart" ; he, come scathless through countless moonlight nights, of long voyages on ships in the company of lovely women ; he, escaped from the pretty traps laid for him by anxious mothers who had knowledge of the fact that his income was two or three thousand now, and would at the death of his father be trebled.

Here was he swearing to the stars at night that

Nellie was the sweetest name on earth ; he, superintending the putting up of great ugly buildings, and seeing before him on every wall a girl-face with sweetly-fringed eyes and hair aglint with this southern sun.

"I've got the disease as acutely as poor young Ralph in there, and stand just about as much chance. A bright young thing like that would have nothing to say to an old, slow-going fogey like me. If I'd some of Reg's attractions now——!" He sighed and puffed very hard at his pipe, and tried to get up courage to promise himself he would go away—go and put up at some hotel in town while his works were in progress, and stay no longer in this dangerous neighbourhood that every day became dearer and harder to leave.

He swung round at last, telling himself fiercely he would go back to his letters and then start and pack up. What chance could he stand? And even if he stood a chance, what prospect had he of making her happy? "I'm a cut-and-dried bachelor—the last man a girl like that would look at," he muttered; "and now that's the end of it, so pick up your tent and go, man. Well, it's really good-bye this time, little Nell."

And there, as he swung round, coming down the hill towards him at an unusually quick pace—even running now and then—was the girl he had just bidden good-bye to.

The Nellie he had shrined in his heart was a particularly dainty lady, loving fresh, delicately-tinted dresses, possessed of a weakness for becoming hats and pretty shoes and gloves.

The Nellie walking towards him wore a very old jacket and a serge skirt that seemed to be wet and dragged at one side. On her roughened hair was stuck, crookedly, a sailor hat. Her face was not even clean, for a black smut had been smeared on it and extended right across one cheek.

He stood stock still and stared at her for a second even before he held his hand out. But she clutched at his sleeve instead.

"Oh," she said—"you! Oh, I am so glad it is

you—you are always so—so sensible. You will know just what to do!"

She spoke breathlessly, from running against the wind. "I—I was afraid," she added, with a gasp, "when I saw you first, it was Ralph or someone young. Oh, I am glad it is you."

"Just so," he said to himself; "didn't I tell you so—a regular patriarch to her, that's what you are."

But the girl swayed for a second, and turned so white that he forgot his own feelings, and put a steadying arm around her.

"It's nothing," she said; "I was a bit giddy, that's all; I've run most of the way."

"What can I do?" he said; "you are in trouble—is someone ill? Do you need a doctor? I can go quicker than you."

"No, come with me, that's all," she said, and started to hurry onwards again.

She told him briefly the events of the morning, and why she was hastening in this manner.

Alan had come to her half-an-hour ago and asked had she the strength left for one more task. Saville had just told him his story, and the young doctor recognised that even less than the quiet figure on the bed might this man be left alone in his present state of mind. Otherwise, he had formed a notion of going down the road himself to meet Mrs. Saville's brougham, and prepare her for the shock that awaited her.

"Can you do it, Nell?" he asked; "you are a woman, and will manage, perhaps, better than I.

And can you also show her her husband's critical state of mind—the extreme need there is she should meet him without bitter words?"

Far rather would Nellie have met another blazing figure and helped to crush out the flames; but she nodded and reached blindly for an old hat and jacket that hung in the back hall.

"Shall I wait at their gate?"

"No," said Alan;

"Saville says she

must already have started back from town. If you could meet her some distance down the road it would give her longer to prepare."



"OH," SAID NELLIE, "IT IS YOU! I AM SO GLAD IT IS YOU!"

So Nellie went down the windy drive and down the red road—slowly at first, and then the memory of that poor father, trembling with terror at the idea of meeting his wife, suddenly gave wings to her feet, and she flew along. A mile—two miles—oh, let her meet her as far away as possible to give that stony nature time to soften just a little towards the culprit.

"Oh, if you only knew her," she said, as she hastened by Twynam's side, "cold, bitter, hard as rock. I don't believe she has a heart at all. Her husband, her very own husband—whatever he has done she ought to forgive him, oughtn't she? She has hardly spoken to him for five years, he told me so himself, and Jack told us. I suppose it must have been something very bad, but still, *still* she ought to have forgiven him. And just think of me having to tell her what he has done now! Oh, I can't, I can't, I can't!" She began to sob dreadfully, and stopped and looked back as if she would turn and run back over the road she had come.

But Twynam had his hand on her arm, and he drew her to the side of the road and on to a fallen log, and he forgot that he had ever thought of her as his wife, but just felt she was a little trembling girl who had to be helped and comforted as he had often helped his own little school-girl sisters.

"There, don't cry, dear," he said, "it has all been too much for you. We are just going to wait here till the carriage comes, and then I am going to break it to her. Will you leave it to me?—believe me, I can manage—don't you see the whole thing is so frightful there can't be much 'breaking it gently' to her? She has just got to know, and as quickly as possible, or it will be worse torture to her. And see, here's the station cab coming along, I'm going to keep it. You say her children will be with her; we mustn't frighten them, poor little souls—one delicate, too, you say."

Nellie sobbed less violently, and sat up and looked along the road. Oh, the exquisite relief to have someone here helping her, taking the biggest burden off her shoulders.

"There's something coming along now—yes, it's a brougham, I suppose that is it," Twynam said; "not many people about here have them."

"Yes, that is the Box," said Nellie faintly.

Nearer it came, nearer, nearer. Twynam put up his hand and signalled the coachman to stop. He stepped to the window, lifted his hat. A dark, haughty, surprised face looked out at him.

"I must speak to you," he said. "Will you come out of the carriage, or may I lift your children out? I have something to tell you that they should not hear."

A frightful look sprang into the woman's eyes; she glanced at him, at Nellie, whom her sharpened senses instantly recognised, then at the little pale face of Lylie leaning against the cushions, and Jack sound asleep in his corner.

"Something has happened," she said swiftly but very low. Lylie heard no word of her speech. "Something has happened at my home, my child—what—what? I knew it—something told me hours ago—what is it?"

She was opening the door as she spoke, stepping out, falling to the back of the carriage with this stranger who had, she knew—such was the strange wave that had washed from Enid in her peril to her mother heart—some terrible news for her. Nellie, a few yards away, watched them talking—saw by the deadly whitening of the woman's face the moment the blow fell. And yet he detained her a minute or two; spoke more words in that quiet, strength-giving voice of his; told her how the child's danger was past, the husband's only just beginning—that his life lay in her hands only.

Then they came towards Nellie, and Twynam was leading, helping the woman to walk, tenderly, gently, as if she were his mother, stricken with age.

"Mrs. Saville will go in the brougham with you, Miss Woolcot," he said; "you can tell her anything she wants to know on the way. I'll follow with the children—you can trust them to me, Mrs. Saville."

Back, back along the road they drove, the swift brougham, the slower following fly. This the proud, haughty woman with the icy heart that Nellie had felt she could never reach. The strength that had upheld her all these five years and made her coldly self-reliant, distrustful, bitter, fell all away from her. She clung to the girl beside her.

And when they dashed up Misrule's drive, and Alan came to the door and beside him, ashen pallor on his face, the husband, what did she do then?

Tottered towards him, dropped into his arms. "My husband, my poor, poor boy, help me to bear it," she said.

Nellie slipped away, Alan went back to his little patient, and there in the hall they clung together, husband and wife who had been apart such years, such frightful years.

Presently they went into the room where the child lay, and the grey had gone from the man's face, and his shoulders were straighter, and he was leading his wife tenderly.

And when they had been standing there by the bedside a little time, the child's eyelids fluttered open, and she stared up with great wide eyes into their faces.

"Was Gaylad hurt, too, daddie?" she whispered.

(To be concluded.)



Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 "And Phœbus gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;



And waking May buds begin
 To ope their Golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty brings
 My lady sweet arise;
 Arise, arise.

o o o o

Shakespeare.



The Social Life of the Girl Undergraduate.



BY AN OLD NEWNHAM STUDENT.

Illustrated by ARTHUR ALLINGHAM.

JUST as we were turning in last night, my chum, Isabel Burroughs, said, "Let's have breakfast together to-morrow," and, of course, I agreed.

I get down at 8.40, five minutes before I need, and see no trace of Isabel. There are no letters for me, and all the eggs are gone—that was to be expected—but there is plenty of coffee and bacon. As I fill my cup at the side-table, I look round surreptitiously and decide that I think I don't want to talk to any of the available people, and I don't expect Isabel will either, so I find a clean place at an empty table and sit me down. I am hardly through my bacon when I hear the swing-doors close, and raise my eyes to see if it is Isabel. No such luck! It is Miss Brown, a North Country "fresher," who takes my glance for a welcome and is going to join me, oh dear! yes, and import a plate from another table and sit down on top of somebody else's crumbs—all in order that she may talk to me. At first I am rather stiff and bored with her (Miss Brown is not quite, quite—you understand), and we converse very stupidly about the weather and the thickness of the bacon; but, by-and-by, I let myself go, and become quite witty and brilliant on the subject of Miss Hill's new blouse. The next stage is that Miss Brown becomes confiding, and asks me how it is some people get invitations to parties in the town. I say I presume that most of us have had a cousin or brother or friend at Cambridge, and through them we have one or two introductions to dons.

Miss Brown says she supposed it was that way, but just wondered if it would be any good putting your name down anywhere!

I shake my head emphatically at this.

Miss Brown becomes silent, and soon leaves the table, to my great relief. Still no Isabel—and the butters are being whisked away and there's only one jam left. Is she ill? If so, I shall take her breakfast up to her. She is

generally such an wonderfully punctual person. I am thinking of going to see if anything has happened to her, when suddenly she swoops on me from the back door with a "You *are* late" at me. She has been up and down, it appears, and has breakfasted and been to prayers and settled in the library and written three pages and a half, and is just coming through to get another book. I explain I thought she said "a quarter to," and declare emphatically that I have finished (though I am secretly planning another piece of bread and jam) and will come to the library and join her there straight away. The library is a lovely place; lovely to read in, and lovely to look at with its snug recesses and many galleries. In fact, it is none too easy to find a seat there in the morning when everybody is being dusted and swept out of her own room. Isabel, however, with her customary foresight has scattered dictionaries broadcast, and so kept a place for me. But, unfortunately, I cannot stay long as I have a lecture in the town at eleven o'clock—bother it!

I wish I were taking the mathematical trips, then I should not have to patter out for my instruction, because it would come to me—at least the instructor would—and I should not have to move further than to one of the little coach-houses down the corridor. This is the worst of history, it involves such a multitude of lectures and hardly any coaching.

Walking back from the lecture with Miss Thomas (Atalanta, as we call her), I realise with a sudden pang that there is a first XI. match on our ground this afternoon, and that means no hockey for me, I only being in the second team. Such a jolly fresh day as it is, too! I think I'll go for a ride, then I remember the condition of my bike's pedal, and also the remark of an Oxford Doner's—"I do not mind the students' bicycling, but I do object to their calling their machines 'bikes.'" Anyhow, call the thing what you like, I shall not be able to

get it mended in time, so I will make a virtue of necessity and be loyal to the College and go and watch the match, and stand about first on one leg and then on the other and clap and shout "played" and think how much better I could have done it myself—show my *esprit de corps*, in fact, though I may be feeling *esprit de bore*.

We go and have lunch as soon as we get in,



"I GET DOWN AT 8.40."—(P. 411.)

helping ourselves at a side table, and choosing our own seat, just as at breakfast. I should be bored if I were a man and always had to arrange for my own private separate lunch in my own room.

After lunch I go and look at the papers till Isabel turns up, simply bristling with virtue,

having put in four solid hours' work before one o'clock. I say I must "go and work," but I stay talking while she feeds. Then the Bedford team appears and we get ready to watch the match.

It is altogether a very fast game, and though we constantly press them hard we only win by two goals in the end. We cheer Bedford, and Bedford cheers us, and then comes in and has a huge tea and is taken round the College, and is very polite and ecstasises over everything to our great delight, and then runs off to the station and just catches or just misses the train. After they have gone I repeat that I must "go and work." Nobody contradicts me, and I go and arrange my books and find that I am just in the mood for service at King's. But whom shall I ask? Isabel is safe to refuse; she always insists on working her two hours before dinner. Any of the XI.? I'm afraid they will want to work too. Miss Brown? She would be charmed, but I don't think I care enough about her. Miss Topham. Happy thought! Miss Topham consents with alacrity. We get to King's in nice time, five minutes to five, and are put into the stalls. We have the most beautiful anthem, and I think of Wordsworth's lines—

"But, from the arms of silence—list! oh, list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate—every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy!"

We walk back almost in silence.

We leave "hall" at 6.30, and, as I and Isabel come in together, we are both invited to sit at the high table; we were beginning to think we had offended "the authorities," as we had not been called up for such a long time, but now we think it was quite a chance. The "High" discusses the match with great affability and some of the motions for the debate next month. But the chief topic is Miss Lawson's appointment to a professorship at an American college. This is a really great honour, for no woman has ever been professor there before, and now the first is to be "one of us." She has had a cable direct from America, and only knew an hour

ago. We are all immensely pleased, because Miss Lawson is so nice.

I wait till pudding before I tell Isabel I have been to King's. All she says is: "Then of course you won't come down to dancing this evening." I assure her I shall, and go to Miss Martin's Cocoa into the bargain. Isabel says nothing, only looks at me in that kind of elder-sister way she has and makes me feel quite bad for a minute or two. But it would really be of no use trying to work when the others are dancing. I know my thoughts would wander.

The maids clear the tables quicker than usual, and I sit down and play the first valse, and then a clamour arises for the Lancers.

After the tumult of the Lancers has subsided, Miss Green comes and plays, and we have a peaceful valse; a few keep importuning her for the "Washington Post"; Miss Green, however, refuses to play anything but vales till the end, and then, just as the tea is being brought in, she bangs out "John Peel." We stop punctually at eight o'clock and drink tea, and then, be it recorded, I work from 8.15 to 10.

Having completely regained my self-respect by this noble act, one and three-quarter hours' continuous hard work, I go off to Miss Martin, and find her setting out cups in a great hurry, having evidently only just begun preparations. She hails me with delight, and at once enlists my services as butler and steward.

The fact is she forgot, till a minute ago, that she had invited anybody to cocoa.

What can I lend her?

She would like cake, and will pay me back in coffee or something next week.

Anything else I can lend her? Jam, cocoa, "cow"?

No, she only wants the cake; "Oh! and a cow-opener," if I have it.

(Condensed milk works well with cocoa, and its handy title is "cow.")

I cannot find my opener for some little time, and when I return I find Miss Martin surrounded by a "select and distinguished company" of students, who, however, are not behaving in at all a select or distinguished way, being engaged, at the moment of my entrance, in throwing cushions and abuse at their hostess.

Miss Topham, Atalanta, Isabel, and Miss Green are all there; the biscuit-tins are open,



"I SIT DOWN AND PLAY THE FIRST VALSE."

the kettle is boiling; but they are at a dead-lock, waiting for the "cow-opener."

When everybody has had enough, we clear away the things and make them play "Bumps" till we all are quite exhausted and the furniture wears a rumpled aspect, and even Miss Hastings-Bolingbroke's hair has become somewhat disorganised. Then, as we cool down, we make Miss Martin and Miss Topham give imi-

pick them up, and troop off to the big hall, whither everyone is thronging, full of wonder and guesses as to what can be going to happen.

We are not kept in suspense long, for, as soon as the college is mustered, the Principal comes in, makes a short speech about Miss Lawson, and tells us we are to have special rejoicings to celebrate her triumph, and that the preparations of the gardeners being com-

plete, we were just to give three cheers for Miss Lawson and then go straight into the garden.

So we give her "three times three," with all the voice we have, and make for the garden, full of curiosity to see what the gardeners have done for us.

A bonfire, tarred barrels and big faggots blazing away in the grass! We rush forward, catch hold of one another's hands, and are soon linked into a great circle. The next minute we are flying, shouting, and dancing round the fire, while the flames leap up fiercer and higher. Suddenly the chain breaks, but only to join again and go whirling on with renewed vigour till someone gives the word to "halt"; then, standing still, we strike up, with one

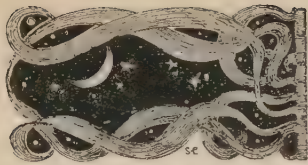
accord, "For she is a jolly good fellow." While we are singing, three students, having unearthed Miss Lawson from her room with the utmost difficulty, charge forward, bearing her aloft on their shoulders, and we start off again round and round the bonfire with her in our midst.

And there we stayed, and kept it up till nothing was left of the fire but dull, red embers.

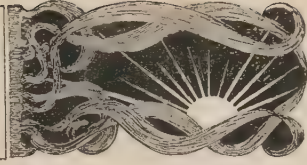


"I FIND MISS MARTIN SETTING OUT CUTS IN A GREAT HURRY." (P. 413.)

tations of the lecturers, and while we are laughing at them a bell rings. "Fire practice!" we say, and those of us who belong to the brigade are half down the corridor when it occurs to Atalanta that it is the big college bell that is ringing, and not the fire bell. We pull up short, and ask one another what it can mean. Arriving at no conclusion, and seeing everybody else scurrying off, we run back for the others,



The Wreck of the "Evangeline."



By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

Author of "Called of Her Country," "True Stories of Girl Heroines," &c.

Illustrated by B. E. MINNS.

I.

HE was taking the voyage for his health ; yet to look at his stalwart, muscular figure and open, merry face, there was little amiss with him. But a close observer might have noted a certain jaded expression in the eyes, and rather deep lines traced upon the face. To a few intimates Randolph Trevannyon told what was the cause of his being sent the trip.

"Tried to do too many things at once Read for Finals, and stroked my boat as well. Didn't want to give up that, and wanted my first class as well. Didn't make such a hash of it either. We're head of the river now, and I've got my double first. But there was a bit of a rumpus at home when I got back ; and here I am in this old tub, sent off to the Antipodes, just that I may be forced to vegetate for three months on end. But I'm fond of the sea, and I don't care much. I mean to have a good time wherever I go !"

The "old tub," thus designated by young Trevannyon with kindly scorn, was in reality a fine sailing vessel, carrying both first and second class passengers. She was bound for Australia, making several calls *en route*. It would be a long business, as they all knew, and the passengers, when all qualms of sea-sickness were at an end, devised many methods of amusing themselves.

Trevannyon was the life and soul of all the efforts. He had a fine voice, and could sing to his own accompaniment any air that he had heard often enough to obtain mastery of. He could imitate all manner of sounds and voices, and would keep the audience convulsed with laughter whilst he gave his musical interludes, or his representations of dialogues between captain and bo'sun, steward and the coloured cook, or steward and some sea-sick passenger.

Often he would go for'ard and entertain the men with some bit of drollery which would provoke guffaws of mirth from them. He caught up their sailor songs and their yarns, and entertained his

fellow-passengers therewith later on ; so that it was no wonder he was soon the idol of the ship's company and the favourite of crew and passengers alike. He knew every soul on board before the first fortnight was out, and had been made the recipient of innumerable confidences which seemed to be drawn out by his cheery friendliness, his strength and good-fellowship.

It was therefore a matter of some surprise to him, as he was patrolling one evening towards dusk that portion of the vessel which belonged to the second-class passengers, to come suddenly face to face with a young girl, whom he was certain he had never seen before. She was tall and slender, and in the dusk her face shone very white. She was leaning against the bulwarks rather feebly, and Trevannyon, as he pulled off his cap preparatory to passing rather close to her, could not help pausing to ask—

"Can I help you ? You look very tired. Are you ill ?"

"I am—getting better," she answered in a low voice. "I want to try and get a little air ; I feel I should be better out now than in the cabin. It is getting so hot."

"To be sure it is. We passed the Canaries two days ago. We are getting into the tropics. I will fetch you a chair, and set you up somewhere where you can enjoy the stars and the sea. Will you wait here half a minute ? I'll be back in a jiffy."

Five minutes later the girl was comfortably settled in Trevannyon's own deck-chair, a light wrap tucked round her feet, her pale face turned towards the wonderful sky in which the stars were beginning to burn like points of white fire ; the music of the waves was in her ears, the soft fresh breeze from the sea fanned her face.

She heaved a great sigh of relief, and looked shy gratitude at the stalwart young man who had drawn up a ship's camp-stool and was surveying her with satisfaction.

"There ! You'll have a chance now of getting

better. Keeping down below-is enough to make anybody ill. Have you been sea-sick all this time? I've not seen you before; and I thought I knew everybody on board by this."

"I think I was ill when I came on board," she answered. "It was like the end of everything. I just crept into my berth, and there I have been. I have the cabin to myself; and the stewardess has been very kind to me. I think but for her——"

The girl stopped. Trevannyon felt he could fill up the pause himself; but he said nothing; only a great pity welled up in his heart. At that moment a hearty-looking motherly woman came up with a basin of soup in her hands.

"There now, Miss Yorke, it's dinner-time now; but don't you move, I'll bring you all you can take. I hope it'll be more than you've been eating since you came aboard. Yes, sir, that's right! Don't let her shake her head and send it away. I tell you she don't eat enough not to keep a sparrow alive, and it's not the sea neither. You tell her it's got to be taken nice and hot; and mind you, Miss Yorke, we all here do what Mr. Trevannyon tells us. He's the biggest person on the ship next to the captain. You get her to make a dinner, sir, and you'll be doing a good work."

The second-class passengers dined an hour earlier than the first, as is usual on board ship; so Trevannyon was able to sit beside the girl and talk to her and insist that she should do some sort of justice to the tit-bits the kindly stewardess brought her. The decks were lighted up by this time, and he was able to study the delicate, refined features of the girl, to note the white shapeliness of her hands, and the air of refinement which encircled her like an atmosphere. He could not talk to her with the freedom that he would possibly have assumed towards a girl of a different type, and she on her part maintained a gentle reserve which was in keeping with her voice and manner. She was very grateful for his kindness, and declared herself better and stronger for her food and the fresh air; before she went away with the stewardess she had shyly promised to make use of Trevannyon's chair upon the morrow, instead of remaining shut up in her cabin.

Late that evening the young man sought out the stewardess and asked her something about her charge.

"She's a sweet young lady as ever was," replied the woman, "and as gently born—I'll take my word for it—as the best we have on board. Poor young thing! She seems so desolate and alone in the world. She doesn't talk much now; but those days when she was ill—so ill that I was half afraid she'd never see land again—she used to talk to me

a little—half rambling, you know; and I sort of understood her story from that, poor lamb."

Trevannyon would have liked to ask it, but he refrained.

"Is she going all the voyage, or only as far as Cape Town?"

For the "Evangeline" was making the old-fashioned journey round the Cape, and some of the passengers would be dropped there.

"She's going all the way, sir. Not that she has such bright prospects when she gets there. Her father was a clergyman, and he and the mother died within a twelvemonth of each other; he was the last. She has no brothers or sisters; only an uncle out yonder, and he wrote to say as she might come to him if she could obtain somehow the money for her passage. He couldn't send her that, and she was left almost penniless herself. She said if she'd had her health, she'd sooner have stayed in the old country and tried to make her living for herself. But her father was ill a long while, and she nursed him herself, till all the strength seemed to leave her, and she didn't know how to face the battle of life. If you can hearten the poor young lady up a bit, sir, as you've such a way of doing, it'll be a real charity."

II.

TREVANNYON'S ready sympathy was aroused, and his interest in this frail girl did not diminish when he saw her next day in the full brightness or daylight. He set her in a shady and comfortable corner; he insisted upon her taking food properly; and she (believing him to be the ship's doctor, and in some position of authority) gave him docile obedience, and found herself growing daily better and stronger.

She had thought the love of life and power of enjoyment crushed within her; but instead of this she found it sprouting once again in her heart; just as the delicate shell pink began to dawn in her cheeks, and a lustrous light to gleam in her soft hazel eyes.

Her fellow-passengers sought to make friends, but though she accepted with gratitude and gentleness any overtures made, she and they alike felt that they belonged not to the same world, and that they had their own occupations and amusements and friendships in which she had no place. She remained therefore a somewhat lonely and solitary being, save for the companionship of Randolph Trevannyon.

At the end of the first week she met him with a flush upon her cheek, and said—

"I must not take up your time like this, Mr. Trevannyon. I made a mistake about you. I

thought from the stewardess saying you were the biggest man here after the captain that you were the doctor. She was always wanting to bring the doctor to me when I was ill, but I never would let her. I thought you were he, and that she had sent you when I got up on deck."

"Well, and if I am not so big a man as the doctor, what of that? Can't we be friends still? Or do you reserve yourself solely for men of drugs and pills? Yes, that's right. I like to see you laugh, you look less like a little white ghost. When once we get through the tropics you'll pick up again."

Everybody was a little languid by this time, and deck games were at a discount. Trevannion felt more disposed for idleness and conversation than for any other form of amusement, and of late he had begun to find conversation with Miss Yorke

more absorbing and interesting than with any other person on board. He found himself telling her a good deal about himself, his past, his rather brilliant future as the eldest son of a rich man (not that there was any brag about Trevannion; but facts were facts, and came to light naturally in the course of conversation); he told of his mother and sisters, and the pickle of the family, young Rupert, till she grew, in a sense, to know them all. Her eyes would grow wistful (and he saw it) at the picture of the old Hall in the West Country, with its gardens and orchards and meadows, and the quiet country-house life so dear to the English mind. She had grown up in touch and in sympathy with just such a life, and now she was on her way to the unknown life of an Australian sheep-farm.

Yet she never complained; it was only bit by



"CRASH!—CAME THE GREAT OCEAN LINER."—(p. 418.)

bit he came to know it, during the long hot hours they sat together, whilst others about them dreamed and dozed. Often a book lay open on her knee. Sometimes she read, and sometimes they talked; but the sense of intimacy and pleasure in each other was growing day by day. Once he took the book out of her hands, with a quiet, masterful touch. It was a dainty little volume of poetry—such as a cultured girl loves to dream over. He turned almost unconsciously to the fly-leaf, where a name was written in a delicate, but characteristic hand which he felt sure was her own.

"Evangeline Yorke." He looked up with a smile. "So you are an Evangeline too?"

"Yes; Longfellow's 'Evangeline' was my mother's favourite poem. She told me that she had resolved that if she had a girl she would give her that name. When I was wondering how to get to Australia—for the fares by steamer cost so much—somebody told me of the 'Evangeline,' and I think it was the name that settled the matter for me. It seemed like *my* ship."

"I am so glad you came by her," said Trevannyon softly.

She looked at him; their eyes met. The soft colour flooded the girl's face. Trevannyon got up, and placing the book in her hands, passed rapidly to another part of the ship.

After that the two were a little shy of each other for awhile; but as the time went on a new intimacy began for them, full of sweet thrills, hesitations, uncertainties, and moments of blinding illumination, which made the days fly by on magic wings, yet seemed so to seal their senses that neither asked or thought, "How will it end?"

III.

THEN came that awful night!

It was growing colder, and the air was often foggy. It had been rather thick all day, and had grown hazier after sun-down. But there was no anxiety in the passengers' minds as they went below. For them there was no warning.

Crash!—came the great ocean liner, suddenly looming out of the fog-wreaths, crashing into the pigmy sailing-ship, whose lights had not been seen, or her horn heard.

Trevannyon flung from his bunk, knew in a moment what had befallen, and though doubtful whether the ship might not be straightway sinking, remained below just long enough to pull on his clothes and buckle his money in a belt about his waist. Then he dashed up the companion and out into the blackness of the foggy night.

Hurry and confusion reigned on deck, for the

passengers were rushing up screaming with terror and shouting terrified questions which none had time to answer. The captain's voice, issuing orders firmly and calmly, the whistle of the *bo'sun*, the answering cries of the crew, told that some sort of discipline was still maintained; lights were appearing here and there, throwing weird gleams upon the terrible scene of a vessel almost cloven in twain, and listing over more and more each minute.

Trevannyon leapt up the steps to the Captain's bridge; both had to hold on hard, for the slant was great and increasing.

"Collision?" he asked—"or have we run on a reef?"

"Run down," was the laconic answer.

"Where is the vessel that did it?"

"Sheered off—her! Half of them do—don't want inquiries and other mouths to feed. Vessel settling slowly. She'll live half an hour, perhaps—not more."

"What about boats?"

"They're getting them ready starboard side—those that the steamship didn't carry away. No hope of launching those—" he pointed to the boats hanging jammed and useless in their davits to port. "We've room for the women and children—and a few more!"

Hideous confusion reigned on deck, as well as workmanlike order on the part of the officers and men carrying out the Captain's orders with regard to the boats. Passengers, half dressed, rushed hither and thither, shrieking in terror and calling upon each other. Mothers, with terrified children clinging to them, were frantically searching for husband and father, and, when found, holding to them as though no power could force them apart. Men were uttering loud-voiced oaths, cursing the vessel which had done them this wrong, and the awful peril which menaced them. Others, calm and fearless, went about seeking what they could do to re-assure the helpless women, or maintain order, as the boats were made ready and furnished with food and water.

Trevannyon passed through the groups like a man in a nightmare. He was possessed but of one feeling. He must find Evangeline. He must secure her salvation. After that—let his own fate be what it might.

He found her at last—calm and serene. She was fully dressed, and was holding a little terrified child for a mother with more than she knew how to see to. Trevannyon marched straight up to her, and lifted her burden from her arms.

"Come!" he said; "they are getting off in the boats. Take my arm. I will carry the child. You

shall have it again when you are safe in the boat."

She looked at him with a strange smile; the mother pressed to his side, uttering sobs and entreaties that all her little ones should be taken. He reassured her gently, and made her cling to him as they approached the spot where the first officer was superintending the filling of the long-boat.

"Woman and four little children," spoke Trevannyon. "Take all together if you can."

"Come on, then—quick," was the answer. "Just room—no more."

The mother and her little ones were stowed in. The boat, low in the water, was instantly pushed off. The sea, though rolling in great long billows, was not high. There was good chance that the boats might live till picked up, or able to sight land.

Trevannyon, free now from his burden, was able to turn to Evangeline. He took her hand and held it fast within his arm.

"I wanted you to go with that lot. But come—do you hear what they are shouting? Another boat is filling up. Come, we must lose no time."

"I do not want to go," she answered, but so low that in the confusion he did not hear. The officer shouted in his ear—

"Come on—follow me. Women and children must get off."

The officer knew where the gigs were being launched. One was full before they reached the spot—for walking was becoming increasingly difficult as the ship listed more and more over. But there was room in another, and Trevannyon pushed Evangeline forward—she was almost the only woman now left on board; but

she resisted so firmly that he paused and looked in her face.

"What do you mean?" he said, as though she had spoken.

"I will not take that vacant place. Life is not precious to me. Nobody wants me. I have no



"‘COME,’ SAID TREVANNYON, ‘THEY ARE GETTING OFF IN THE BOATS.’”—(p. 418.)

home. I am not afraid to die. See that sobbing wife, calling frantically upon her husband! See those seven little children calling upon their father. If a place in that boat is mine, I give it to that woman's husband. Take him. I will stay."

Shelbroke from him and rushed to the man, who

was standing with folded arms, tears running down his face ; yet calm and steadfast to the last. How she did it she never quite knew ; they made way for her because she was a woman ; but it was not she who swung down into the boat. Her indomitable will carried the day. The boat pushed off—and Evangeline was drawn back into the shelter of Trevannion's strong arm. She looked up at him with a happy sigh.

"That is all right. I am happy now. I have earned my right to stay here."

Now there was only one boat left ; and those that remained were, besides the Captain and some of the officers and men—those who had not been told off to the command and manning of the boats—about a score of men passengers, three more women, and the stewardesses and others of the ship's company. The boat which remained would take all the women, and about half of the men passengers. It became a matter of tense expectancy what the Captain would decree. He stood with set stern face at his post.

"Women first !" he shouted.

"One more woman to go !" shouted Trevannion, but she sprang to his side, and lifted her hand to his mouth.

"I am not going !" she cried. "I stay here—with you !"

He carried her to that point where he thought she would be most safe. He fetched a life belt and bound it about her. He made lashings of certain spars, and constructed with them something like a tiny raft, whereon a person might be supported

many hours in the water. He brought her food, he brought her water, he tied a flask of brandy, a bottle of water, a tin of biscuits to his queer little raft.

They did not talk much—they did not wish to. It was the only hour wherein they were alone—belonging each to the other.

"You won't leave me ?" she said once. "You will come too ?"

He had a life belt also. He looked at her and smiled.

"I am a strong fellow. I can swim for hours—for ever in a cork belt. Yes, we will keep together, beloved. We belong to each other. We have our hope of life still. And life together will be sweet."

"And so will death—if together," she spoke, and looked up into his face.

* * * * *

At daybreak a great vessel swung towards them, making all haste towards that sinking craft which it was plain was scarcely able to float another half-hour. The miracle was that she had been able to float through the night, half submerged as she was.

They were taken on board. Kindly care quickly restored them. Trevannion and Evangeline met again, and looked into each other's eyes.

"The poor 'Evangeline' is lost," she said, looking over the great waste of waters.

"One Evangeline is lost," he answered, "but I cannot greatly mourn her, for I have found my Evangeline, and I will hold her fast—so fast that she at least shall never be lost."

THE GIRL'S REALM NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

The cosy should be traced on both sides. The actual measurements for this design are $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches $\times$ 9 inches, but a good margin should be allowed all round it, which enables one to have the cosy itself as large as desired.

There is not much work in it, and after the flowers and leaves have been embroidered in solid shades according to the taste of the worker, it would be found of great advantage to the whole effect if what is shown as solid black in the sketch be darned in all over with a light shade.

Another way would be to work it on a dark shaded material, and *appliqué* it on to a shade lighter, cutting it out at the edges of the leaves and stems before laying it on the other material.

This same pattern could also be arranged as a tablecloth, making with the cosy a charming afternoon tea-set.

Mr. Ainsworth, who originates these designs, would advise readers how it could be traced on their own material if an inquiry were made. His address appears in the Advertisement columns.

VIII.—AN EMBROIDERED TEA-COSY.



A THRILLING MOMENT FOR THE GOAL-KEEPER.

From a Drawing by MARTIN STAINFORTH.





Scenes from Miss Ferrier's "Marriage."



By S. M. DU PRE.



Illustrated by MALCOLM PATTERSON.

INTRODUCTION TO SCENE I.

Mary Douglas has been adopted and educated by an Aunt in Scotland. Her Great-Aunts deplore the deficiencies of the system pursued. Mary is on the eve of a visit to her mother in England.

CHARACTERS.

MISS JOAN DOUGLAS (AUNT JACKY), a "superior" woman.

MISS GRISELDA DOUGLAS, well-meaning, kind, but simple-minded.

MISS NICKY DOUGLAS, the domestic sister.

MARY DOUGLAS, niece to the above.

SCENE I. "The Farewell Visit."

[*Characters: MISS JACKY, MISS GRIZZY, MISS NICKY, MARY. Scene: An old-fashioned parlour. The Great-Aunts knitting, sewing, etc.*]

MISS JACKY. Well, I declare I've been in the house a month at least, and I could never discover how or when it was that Mary got her lessons! Luckily the child is quick, like all our family, and has contrived, poor thing! to pick up things wonderfully, no one knows how, for it's astonishing to see how little pains are bestowed upon her. But, worst of all, is that I have never heard anyone *reprove* her, and we all know that young people never could have enough said to them.

MISS GRIZZY [*who has been listening open-mouthed, uttering from time to time ejaculations of surprise and dismay*]. You don't say so! It really appears as if Mary, poor thing! was getting no education at all, and yet she can do things, too. I can't understand it, and it's very odd in Mrs. Douglas to allow her to be so much neglected, for certainly Mary is constantly with

her, which, to be sure, shows that she is very much spoilt. Nobody can dispute that! Look at our girls: they are as fond of us as I'm sure any creatures can be; yet, at the same time, they are always very glad, which is quite natural, to get away from us.

MISS NICKY. I think it is high time Mary had done something fit to be seen. She is now eighteen, past.

MISS JACKY. Most girls of Mary's time of life that ever I had to do with had something to show before her age. Bella had worked a globe long before she was sixteen, and Babby did her filigree tea-caddy the first quarter she was at Miss McGowk's.

MISS GRIZZY. And to be sure, though Betsy's screen did cost a great deal of money—that can't be denied—and her father grudged it very much at the time (there can be no doubt about that), yet certainly it does her the greatest credit and is a great satisfaction to us. I'm sure [*pointing to a screen worked in gaudy colours*] no one would imagine that ass was made of crape, and how naturally he seems to be eating that beautiful chenille thistle. I declare, I think the ass is as like an ass as anything can be.

MISS JACKY. As for Mary's drawings, why they are mere scratches with a chalk pencil.

MISS NICKY [*warmly*]. And no wonder too, when you consider how little Mrs. Douglas seemed to think of the handsome coloured views of Inverary and Dunkeld the girls did at Miss McGowk's.

MISS GRIZZY [*complacently*]. All our girls have the greatest genius for drawing—there can be no doubt of that; but it's a thousand pities, I'm sure, that none of them seem to like it. To be sure they say, what I dare say is very true, that they can't get such good paper as they got at Miss McGowk's; but they've shown what they *can* do, for the drawings they brought from school are quite astonishing. Somebody lately took them to be Mr. Touchup's own doing, and

I'm sure there couldn't be a greater compliment than that! I represented all that to Mrs. Douglas, and urged her to give Mary the benefit of at least a quarter at Miss McGowk's—were it only for the sake of her carriage!

MISS JACKY. Yes, now, there's a sad thing! To think of Mary's figure! If Mrs. Douglas won't allow her a quarter at Miss McGowk's, she might at least make her wear our collar. You may be sure our grand-mother knew what she was about when she planned out that collar to keep the head erect and the back flat. [*The collar, a formidable arrangement in buckram and whale-bone, is here produced from a cupboard, and proudly exhibited.*] There's not been a female in our family that has not worn the collar in her turn ever since it was first introduced at Glenfern, and Mary will rue the day that it has been neglected for her, poor thing!

MISS GRIZZY. Yes, poor thing! it's really most distressing; Mary's back won't be worth a farthing, and we have all been quite famous for our backs; in fact, dear Lady McLaughlan said the other day that's the reason why people are always so glad to see them.

MISS JACKY. Well, this is certain, that collar or no collar, Mary's health's not what it should be, and that is why Mrs. Douglas has planned this English visit. I only hope [*in an ominous tone*] that no ill may come of sending her to *England*! As for her dwinning so, it is nonsense to ascribe that to her grandfather's death. *We* are all nearer to him in propinquity than she was, and none of *our* healths have suffered.

MISS GRIZZY. No, and there's his own daughters, *our girls*, who of course must have felt a great deal more than anyone else—there can be no doubt of that, such sensible creatures as they *must* feel a great deal—yet see how they've got up their spirits; I'm sure it's wonderful.

MISS JACKY [*loftily*]. It shows their sense, and the effects of *our* training.

MISS NICKEY. Girls that sup their porridge will always cut a good figure.

MISS GRIZZY. With their fine feelings I'm sure we've all reason to be thankful they've been blessed with such hearty stomachs. If they'd been delicate, like poor Mary, I declare I don't know what we should have done, for certainly they were dreadfully affected at their excellent father's death, which is quite natural, poor things! I'm sure there was no pacifying poor Becky, and even yet neither Bella nor Babby can bear to be left alone in a dark room. Tibby has to sleep with them still, and a lighted candle too, which is much to their credit; but yet I'm sure they've never done themselves any injury with reading. I'm certain—indeed, there's no doubt of it—that reading does young people much harm; it puts things into their heads that never would have been there but for books, nobody can dispute that! I'm certain all Mary's bad health is owing to reading. You know we always thought she read too much for her good.

MISS GRIZZY. Well it is a pity, but Mrs. Douglas, poor thing, is not to be blamed, she erred through ignorance and inexperience. But she should have hearkened to *our* advice, for



"AND I HOPE, MARY, YOU'LL NOT GET INTO THE HANDLESS, DA'ADLIN' WAYS OF THE ENGLISH WOMEN."—(p. 424.)

of course we must all know better because we are all so much older, and then we have always had the benefit of Lady McLaughlan's advice all our life, and she has the greatest experience, especially in the diseases of old men and infants. Now, I daresay if Mary had taken some of her nice lozenges, which certainly cured Duncan McNab's wife's daughter's little girl of the jaundice, or if she had used that valuable growing embrocation which we are all sensible made Babby a great deal fatter.

MISS NICKY. Mary has not been taught to be thrifty like *our* girls. The handsome, respectable bonnets [*taking up one from the work-table*] that our girls got just before their poor father's death were entirely the fruit of their own savings.

[*Enter Mary. Greets her Aunts affectionately.*]

AUNT GRIZZY. Well, I declare, Mary, my sister and I could get no sleep last night for thinking of you. We are quite certain that all your English relatives will think so much of you, just from not knowing you, you know (which will be quite natural), that my sisters and I have quite taken it into our heads (but I hope it won't be the case, as you have a great deal of good sense of your own) that they will quite turn your head.

MISS JACKY [*caustically*]. Mary's head is on her shoulders to little purpose, if she can't stand being made much of when she goes amongst strangers, and as for the partiality

of near relatives, *that's* no proof of a child's merit.

MISS GRIZZY. You hear that, Mary, so I'm sure I hope you won't mind a word your English relations say to you—I mean about yourself, of course. They can't be such good judges of you as we who have known you all your life.

MISS NICKY. And I hope, Mary, you'll take care and not get into the handleless da'adlin' ways of the English women—I wouldn't give a pin for an Englishwoman!

MISS GRIZZY [*earnestly*]. And I hope, Mary, above all, that you'll never look at any Englishman. Take my word for it they're an unprincipled set, so you may think what it would be to all of us if you was to marry one of them!

MARY [*responding to her Aunt's caress*]. Don't be afraid dear aunt, I shall come back your own "Highland Mary." No

Englishman with his round face, and no English home with its trim meadows will ever captivate me. Heath-covered hills and high cheek-bones are the charms that must win my heart!

AUNT GRIZZY. Now I am delighted to hear you say so, Mary. Certainly nothing can be prettier than the heather when it is in flower, and there is something—well—very manly (nobody can dispute that) about high cheek-bones, and besides, to tell you a great secret, Lady McLaughlan has a husband in her eye for you! We none of us can conceive who it is, but of



"‘MAY YOU SO STUDY THESE SERMONS, MARY, THAT WE MAY NEVER BLUSH TO OWN YOU AS OUR NIECE.’"—(p. 425.)

course he must be suitable in every respect, for you know Lady McLaughlan has had two husbands herself, so of course she *must* be an excellent judge of a good husband.

MARY [*laughingly*]. Or a bad one, which is the same thing! Warning is as good as example.

MISS GRIZZY. And then you must remember, Mary, to pay great attention to all your dear mamma has to say to you, for she is a most elegant being, as everybody must allow, and I daresay she is greatly improved since we saw her, for you know that it is a long time ago.

MISS JACKY. The mind may improve after a certain age, but I doubt if the person does.

MISS NICKY [*sharply*]. If the inside had been like the out, there would have been no need of improvement.

MISS GRIZZY. I'm sure you are *both* perfectly right, and I have not the least doubt that Mary's dear mamma is a deal wiser than when we knew her, for you know people always grow wiser as they grow older.

MISS JACKY [*with emphasis*]. They *ought* to do so.

MISS NICKY. Yet there's no fool like an old fool!

MISS GRIZZY. And then your sister Adelaide must be a sweet creature—only I can't conceive how her eyes come to be *black*. I'm sure there is not a black eye amongst us! The Kilnacrank family are black, to be sure, and their great grandmother was first cousin once removed to our grandfather's aunt by the mother's side. It's wonderful the length that resemblances run in some old families, and I really can't account for our niece Adelaide's eyes *naturally* any way than through the Kilnacrank family. And only think of her being so much taller than Mary, and they twins! I should have thought, indeed I never doubted, that they would have been exactly the same size. And such a beautiful colour, I hear, she has too, and Mary is rather pale. It's quite unaccountable!

MISS JACKY [*triumphantly*]. Well, you must remember that I always predicted what would happen if Mary was not brought up on our system!

MISS GRIZZY. I'm sure that it is very true, and we've great reason to thank our stars that Mary is not a perfect dwarf, which I really

thought would happen till she took a shooting, summer was a year——

MISS JACKY [*gloomily*]. But she'll shoot no more—*England's* not the place for shooting!

MISS NICKY [*contemptuously*]. No, indeed. Englishwomen are all poor "droichs," and I doubt if there'll be any food she can eat, poor thing. Well, Mary, if I can get a private opportunity, I will send you a home-cured ham, and a jar of butter—they can't make butter in England, I know!

MISS JACKY [*rising with dignity*]. I think the time has now come to present Mary with our parting gifts. Mine is a volume of "Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women." See specially Sermon 59, page 397; subject, "A young woman's entrance into life," where the soundest advice is coupled with the noblest sentiment. May you so study this volume, Mary, that we may never blush to own you as our niece. [*Kisses Mary solemnly on the forehead. Mary curtsies low, and accepts the book.*]

MISS NICKY [*bustling forward*]. And I, Mary, have prepared a great treasure for you [*producing and unrolling a large house-wife*]. This house-wife was once your great-grandmother's, Lady Girnachgowl, the celebrated inventress of "*the collar*," and for no occasion less than this could I have parted with such an heirloom [*Hides her face in her hands overcome with emotion; then recovering herself grasps Mary by the shoulder firmly.*]

MARY [*kissing her*]. Oh, thank you, Aunt Nicky! I shall always think of you when I use them!

MISS GRIZZY [*coming forward, as Miss Nicky, still rather affected, retreats*]. And this, Mary [*producing a large umbrella of the "Gamp" type*], is a nice new umbrella that won't take up much room, and can be used as a walking stick or a sunshade in the London parks, and this little dressing-case is fitted up with eye plaster and sticking ointment—no, I mean eye-ointment and sticking-plaster—and a little bottle of Lady McLaughlan's last lotion which did old Donald's gout so much good, and a little box of her pills—"Methusalem pills" she calls them, for she says she verily believes they will end by making the old young again. You see we do feel your going away so far from us all.

Gardening for Girls.

Suggested by the charming "Children's Gardens," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

By ALICE STRONACH.

To nearly every girl there comes a terrible time when she wakes up to find that her dolls are only wax images, stuffed with sawdust, that her doll's house, playing at shop, and all other "make-belief" games are silly. Fairy tales seem to have lost their charm, and, except for out-door games, life is a dreary round of lessons and grey monotony. Happy the girl who at such a time turns for consolation to a garden! She has lighted on an occupation which that wise man, Lord Bacon, described as "the purest of all human pleasures."

Spring and summer, autumn and winter, a garden will provide an interest that will never pall, wonders that rival those of fairy lore, for there is no playmate more fascinating than Nature, no fairyland more enchanting than that to which she is a guide. The days that once dragged wearily will seem all too short for the digging and budding and pruning, the weeding and watering and tending of baby plants that day by day grow visibly taller and stronger and more beautiful.



STUDENTS' GARDENS AT WYCOMBE ABBEY SCHOOL.

Just think of the joy of seeing your borders ablaze with nasturtiums of your own sowing, of bringing as your birthday gift to mother or friend a nosegay of early violets or lilies or roses, grown in your very own garden, under your own care! Could any gift be more precious either to her who gives or to her for whom each flower thus given should be full of sweet meaning?

Our English princes and princesses have in their youth been enthusiastic gardeners. Queen Victoria, remembering no doubt a garden as one of the delights of her own lonely girlhood, had gardens laid out for her boys and girls at Osborne—small formal gardens, nine in number, each bearing the name of its owner, from the Princess Royal to

Princess Beatrice. Every plot was made up of fourteen straight little beds, two for flowers, the others for fruit and vegetables. Each little royal gardener had his or her wheelbarrow, painted with its owner's name, and these with the gardening tools were kept in a thatched shed close to the gardens. These gardens, kept, by King Edward's orders, neat and tidy, and the tools with which his Majesty and his brothers and sisters worked, may still be seen at Osborne. The King's grandchildren, the sons and little daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, have their garden plots at Sandringham, and gardening has always been one of their favourite amusements.

The example thus set by royal parents is a wise one, for, apart from the amusement that a garden



BABY GARDENERS.

provides, it teaches the young gardener many a useful lesson ; for instance, neatness, foresight, and hope, but most of all patience—that virtue which most boys and girls find so difficult to practise. As the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil says in her delightful book on “Children’s Gardens,” which I advise every girl-gardener to read : “Patience must be learned and practised from day to day and year to year if gardens are to be made to flourish. . . . A flower cannot hurry ; a regular process of growth goes on from the time the little seed begins to germinate, slowly but steadily, always doing its best, until the plant gradually reaches perfection. Winter after winter the trees wait patiently for the spring, and then gently and carefully unfold each tiny bud, till they attain their full beauty in the summer. In like manner those who tend a garden must have infinite patience if they would succeed. A whole year, or even two or more, seems long to wait, but to grow many of the things described . . . it will take fully that time, and all the while care and trouble must be bestowed.”

Painstaking care, as well as patience, is needed by every young gardener. As Mrs. Cecil reminds us : “It has been said that flowers only flourish in the gardens of someone who loves them, which is a fantastic idea, but at any rate it is perfectly true to say that they will only attain their highest perfection in the gardens of those who study and care for them, and children who begin the task will find it a never-ending one, yet of ever-increasing pleasure and instruction.”

“It’s all very well to talk of the joy of gardening, but what about us poor things who live in town?”

Well, even if you live in a block of flats, you can still do some gardening. You can usually secure a corner of the leads or a window-box or a tiny space for a few flower-pots, and do some gardening on a small scale. Fortunately for London gardeners, flowers flourish even in the smoke of our great city, and in the narrowest and most crowded streets of the East End I have seen windows gay with creeping plants and simple flowers. One girl-

worker whom I knew had her home on the sixth floor of a block of model dwellings. Her window opened on a small triangle of leads. “Just the place for a roof garden,” said the girl. Load after load of soil did she carry after her day’s work up those hundreds of stairs, and all her spare pennies were spent on plants and seeds. Before very long she had her reward, for her leads were gay with



THE WILD GARDEN : THE IRIS IS A MOST USEFUL STAND-BY FOR A GIRL'S SPRING GARDEN.

geraniums and lobelias, and her window was wreathed with ivy, clematis, and in autumn with the scarlet-leaved Virginian creeper, while the breeze that stirred the white curtains of the dainty little room wafted in the fragrance of mignonette and other sweet-smelling flowers.

You may not have the choice of a garden, but you can make the best of what you get, showing taste, originality and ingenuity, as well as patience

and care. Just as a girl's character may, to a great extent, be told from the room she occupies, so it shows itself in her garden. I know of a school where each girl has her own plot of ground, and anyone knowing the girls can, it seems to me, guess "which garden is whose," as one of the young gardeners has it. Frances—patient, placid, orderly, unimaginative—has neat borders and rows of homely flowers that, planted at just the right time and never dug up "to see if the roots are growing," do all that is expected of well-cared-for, well-conducted flowers. Gwen—fanciful, impatient, capricious—is for ever trying experiments on her long-suffering plants, with the result that her garden is a sort of surprise packet. The few plants that survive come up in the wrong places and at the wrong seasons—violets where, Gwen assures me, she planted poppies, daffodils that court certain death by trying to come up in mid-winter. Irene, who writes verses and paints pictures, has made herself a dear little formal garden with midget hedges

of clipped yew, a miniature terrace, velvety grass paths and tiny flower-beds cut in strange devices. She never grudges the hours she spends in tending her Italian garden, as she calls it, and it is indeed a contrast to the adjoining neglected patch, overgrown with weeds, which tells me that Tomboy "Phil" (short for Philippa) prefers cycling, hockey, or romping of any kind to the drudgery of gardening.

A "wild garden" of quite another order, a feast of lovely colour, with its masses of honesty, Michael-

mas daisies, columbines, rambler roses and climbing plants, and in the spring sheets of primroses, daffodils and bluebells, has been planned and is tended by some girl-gardeners of my acquaintance. It has meant, and still means, real hard work to keep it beautiful—it always does, to get things to grow really well in a wild garden, Mrs. Cecil tells us, "especially if it is some outlying bit of the grounds which is given you for a garden, where nothing has been planted before, as then you must

dig the soil very well and thoroughly before anything is put in." There will be battles to fight with poor soil, with weeds that seem to grow up in a single night, but what of that? The result will repay you, even if, like Mrs. Cecil, you have not only had to dig deep but also to cart away loads of stone and sand, and replace it with better soil. You may, as she did, turn your sandy soil to profit by making a sort of mound of it, and planting it with sea-thrift, a yellow-horned poppy, and other flowers which thrive on a sandy soil. The result will be charming when your



SAXIFRAGA CRASSIFOLIA.

poppies bloom and your sea-thrift breaks into a mass of bright pink flowers.

In a wild garden much weeding and care are needed to keep the plants from overgrowing and cramping each other. Such a garden offers endless scope for ingenuity, more perhaps even than the formal garden which wants such careful planning, patient weeding, and dainty neatness, if it is to look well. In your wild garden you may convert old stumps of trees into beauty-spots overgrown with climbing plants and ferns; large stones into

rockeries with a carpeting of little Alpine plants. Hollows can be filled with low-growing plants, and a little digging will make the miniature valleys deeper, the tiny hills higher. The more varied the ground, the prettier effect you can get.

To have a rose-garden may be the ambition of some young gardener, and a more delightful garden could not easily be imagined. But it is hard work to make and keep a rose-garden beautiful. The girl-students of Holloway College have one that is a vision of beauty, planned, I believe, by that lover of roses, Dean Hole. But I fancy it is cared for by experts. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil tells of the disappointments that occur to the young rose-grower, but she does not forget to write of the satisfaction she herself found in the growing of climbing roses, such as the one that drapes the archway in the picture.

Gardeners are a kindly race, and their acquaintance is well worth cultivating. They have been known to aid and abet the young amateur by timely gifts of cuttings. Violas and pansies, myrtle, weigelas, veronicas, fuchsias, and all the sweet-smelling tribe of lavender, southernwood and rosemary, may easily be grown from cuttings. Autumn, the season for planting cuttings, is also the time for collecting seeds of marigolds, nasturtiums, sweet-peas, corn-cockles, mignonette, poppies, and other flowers that brighten the long summer days. But

in this task you will have the birds to reckon with, for they are no respecters of property, and will go a-picking and stealing in full view of the owner of the garden.

If you wish to keep on good terms with the birds, avoid fruit-growing. The delight of gathering your own apples from your own dear apple-trees is perhaps scarce worth the price of a feud with your bird-friends, and strawberries would have to be sweet indeed to make up for the drawback of being on unfriendly terms with a blackbird or a thrush. Besides, apple-trees take years to grow up. Strawberries are easier, and even if you are cramped for space, you may grow them in an old barrel, fitted with a piece of drainpipe. The strawberries must be planted in holes, cut in the barrel all round at intervals like a pigeon-cot, and earth put over them till the barrel is full and they hang out their leaves and bright scarlet fruit, completely covering the old barrel. Again, on a sunny wall of your garden you may, the birds permitting, grow such fruits as the new American brambles, which make such pretty climbers, and the Japanese wine-berry, which is neither a bramble nor a raspberry, but a little like both.

Spring, summer, autumn, and even winter will all be busy times for the girl who has a garden. To think that winter is all holiday for the gardener is quite a mistake. There are the tender plants to



THE SUMMER GARDEN.

Very delightful in the summer garden is the effect of creepers trained on small arches.

be protected against the visits of Jack Frost, who comes along one clear still night, changing the world to fairyland, but killing many a plant that has no warm coat of snow or dead leaves, dry bracken, fir-branches, or straw to keep it from being frost-bitten.

True, when the snow has come, work in the garden is at an end, but you may have plants indoors to tend. See to it that you do not keep such plants too hot in the daytime and too cold at night, as Mrs. Cecil did with her treasured joss-flowers or Japanese lilies, of whose sad fate she tells in one of the last chapters of her delightful book. Winter is a good time for reading, and some of the long evenings might be devoted to reading about gardens and flowers. Even a slight knowledge of botany and of bird and insect life will do much to add to your interest in your garden and in the wonders of Nature.

Each season will bring its own charms—its own duties to the girl who owns a garden, no matter how small it may be. As Mrs. Cecil says:—“She will watch the months with ten-fold interest as the year passes from growth to decay, and back again to the dawn of new life and spring. Each successive summer as it comes round should find the garden fairer and brighter. The plants slowly but surely will grow

finer and larger. The garden which at first was nearly empty will soon need much care and attention, for fear that the plants, in growing strong and tall, should overcrowd or hurt each other. In time, the creepers which were but a few inches high when put in will climb up over the trees. The bulbs will soon spread and increase, the roses will grow and flower profusely, and the apple-tree will bear its load of tempting fruit. But before all this can be achieved, the fairy bells must have rung their chimes for many seasons, and all the while the young gardeners must be acquiring that virtue which I told you was the chief to be learnt from gardening—patience. Plants will not be hurried, but it is well worth waiting for them to reach perfection and see our toil rewarded.” And when they are of your own growing, all the dear flowers that make earth beautiful will have a new meaning, and you will love the more these children of Mother Earth, whom poets in every age have woven into their poems, none, perhaps, more charmingly than Christina Rossetti in these lines—



A MINIATURE FORMAL GARDEN.
With hedge and terrace and laid-out beds.

“Roses blushing
red and white,
For delight;
Honeysuckle
wreaths above,
For love;
Dim, sweet-scented
heliotrope,
For hope;
Shining lilies, tall
and straight,
For royal
state;
Dusky pansies, let
them be
For memory.”



TALENTS.

A TALENT so small, just a manner of smiling at folks on our way.

Yet they smile again and they do not forget it throughout the day.

A Talent? why, yes! words or leisure, a kind, true handclasp, a song,

And their fingers return the pressure, and someone is helped along.

Each Talent is meant to be used, dear, and many who live all alone

Will be glad of a smile and true handclasp; kind hearts and strong hands God will own.

Just a Talent, so small—yet blessed because we have used it well,

But all it has gathered around it, only He, our Master, can tell,

H. F. L. T.



BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

for us to bear always in mind the sad purpose of our approaching visit. Our maid talks continually of the dresses we are to take to the castle, and amuses us with her eternal "Lady Shorncliffe would like this," or "Lady Shorncliffe would admire that," or such ordinary matters as a new sash or neck ribbon. We start to-morrow. It is not a very long journey, only three hours in the train.

Tuesday.—The sun is setting as we drive through the high iron gates of Grandmamma's castle, a celebrated old place built in the reign of Elizabeth. Good Queen "Bess" stayed once under this very roof.

Grandmamma only gets up for a few hours during the day, and then she lies on the sofa, an old-world figure, in her quaint velvet gown trimmed with valuable lace, mellowed by time to a coffee colour.

"It was like being introduced into the presence of royalty," laughed Anita afterwards, when we were talking over our somewhat formal reception. Anita laughs at everything and everybody; she is no respecter of persons. For myself, I own I felt a little awed by the gorgeous furniture and mediæval grandeur of the place, as we followed the footman through a succession of rooms to Grandmamma's boudoir. But Grandmamma impressed me even more. She looked so transparent, so ethereal, and her dear old face appeared so strangely beautiful. I know I trembled as I kissed her, though Anita, when I stole a glance at her, seemed quite unmoved. We took tea with Grandmamma, sitting on funny old-fashioned chairs in front of a big log fire. She told us she

Monday.—I have never written a diary, never kept a journal, yet, during the week that is coming, I mean to write down the events of each successive day, because it will, I know, be one of unusual interest in my life and Anita's.

We are sisters, Anita and Gwenn. Anita is sixteen years old, and I am seventeen, both of us nearly grown up, and yet we have seen very little of Grandmamma.

I hear her called "an eccentric old lady," but, in my opinion, she is just a dear! Such hair, masses of it still snow white, and eyes with the fire of youth in them, and you should see how she holds herself; the stoop of old age has never disfigured *her* shoulders.

We had not heard from Grandmamma for a long time. There are so many grandchildren, we seemed almost to have been forgotten. But to-day has come an invitation to Anita and me to stay at the castle. It is to be no ordinary visit. Grandmamma is ill, very ill, it may be our last visit to her. All her grandchildren have been to see her; I think it is because she feels she is about to die.

How sad it sounds! And yet it is difficult

wanted us to enjoy our week, and to derive all the pleasure we could from the place, and she said it sadly, as though she wanted to impress on us that this would be our last visit to the castle.

I knew what she meant, and somehow I could not speak for quite a long time. Anita, however, talked cheerfully to Grandmamma, pouring out an account of our journey, family news, and making every now and then a little joke.

I noticed that Grandmamma watched us both critically. She kept glancing from me to Anita, and again from Anita to me. She must have thought me very dull and stupid.

Wednesday.—Grandmamma is not so well to-day. The doctor has called twice, but she does not seem to heed his advice. "The poor man thinks he is of help to me," she said, "I leave his medicine untouched, it cannot make me better." Anita actually took it upon herself to scold Grandmamma about this. "How can you expect to get well, Grandmamma," she said boldly, "if you won't take the doctor's advice! What is the good of sending for him?" Grandmamma listened attentively, but I noticed that the corner of her mouth twitched. I think Anita amuses her.

Thursday.—To-day began well. The sun shone; there was a summer softness in the air that made one forget the falling leaves. An excursion had been arranged for our amusement. Dear Grandmamma, despite the pain she is suffering, planned it all. We did not see her before we started. The carriage came round at eleven, and we drove to some beautiful ruins ten miles distant, about which Anita and I wandered in great delight; then we were driven to lunch with friends of Grandmamma's, people whom we had never seen. It was quite exciting! They turned out delightful, and made us feel at home at once.

There were several children, one, a girl of fifteen, very old for her age. She told us she was coming out in two years' time, and talked to us of the dresses she would wear then. She appeared especially fond of jewellery. I had not up till now thought much about it; certainly I had not spent days in dreaming, as this girl Etheldreda had, of the ornaments I

should wear when I made my appearance in society.

"Your Grandmother," she told us, "has the finest jewels in the county; they are simply lovely! Why, surely you must have noticed her rings; her fingers flash as she moves her hands."

I had to confess my lack of observation. I am really so interested in Grandmamma's face, I am always watching her expression, and the light in her eyes, when she talks, that I had overlooked her hands.

Anita joined in Etheldreda's laugh against me. "Why, Gwenn, you are a goose!" she cried. "I could describe every ring Grandmamma wears. They are the objects of my envy; I would give almost anything for one of her big diamonds. But, by a will, all her jewellery is to go to her eldest son's wife, and as papa is only a younger son, we shan't get any!"

I tried to signal to Anita to stop. I hated to hear her discuss Grandmamma's belongings with Etheldreda. My vexation evidently amused them, for they looked at each other, then burst out laughing, and I heard Anita whisper to Etheldreda, "Gwenn is absurd about Grandmamma; she just worships her!"

After lunch we all played games in the garden, and Grandmamma's name was not mentioned again. But somehow Grandmamma's face seemed to haunt me. I don't know why, but I could not get it out of my mind, though the others were laughing and talking, and the game we were playing was an enthralling one.

On our way home I said to Anita, "I wish the horses would trot faster. I believe we shall find Grandmamma worse. I am terribly afraid she will die very soon now, and that we shall not be with her to say good-bye to her."

Anita said that it was ridiculous to expect any one to live for ever, and so on, and many other things to the same effect. I knew that what she said was true, but it did not console me.

How slowly the horses went! At last the gates came in sight, the avenue was reached, and we stopped at the huge hall door. I

jumped out, and asked eagerly after Grandmamma. We were told, "Not so well." I dashed to the sitting-room of Mrs. Kemp, the housekeeper, to ask her how Grandmamma was, for she would always tell us more than the men.

Mrs. Kemp looked tearful.

"Her ladyship is very weak," she said, "the doctor was here an hour ago, and said nothing could be done for her. 'Just sinking from old age,' that was his verdict. She is not to see more than one at a time, so you and Miss Anita must not go to her room together. She wants one of you to go up now, to tell her about your day."

How my heart glowed at the thought, for Grandmamma had never before invited us to her bedroom, which has been described as the finest room in the castle. Such pictures! such furniture! such beautiful colouring!

Anita came in just at that moment, and heard what Mrs. Kemp said.

"Oh! I should like to go," she cried, in her careless, merry fashion.

"You!" I gasped, almost crying in my disappointment.

"Yes, I shall cheer Grandmamma up; she is brighter when I have been with her. As for you, Gwenn, well, you look like a mute!"

She danced off, full of self-confidence. The tears came into my eyes, but I choked them back. For a moment I felt terribly rebellious. It was nothing to Anita to go, while to me it meant so much.

I wandered disconsolately up and down the

long passages waiting for Anita to come back. When at last she rejoined me, the sight of her bright face made me ashamed of my rebelliousness.

"You will hardly believe it, Gwenn," she cried, "but I am sure poor old Gran is losing



"I DASHED TO THE SITTING-ROOM OF MRS. KEMP, THE HOUSEKEEPER, TO ASK HER HOW GRANDMAMMA WAS."

her senses. You will never guess what she asked me to do."

She went on without waiting for me to speak.

"When I got into the room I found her in bed with a lot of medicine bottles at her side, horrid-looking bottles, with ugly red, yellow and white medicines inside. There were also several small boxes and packets of

powders which I suppose had been put there for the doctor's benefit. I told her about our day, and that I liked Etheldreda. She did not talk much, and I saw she was tired. Suddenly she said in quite a sensible voice: 'Anita, dear, I feel so ill. I have a fancy that if you were to take a pill for me I should feel better. Would you mind? They are so

emphatically. Did you ever hear anything so mad, Gwenn?"

"Of course you did it, Anita, to please poor Grandmamma."

Anita snorted at my suggestion.

"You are a stupid, Gwenn! Why on earth should I take a horrid pill when it could do Grandmamma no possible good? I gave her a

good-natured lecture, and told her not to be so fanciful. She laughed at last, and I thought she saw the folly of her request, but just as I was leaving her she murmured, 'You might have taken the pill for me!' It is proof positive, Gwenn that she is not altogether right in her mind."

"Oh! Oh! Anita!" I cried angrily, "you ought to have done anything, everything to humour Grandmamma!"

Anita looked surprised at my outburst.

"I dare say you would have swallowed a dozen pills if Grandmamma had asked you to do so," she retorted, "but I am not such a silly! Where are you going?"

She pulled me violently by the arm, as I started to run off in the direction of Grandmamma's room.

"Let me go, Anita,"

I said. "I want to send Grandmamma a message. I'm quite willing to take the pill for her. I should like it. I want so much to do something for her!"

"Grandmamma told me she would see you



"I SAW THE BIG PILL-BOX ANITA HAD DESCRIBED, AND MY HEART BEAT FASTER."—(p. 435.)

nasty that I really cannot swallow them myself.' She leant right out of bed, and pointed to a big pill-box on the medicine table. I could hardly keep from laughing, but I knew the only thing was to stay quiet. She repeated the request

to-morrow," said Anita, "she does not wish to be disturbed again to-night."

Friday.—The morning has come, and dear Grandmamma still lives. With the sunshine, my morbid fears of the previous evening vanish, and I joyfully count the hours that must pass before the promised interview. I am to visit Grandmamma after tea in her bedroom, just as Anita did last night. I mean to do whatever she asks me, even if she is ever so fanciful.

Later. The day passed somehow, and tea-time came. I could eat no tea, but sat down and watched the clock.

At last the summons came, Grandmamma's maid appeared with the message that Miss Gwenn was to go up to her room.

The room was half in darkness; the firelight played on the painted ceiling, fitfully illuminating the pictures on the walls.

Grandmamma lay in a huge old-fashioned four-poster bed, draped with purple hangings, embroidered exquisitely.

Instinctively my eyes travelled to the medicine table; I saw the big pill-box Anita had described, and my heart beat faster.

Oh! if only Grandmamma would repeat her request, how grateful I should be for the opportunity of serving her!

I kissed her gently and sat down beside her. She asked me a great many questions, and I told her all we had been doing—it seemed a long time to me before her eyes strayed towards the little table, and she murmured fretfully:

"Dear Gwenn, I feel very ill! I have a fancy that if you were to take a pill for me, I should feel better. It may sound foolish, but, indeed, I cannot swallow them myself, they are so exceptionally nasty."

She looked from me to the box, and in her eyes was a very curious expression.

I could have cried out with delight, but as it was I stretched out my hand quietly for the box.

"Certainly, Grandmamma, I am very pleased. Of course, I don't mind," I said as she apologised feebly for her "old woman's fancy." "Are these the right pills?"

She examined the label carefully, then she said, "Yes, my child, open the box and let us

inspect them together." I unscrewed the lid and lifted it. Something bright and dazzling caught my eye as I did so.

"These are very curious looking pills, Grandmamma," I said, looking at them doubtfully.

Grandmamma laughed softly, "They are all for you, little Gwenn," she said. "Don't you know diamonds when you see them, or did you think they were Epsom salts? I wanted to find somebody who would make a personal sacrifice to please me. I tried Anita first. She was too selfish! Because you have done as I asked you for love of me, Gwenn, I give you these jewels as a dying gift. There! there!—my dear little girl—don't cry."

The tears were coursing down my cheeks, there was a great lump in my throat which half choked me. I don't know how I thanked Grandmamma. She held me in her arms, kissing me many times.

"I must ask you to promise me one thing, Gwenn," she said. "I want you to keep the stones for my sake always; not to give any of them away. This is the last time I shall see you, dear, for to-morrow I am sending you both home. I know I can rely upon you to keep your promise to me. Now kiss me again, and don't forget me, darling?"

I clung to her for several minutes, while she whispered encouraging words, urging me to try and ennoble my life by helping other people with the same cheerful readiness with which I had offered to help her.

At last I tore myself away and went to Anita.

"Anita," I cried, "look what Grandmamma has given me! All the pills in the big box on her medicine table, and I am never to part with one of them, for her sake. They are diamonds, Anita; only think of it!"

I will not write what Anita said, for she was taken by surprise, very startled, very disappointed, and horribly angry with herself.

Saturday.—The week has come to an end, and we are home again. Mamma, when we told her the story of the diamonds in the pill-box, says it is a story with a moral. I don't like the idea. Stories with morals are usually so dull.



By MRS. SIDNEY-WOOLF.

Illustrated by E. D'ELBOUX.

I WONDER whether it has struck my readers how often an otherwise well-furnished room is spoiled by a lampshade which has seen its best days. And if the shade happens to be a paper one, the effect is indeed most depressing and tawdry. Now, taking into consideration how inexpensive the materials are for replacing "the faded beauty," and how fascinating is the work of folding, pleating, gathering, of doing with the crinkled paper whatever one's fancy dictates, the process needs only to be explained for nimble fingers to provide every lamp with a fresh and pretty shade.

The first requisite is, of course, a frame (Fig. 1). These are to be had in great variety at Whiteley's in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, and his Papier Velours, too, is excellent, and cheaper than at most other places; he sells it at $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. a roll. The frames are either round or square and vary in prices from $4\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 1/9. I think there is nothing more effective than the square with its deep curves and the ornamental crown consisting of four leaves, turned slightly back. For a standard lamp, a larger size must be chosen than for a table lamp, and it must also be borne in mind that the trimmings add considerably to its size, and that a small frame can be made by judicious trimming to look double its size.

The Papier Velours can be had in all the colours of the rainbow and the choice becomes difficult to the inexperienced. I, personally, think that pinks and yellows are the best colours. A yellow shade

looks particularly well on a dinner-table when spring flowers are in season. It can be made all in one shade or in three, toning from light to dark. I am afraid I am rather more lavish in the use of paper than most people, but bearing in mind that an extra roll only represents $2\frac{3}{4}$ d., I am always tempted

to secure for my lampshade that fluffy and undulating effect, which distinguishes it from skimpy shades. I propose that we set to work on a good size square shade in pink for the drawing-room standard lamp. From six to eight rolls of

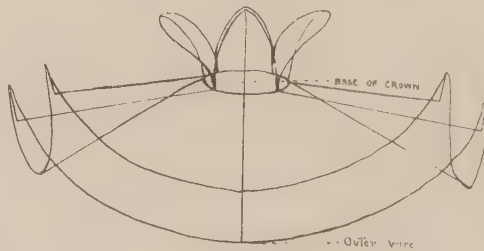


Fig. 1.—THE FRAME FOR THE SHADE.

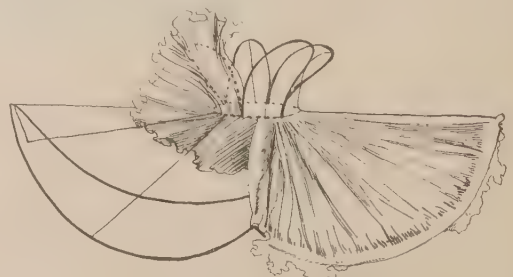


Fig. 2.—THE OUTSIDE COVERING.

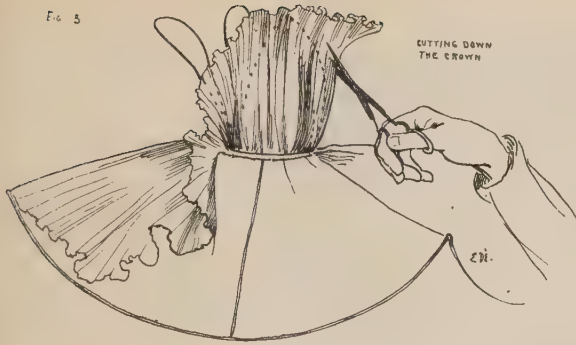


Fig. 3.—CUTTING DOWN THE CROWN.

paper will be required, a strong cotton, a pair of scissors and a firm table.

Much depends upon the blending of the colours, but here individual taste rather than stated rules must come to our aid. The first thing is to cut narrow, say half-inch, strips of light pink and to twist these round every part of the wire, securing the ends well by tightly drawing a stitch through. This done, the inside of the body of the frame (not the crown) must be covered. Cut a strip of paper of the lightest shade, the entire length of the roll and of sufficient depth to cover the frame, from the base of the crown to the outer wire, fulling it slightly round the crown and drawing the fulness nicely down in straight pleats whilst fixing it to the outside wire. It is, of course, not absolutely necessary to



Fig. 4.—TURNING UP TO OBTAIN THE DESIRED FRILLY EFFECT.

line the inside, but it makes it neater. Now treat the outside in the same way using the second shade (Fig. 2). Use very strong double cotton and draw your stitches to the left, instead of to the right, for you will find it will fix the paper much closer and often prevent it from tearing.

The crown comes

next and requires neat handling. Line the inside of the four sections with the lightest shade. Gather a strip, allowing a little fulness, and after having fixed it round the base of the crown cut the paper from the top downwards to the shape of the curves (Fig. 3). Remember to allow for the turnings and sew the lining to the outer wire. Then cover the outside of the leaves in the same way, using the second shade. Three frills must now be cut to ornament the skirt of the lamp shade. Let these be very much fuller at the corners than along the downward curves. Cut for the first frill four

strips of the lightest shade, the entire length of the rolls all nine inches deep, for the second three and a-half strips in the second shade eight inches deep, and for the third three strips in the darkest shade seven inches deep. Turn up the edges of the frills about three-eighths of an inch; to do this use the first finger and thumb of both hands and draw out the paper at the same time to obtain the desired frilly effect (Fig. 4). Then gather the frills at the top and sew them on to the edge, beginning, of course, with the lightest and deepest frill, so that the darkest

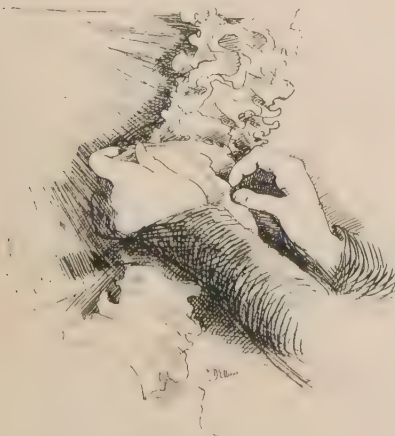


Fig. 6.—MANIPULATING THE RUCHING.



Fig. 5.—GATHERING UP THE RUCHING.

shade comes uppermost. Bear in mind to put plenty of fullness at the corners, sloping off towards the downward curve, drawing the thread very tight, as it makes the frills stand out well. Now make a ruching which is to head the frills and to outline the outer edge of the crown. For the latter a narrower one does (Fig. 5). Cut strips of the second shade about two inches wide, gather these down the centre, draw them up full and sew them on, after which manipulate the paper forward and backward with your fingers, until it forms the ruching (Fig. 6). For the



Fig. 8.—MANIPULATING THE POPPY SHADE.

wider one you might make a double ruching, cut strips of four and a-half and four inches in width, in first and second shades, place one over the other, gather them along the centre and treat them further in the same way as the narrow ruching. Sew the double ruching on to the top frill. A satin ribbon round the crown and tied into a bow is a pretty finish, or it can be done in paper. A spray of flowers to correspond with the colour of

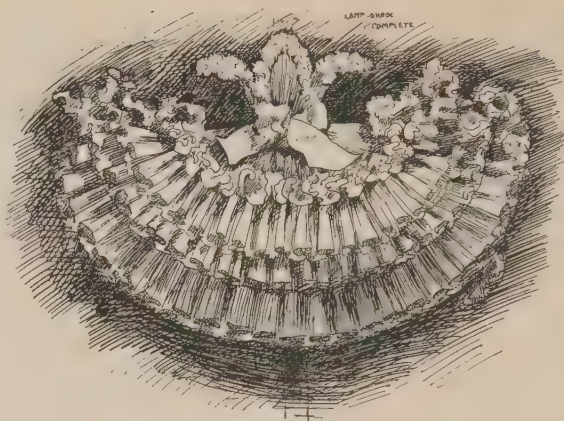


Fig. 7.—THE LAMPSHADE COMPLETE.

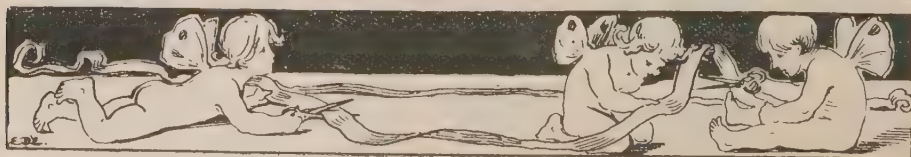
the shade is also occasionally added, but personally this style of decoration does not appeal to me (Fig. 7).

A simple but yet quite pretty shade can be worked up in a very short time on a plain-round frame. For an ordinary reading lamp take Whiteley's frame at 5½d. Take both rolls of paper and gather them six inches from the top, then fix one over the other round the top of the wire, putting them over the shade as if they were a skirt. As it is difficult to pull the drawing-thread very tight, it is as well to press a piece of string into service. The paper will then stand out well from the frame and all that remains to be done is to manipulate the paper (Fig. 8). It is impossible to describe the manner of doing this, but the illustration will give



Fig. 9.—THE POPPY LAMPSHADE.

the clue; the effect to be aimed at should be that of a large double poppy (Fig. 9). The charm of this paper-work, of course, is that it responds so readily to one's touch and affords such ample scope for originality.



OUR-READERS' OWN-REALM



The following pages are entirely the work of girls, both as to letterpress and illustrations. "Our Readers' Own Realm" appears twice a year, and has been started to give girls an opportunity of putting their work to the test of public and editorial criticism.

THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OUR READERS WERE INVITED TO ILLUSTRATE A STORY.



EDITH SELLECK.
*Awarded and Prize in the
1st Class in the Essay
Competition.*

IN this competition our readers applied to us for proofs of the two stories which we now print called "The Competition" (First Class) and "The Tale of a Doll's House" (Second Class, under 16). It was then left to them to do their best to realise the stories in illustration. Again we have to

report that the girls of the junior class have shown a higher average of merit than those of the senior—in fact, the work in the first class has been something of a disappointment to the Editor, who had hoped to discover more than one illustrator whose talent would have ensured them a place on his staff. The work of a few girls has elements of promise in it, so that by strenuous endeavour they may reasonably hope to excel as illustrators for the Press, if that is their ambition. But the quality of the general work sent in in Class I. seems to show that while a great number of girls draw with fair credit when they are confined to ordinary school tasks, they are lacking in originality when confronted with work which makes demands on their imagination and tests their powers of observation of everyday life.

Turning to Class II. we find most promising work. The girls under 16 show evidence in their drawings of imagination, humour, and a remarkable facility in representing their ideas with pen, pencil and brush.

First Class for Girls under Twenty-Five.

First Prize, value 10s. 6d.

ELSIE M. HENDERSON (aged 22),
Rosenheim, Guernsey.

Second, 5s.,

INEZ TOPHAM (aged 18),
72, Chesterfield Road, Montpelier, Brighton.

Second Class for Girls under Sixteen.

First, 10s. 6d.,

HELEN D. ROBINSON (aged 14),
Eggesford Rectory, N. Devon.

Second, 5s.,

ENID K. HATTON STANTON (aged 15),
39, Clarendon Road, Lewisham, S.E.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GENTLEWOMAN.

This competition brought a tremendous result, and if some of our girls are inclined to disappointment that their efforts have not placed them high in the list of winners, or have failed altogether to bring them recognition, they may remember that, in view of the hundreds of papers sent in, the standard for judgment had of necessity to be placed very high. The Editor has seldom had a more difficult task than to award the prizes, especially in the senior class, very many of the papers being of exceptional merit. In the end the first-prize-winner was selected for the originality of her treatment of

the subject, although other papers, less well written perhaps, more nearly gave in their crude way an acceptable definition of a true gentlewoman. Many girls made the mistake of preaching at their fellows, in some cases launching out into sternest denunciation of the faults of those who, in their opinion, failed to prove themselves gentlewomen. Several competitors sent delightful descriptions of ladies they had known, whose old-world air of courtesy, repose and delicate consideration for others, had impressed them.

Some surprisingly good essays were sent in in the second class. Our young readers are amusingly severe on the loud-talking, mannishly-dressed girl, often referring to the better manners of our grandmothers, with moral reflections that would become the sage rather than girls not yet arrived at the venerable age of sixteen. The qualities of a gentlewoman, however, have been set forth by nearly every competitor in a way which shows that the general understanding of our girls on the subject is clear and just. Girls in this class, too, told charming stories of gentlewoman they had met (notably Norah Pickthall, who describes a delightful old Cornishwoman); but these are hardly essays. Norah's contribution is so good, however, that the Editor is awarding her a diploma.

It is impossible, owing to want of space, to print any of the essays; the Editor has therefore culled from a great number of them the *obiter dicta* of his competitors on the subject:—

What a Gentlewoman SHOULD be.

Well educated; modest; dignified; self-controlled; gracious; sincere; genuine; courteous to all, high or low; loyal; kind to the weak, and to dumb animals; very tactful; natural in manner. Courageous; sympathetic; generous; full of love to mankind. Neat and tasteful in dress; low-voiced; gentle in her movements; refined in mind, habits and conversation. Unselfish; totally lacking in self-consciousness. If of gentle birth and descent, well and good, but not of necessity, nor to be endowed with worldly possessions or very high education. She is expected to have all the virtues of a Christian, such as truth, etc. Her womanliness and womanhood should be highly developed and held in great respect by herself and others.

What a Gentlewoman SHOULD NOT be.

Loud in voice or manner or dress. Should never make herself conspicuous nor in any way ape men. She should not flirt; should not be patronising to inferiors or either cringing or flattering to superiors. Should not paint her face; should not despise household duties. Should not assert herself; should not gossip or listen to gossip. Should not be vain; should not boast; should not be snobbish. Should never lose control of her temper or speech, or give way too much under trouble or pain. Should not neglect to cultivate her intellect and any talent she may possess. Should not be proud or overbearing or haughty. Should not be careless of her appearance. Should not be narrow-minded or enforce her own opinions too emphatically. She should not hurt anyone's feelings, and she should never be idle.

First Class for Girls under Twenty-Five.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

DOROTHY FIELD (aged 18),
65, Talbot Road, Highgate, N.

Second Prize, 5s.

EDITH SELLECK (aged 19),
2, Green Bank, Plymouth.

Extra Prizes.

IRIS MORGAN (aged 19),
The Lodge, Jesus College, Cambridge.

FLORENCE M. BENTON (aged 20),
School Lane, Swavesey, Cambridge.
DOROTHY KATHERINE HAMPER (aged 16),
Gayton Vicarage, Stafford.
VIOLET LEGGE (aged 18),
71, Murray Street, Georgetown,
Demerara, B.G.

FANNY PLASTO (aged 18),
29, Porchester Terrace, W.

MARIAN HEWITT (aged 19),
West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

FRIDA VON ANDRIOLI (aged 19),
Leoben, Austria.

IDA MARY HOLBROOK (aged 18),
Hucclecote House, Gloucester.

Second Class for Girls under Sixteen.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

EDNA SMALLWOOD,
133, Highbury Quadrant, Highbury, N.

Second Prize, 5s.

ETHEL LOUISE NATHAN (aged 15),
9, Furness Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.

BEST CHILD PHOTOGRAPH.

"Let our readers take the toddlers (no child over the age of seven must be photographed) in such a way that we may have a record of the everyday life of the little ones—in any way but the formal one." That, put briefly, was the competition in which a great number of readers have entered, sending us charming pictures of charming children—many of which, I hope, will appear in *THE GIRL'S REALM* from time to time. Several readers failed in this competition not because their photographs were not good, but because they did not come within the scope of the announcement, their efforts being too formal. In other instances, where the most delightful and suitable subjects were chosen, the face of the central figure would be in black shadow, possibly produced by a garden hat. Gladys Daubeny (second class), for instance, sent in several good photographs of a dear little boy engaged in playing, in the most natural attitudes, but in all the face of the child was obscured by the shadow caused by a strong light falling on a wide sun-hat. The merit in this competition in both classes was very high.

First Class for Girls under Twenty-Five.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

WINIFRED ROWLEY MILLER (aged 23),
Millbank, Omagh, Ireland.

Second, 5s.

CICELY CORNISH-BOWDEN (aged 19),
Black Hall, S. Brent, R.S.O., S. Devon.

Second Class for Girls under Sixteen.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

GWENDOLEN ENGLISH (aged 15),
85, Bloor Street East, Toronto, Canada.

Second, 5s.

NOËLA WHITING (aged 12),
9, Spencer Park,
Wandsworth Common, S. W.

Extra Prize.

MOLLY STUART WILSON (aged 15),
Campfield, Kassel, R.S.O., Aberdeenshire.

MY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

In this competition our readers were to imagine that they were having a Birthday Party, to which they were to invite their twelve favourite girls in the books they had read, giving the reasons for the invitations. The result has been very interesting indeed, and the Editor, confident that his readers, too, will be interested to learn what heroines in fiction are most popular, and what books the girls of to-day are reading, has had a most exhaustive examination made of these Birthday Party lists, with the following results. The list of supreme favourites in fiction, according to the votes of our competitors, stands thus:—

- 1st. JO MARCH ("Little Women," by L. M. Alcott).
- 2nd. MAGGIE TULLIVER ("The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot).
- 3rd. { LORNA DOONE ("Lorna Doone," by Blackmore).
MEG WOOLCOT ("Seven Little Australians," by Ethel Turner).
- 4th. ALICE ("Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll).
- 5th. ELIZABETH BENNETT ("Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen).
- 6th. { ISABEL CARNABY ("Isabel Carnaby," by E. Thorneycroft Fowler).
LITTLE NELL ("Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens).
FLORENCE DOMBEY ("Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens).
- 7th. { DOREEN ("Doreen," by Edna Lyall).
JANE EYRE ("Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë).
ESTHER ("Bleak House," by Charles Dickens).
- 8th. PEGGY SAVILLE ("About Peggy Saville," by Mrs. de Horne Vaizey).
- 9th. BABBIE ("Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie).
- 10th. JUDY ("Seven Little Australians," by Ethel Turner).
- 11th. { HELEN ADAIR ("Coming thro' the Rye," by Helen Mathers).
RACHEL WEST ("Red Pottage," by Mary Cholmondeley).
WINSOME CHATERIS ("The Lilac Sunbonnet," by Crockett).
REBECCA ("Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott).
URSULA MARCH ("John Halifax, Gentleman," by Mrs. Craik).
NELLIE ("Nellie's Memories," by R. N. Carey).
THELMA ("Thelma," by Marie Corelli).
ELLEN ("Wide, Wide World," by Miss Wetherell).
BARBARA ("Barbara Heathcote's Trial," by R. N. Carey).

"Jo March" is far ahead of all the other characters, receiving almost eight times as many invitations as the next name on the list. The most popular character created by a living writer is "Meg Woolcot," by Ethel Turner. Charles Dickens is the only author who has given our readers three heroines of widespread popularity—"Little Nell," "Esther," "Florence Dombey." Many invitations are extended to two of Ethel Turner's heroines, including the pathetic little figure of Judy in "Seven Little Australians."

It is surprising to find how popular the heroines of Shakespeare are—Portia and Rosalind being often mentioned. The following come next, being about equal in popularity:—

Ethel Newcome (Thackeray).
Dolly Varden (Dickens).
Mercia ("The Sign of the Cross").
Jess (Rider Haggard).
Constance ("The Channings").
Molly Gibson (Mrs. Gaskell).

Eva ("Uncle Tom's Cabin").
Erica ("We Two," Edna Lyall).
Lucy Snowe (Charlotte Brontë).
Bernadine ("Ships that Pass in the Night").

Other popular girls are:—Phyllis Fleming ("Golden Butterfly"), Jeanie Deans ("The Heart of Midlothian"), Angela ("All Sorts and Conditions of Men"), Margaret ("The Sowers"), Lucy Deane ("The Mill on the Floss"), Annie Forrest ("A World of Girls"), Honor ("The Truth Tellers," John Strange Winter), Marcella (Mrs. Humphry Ward), Babs (Sarah Grand), Trilby (Du Maurier), Angelica ("The Heavenly Twins"), Clorinda Wildairs ("A Lady of Quality"), Undine (de la Motte Fouqué), Kate Nickleby (Dickens), Ayancanora ("Westward Ho!"), Little Dorrit (Dickens), Dinah Morris (George Eliot).

The standard of merit was so equal throughout that the Editor has decided to give the best thirty papers in the First Class and twenty in the Second Class a Prize, consisting of a portfolio of eight Longfellow drawings printed on plate paper.

First Class for Girls under Twenty-Five.

GRACE MARY WEYMOUTH,
The Ferns, Southwood Lane, Highgate, N.
MAY SHEPHERD,
Knowle Hall, near Bridgwater.
MAY JACKSON,
Moss Side, Roe Lane, Southport.
MARGARET MARRIOTT,
25, George Street, Ryde, I.W.
TINA GRAY,
1, Spring Gardens, Kelvinside N., Glasgow.
LUCY B. LOVEDAY,
Williamscoote, Banbury.
AILEEN L. EVANS,
Piercetown Road, Newbridge, co. Kildare.
ALICE GRANT ROSMAN,
South Terrace, Adelaide.
KATHLEEN BAYLISS,
Northend, Tewkesbury.
AGNES MAY CHAFFEY,
Chard, Somerset.
GERTRUDE MARGARET TRUELL,
Clonmannon, Rathnew, co. Wicklow.
LILY GOSTLING,
9, Belmont Road, Richmond Road, Ilford.
EDITH CHEVALLIER PRESTON,
The Moorings, Athlone, Ireland.
OLIVE MURIEL TAYLOR,
Holywell, Bakewell, Derbyshire.
GRACE D. DURAND,
Mouhn Huet, Guernsey.
MARIAN HEWITT,
West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.
E. MURIEL PRINCE,
Inglehurst, Belmont, Surrey.
EVELYN MARY KENT,
Salt Hill Cottage, near Chichester.
WINIFRED FRENCH,
18, Lithos Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
MARY WHITFIELD,
York Street, Launceston, Tasmania.
DOROTHY MAUDE FOWLER,
Rockwood, Bidston, Cheshire.
DOROTHY A. HARRISON,
12, Montague Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
MARY BARFOOT,
1, Nelson Road, Hastings.
KATHLEEN M. BELL,
St. Stephen's Vicarage, Saltash.
BERTHA CONSTANCE DEBENHAM,
537, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.

ALICE ELEANOR BURROWS,
Kingsdown, Lindfield, Sydney, Australia.
MARGARET PROTHEROE,
Vicarage, Aberystwith.
R. M. CATCHPOLE,
Ravensdeane, Grove Park, Lee, S.E.
ALICE GORDON SKINNER,
22, Bramshill Gardens, N.W.
CONSTANCE GRIFFIN CLARK,
66, Coltman Street, Hull.

Second Class for Girls under Sixteen.

NORAH PICKTHALL,
Rosteaue, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.
MILDRED FANNY CHANDLER,
W. Timperley, Cheshire.
DOROTHY H. BATES,
178, Chorlton Road, Manchester.
GLADYS CLARKE,
Fern Bank, Chatteris.
ADA SOUTHEY,
Culmwood, Plumstead, near Capetown, S.A.
ETHEL LOUISE NATHAN,
9, Furness Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
ALMA GORDON,
East Dene, Bonchurch, I. of W.
RUTH CUROLWEN COX,
Brooklyn, Half Way Tree, Jamaica, B.W.I.
ELSIE HIDDLESTON,
Benton Lodge, Long Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
ADELA ATUCHA,
Esmeralda, Buenos Ayres, Rep. Argentina.
VENICE GODWIN,
Clock House, Bradford, Yorks.
MILDRED DEBORAH GREEN,
93, Belgrave Road, S.W.
VIOLET WHITE,
Violet Bank, Southboro', Tunbridge Wells.
MAUDE BOSWORTH,
Rose Ville, Alexandra Road S., Manchester.
IRIS RAINBOW,
The Vicarage, Peel, Isle of Man.
CLARISSA MARY HERRICK,
Killarney House, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.
HONOR GALLSWORTHY,
Arancaria, Harrogate.
DOROTHEA M. DEXTER,
178, Prospect St., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.
KATHLEEN SMITH,
72, Parade, Leamington.
FAITH LUCKOCK,
Hotel Beau Site, Rome.

DOROTHY CECIL NORMAN,
Harborough Hall, Messing, Essex.
KATHERINE M. T. RASHLEIGH,
Riseley, Horton Kirby, Dartford.
NELLIE CAMERON,
Cliff House, Dartmouth, S. Devon.

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

SEVERAL very amusing papers were sent in describing a birthday party to which the twelve favourite characters of the writer had been invited. One or two of the cleverest papers have taken only a secondary position in the award from the fact that the writers took the subject too seriously, exhibiting distress because they could not induce their guests to fraternise, a point from which other girls managed to derive some distinctly humorous situations.

First Class for Girls under Twenty-Five.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

KATHLEEN BAYLISS (aged 19),
Northend, Tewkesbury.

Second, 5s.

MAY TIMMS (aged 21),
8, Kingsley Road, Northampton.

Extra Prizes.

HONOR BATCHELOR,
7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath, S.E.
DOROTHY SAUNDERS,
Newlyn, Hempstead Road,
Walthamstow, Essex.

HILDA S. PETTER,
Abertawe, Barnstaple, N. Devon.

Second Class for Girls under Sixteen.

First Prize, 10s. 6d.

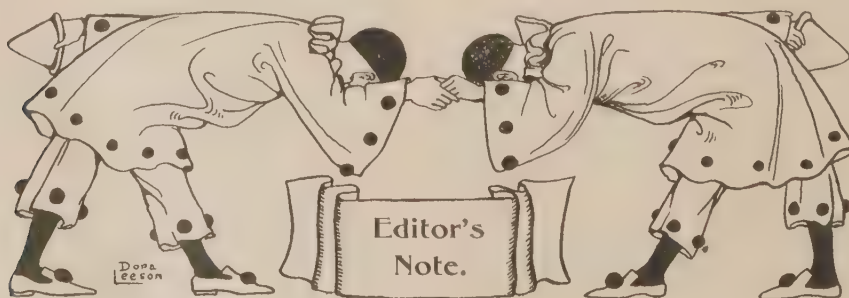
NORAH PICKTHALL (aged 14),
Rosteaue, Wimborne Road,
Bournemouth.

Second, 5s.

ELSIE C. PORTER (aged 15),
Londonderry, Colchester County,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

Extra Prize.

AMY McDERMOTT,
Belmont, Whitehall Road,
Thornton Heath, S.E.



A NEW SET OF COMPETITIONS
In "OUR READERS' OWN REALM" will appear in
THE MAY NUMBER.



ELSIE M. HENDERSON.
1st Prize, Story Illustration, 1st Class.



HELEN D. ROBINSON.
1st Prize, Story Illustration, 2nd Class.



ENID K. HATTON STANTON.
2nd Prize, Story Illustration, 2nd Class.



DOROTHY K. HAMPER.
Extra Prize, Essay, 1st Class.



EDNA SMALLWOOD.
1st Prize, Essay, 2nd Class.



CICELY CORNISH-BOWDEN.
2nd Prize, Photograph, 1st Class.



MOLLY STUART WILSONE.
Extra Prize, Photograph, 2nd Class.



IDA M. HOLBROOK.
Extra Prize, Essay, 1st Class.



ETHEL LOUISE NATHAN.
2nd Prize, Essay, 2nd Class.



HILDA S. PETTER.
Extra Prize, Birthday Party, 1st Class.



KATHLEEN BAYLISS.
1st Prize, Birthday Party, 1st Class.



NOELA WHITING.
2nd Prize, Photograph and Class.



By KATHLEEN A. NICOLLS (16).



By G. INGLIS (15).



By FRANÇOISE GUELLIOT (17).



By HELEN F. GOSSETT (16).



By MARJORY L. ROBINSON (20).



By VIOLET GORDON (12).



By C. CORNISH BOWDEN (19).



By GLADYS DAUBENY (14).

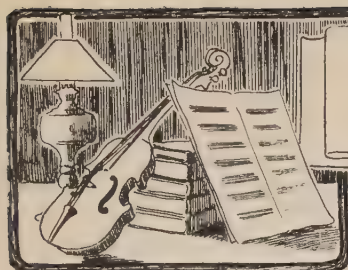


By GWYNETH RICHARDS (15).



By LOTTIE HOSKINS (24).

"THE TODDLERS": some Child Portraits by Girl Readers.



Headpiece by DAISY HEWARD.

THE COMPETITION.

Written by
Laurence Therval.

ILLUSTRATED BY GIRL READERS.

I.

A GROUP of girls and young men were gathered together at the entrance of one of the great London Schools of Music one afternoon late in June. They were about eleven in number; all seemed greatly excited and were evidently discussing some important event.

"I tell you there isn't the ghost of a chance for any one else, Maud Welsford is certain to get it," cried a tall handsome girl who was endeavouring, with the assistance of a younger girl, to fasten a strap round her violin case.

"And why is Maud so certain to get it?" demanded one of the young girls who also carried a violin case, "for my part I don't see why it should rest so entirely with her, there are others who play quite as well as she does; although she has such a showy style, that is not everything, especially in an examination, and—well, anyway, I mean to have a good try for it myself," she concluded, with an impatient toss of her head.

A shout of laughter followed her speech. She was about to make an angry retort when one of the professors, an elderly man with rough iron-grey hair and a rugged, kindly face, came down the steps.

"What are you discussing so eagerly?" he enquired, looking with an air of keen interest at the animated faces round him.

"The competition for the Ramsey Prize, sir," answered a girl of about seventeen, who,

not being a violinist herself, was evidently not quite so excited over it as the others.

"We were saying that Miss Welsford is certain to obtain the prize," added her companion, a girl a good deal older than she was, "and every one seems to think it might as well be given to her at once, as it is of no use for any of us to aspire to the honour."

"You are all talking nonsense," answered the professor, gravely; "you know the prize will be awarded to the student who is most deserving, and I do not see why others among you should not stand quite as good a chance as Miss Welsford."

Saying this, he made his way through the

group, and with a nod of farewell to his pupils, took his departure; and soon after the students scattered to their various destinations.

The tall girl, who had taken so much interest in the discussion, was accompanied by the younger student who had assisted her to strap the violin case, and who had taken no part in the argument about the prize.

"What does it mean, Bella?" she asked, as the two girls walked up the quiet street towards

the house where they lodged, "I don't seem as yet to understand all the ways of the place. I wish I could have entered last term. Everything seems so new and strange; it is like living in a different world altogether and I feel such an intruder; at least, I should if it was not for you. You are so good to me."

"Don't talk rubbish, Nora! You know I promised your mother that I would look after



"ONE OF THE PROFESSORS, AN ELDERLY MAN WITH A RUGGED, KINDLY FACE, CAME DOWN THE STEPS."

Drawn by CHRISTABEL DENNISON (17).



"‘WHAT DOES IT MEAN, BELLA?’ SHE ASKED, AS THE TWO GIRLS WALKED UP THE QUIET STREET.’"

Drawn by AGNES RICHARDSON (18).

you if she allowed you to come here and study, and you would indeed be a lost country mouse in this great London if I didn't. Besides, a nervous, sensitive little thing like you is not fit to fight her way in a great school like ours without some one at her side to in a way protect her. I know how one feels when one first becomes a student here.

"But about this competition," she went on, "there is a prize of five pounds and a violin bow offered every year to the violin student who passes the examination with the greatest credit. It is considered a great honour to obtain it and this year there are only two students in the whole school who are at all likely to do so; consequently we are tremendously excited about it."

"But every one says Miss Welsford will get it. Who is the other girl?"

"She is a girl you have scarcely seen, I think, for she does not attend the school on the same days that you do. Have you ever noticed at the orchestral practice one of the violinists who sits next to the leader, a short, dark girl? Her name is Beatrix Shore. She plays so well and in such a style that

she would be certain to obtain the prize if anything should happen to prevent Maud Welsford from entering for the competition."

"I do not like Miss Shore," said Nora, "I have seen her several times at the school on Wednesdays. I have been told she is not a favourite with any of the students, while every one seems to like Maud Welsford."

"Beatrix Shore does not really want the prize," said Bella, thoughtfully, "but from ambition. She is much better off than most of us and does not need the money, while poor Maud has scarcely enough to do with. She tells me she can only manage to stay on at the school by taking a few pupils, although her professor objects very much to her giving lessons till she has passed the second year's examination."

II.

THREE weeks after this conversation had taken place, the day of the examination arrived, and great was the excitement among the students.

Nine of them had entered for it, but it was evident to every one that seven



"‘I FEEL SUCH AN INTRUDER; AT LEAST, I SHOULD IF IT WAS NOT FOR YOU.’"

Drawn by INEZ TOPHAM (18).

had only done so for the sake of the trial and not with any hope of obtaining the prize.

The first five competitors had already been examined; there now remained only four girls—among these Maud Welsford—and Beatrix Shore had not yet arrived.

Maud Welsford, a tall, thin, delicate-looking girl, with dark eyes and an intensely pale face, stood leaning against the wall of the staircase in a weary, despondent manner, while several of her fellow-students were endeavouring to rouse in her some show of interest.

"It's of no use," she said at last, in reply to some bantering question, "I know I shall not succeed in getting the prize. Miss Shore plays so much better than I do, besides, she does not know what it is to be nervous at an exam."

"But you are a better artist than Beatrix is, or ever will be, so cheer up, old girl, and don't be so down-hearted about it," cried a friend of Maud's, giving her a hearty slap on the back by way of encouragement.

The sixth candidate had now gone in, and there only remained one before Maud's turn came. The two rivals were last on the list, and Beatrix had not yet arrived.

The others were wondering what could have happened to detain her, when the swing doors at the foot of the staircase were suddenly flung open and Beatrix rushed in and tore up the stairs, crying in a breathless manner, "Am I too late? Whose turn is it to go in next?"

Her face was ghastly, and judged by her staring eyes and wild appearance, she was evidently labouring under some strong emotion.

"Has Miss Welsford been in yet?" she gasped as she reached the top of the stairs.

"No, not yet; but all the others have. The girl before me has just gone in," replied Maud, astonished by her rival's excited manner.

"Look here, then," cried Beatrix, "you know the prize is five pounds and a violin bow! Well, if you will retire from the contest, resign your chance, which is of course a chance, not a certainty, I'll give you five pounds down here, now, at this very minute. I've got the money with me and you can have it at once if you will only give up this examination. Don't refuse, for Heaven's sake! I *must* get the prize, it means more to me than—oh, I can't explain, but will you take the money and go?—give it up! You may not win it if you do go in, then you'll get nothing at all. Oh, for Heaven's sake be quick, now, say you will give it up and take the money instead!"

The last competitor came out from the examination room as she spoke, and Maud's name was called, but to the surprise of every one she moved away from the door, and taking

the five-pound note, which Beatrix Shore held out, signed to her to go in in her place.

When the door was closed again the other students crowded round Maud besieging her with questions and reproaches.

"Why on earth did you do it? you had just as good a chance as she, and now you just go and let her walk in and take the prize! How could you do it?"

"No one else in the school would have given in to her like that," cried another. "We wanted you, not her, to get the prize."

"I want the money," replied Maud, calmly, "and for some reason she wants the prize, so we are both satisfied."

The girls were still arguing the matter when



"CHEER UP, OLD GIRL, AND DON'T BE SO DOWN-HEARTED ABOUT IT."

Drawn by ELSIE HENDERSON (22).

Beatrix Shore came out, and stood leaning against the wall in silence to await to hear the result of the competition, for, unlike other examinations, this prize was handed to the successful candidate immediately after the trial, so soon as the result was known.

None of the other students spoke to Beatrix, but many indignant looks were cast in her direction, and the remarks which she must have overheard, were the reverse of flattering to herself.

After what seemed to those waiting an interminable time, although in reality it was only about a quarter of an hour, the door was opened

and the competitors were called in to hear who had obtained the prize.

The chief examiner, a well-known violinist, rose from his seat, and after a short speech, he announced :

"The name of the successful candidate, whose playing is, I am pleased to say, far above the average, and whom I shall hope to hear of again in the future if she continues to work steadily—her name, I have much pleasure in announcing, is Beatrix Shore."

With these words the examiner took from the table beside him a handsome silver-mounted violin bow, and with a beaming smile and a few well-chosen words of congratulation handed it to Beatrix.

No sooner had she received the bow than, with a strange inarticulate sort of cry, she darted out of the room, almost upsetting those students who were standing outside the door, rushed down the stairs, out into the hall, and hailing a passing hansom, was driven rapidly away, almost before the others could realise that she had gone.

The examiner, cut abruptly short in the pretty little speech he had purposed delivering to the successful candidate, gasped once or twice, blew his nose violently, and when he had recovered slightly from the shock of the young girl's headlong flight from the room, he remarked to his fellow examiners :

"Dear me! really a very remarkable young lady. Dear me! how very strange of her to rush away like that, so very hasty and never to wait for the congratulations of her friends or anything—most remarkable !

III.

Nor till the next week did the students hear the reason of Beatrix Shore's strange behaviour, and then one of the professors who lived in the same street, discovered what had happened, and the story was soon known by every one in the school.

Beatrix was such a strange retiring-natured girl, that, although she had been in the school nearly two years no one had ever been able to induce her to talk about herself. Consequently, none of the students knew whether she lived at home or in lodgings like so many of the others.

They now heard that she lived alone with her father, a very clever musician and composer, but one who had all his life been unsuccessful. The music he wrote was weird and strange, and he had seldom been able to find the publishers who would accept any of his work. Of late years, through failing health, he had lost nearly all his pupils and, although he was in fairly good circumstances, this loss had preyed upon his mind.

At the time of the approaching examination he fell dangerously ill, and his one desire became that his daughter, in whom all his ambition was now centred, should succeed in obtaining the Ramsey prize. The idea filled his mind with such persistency that on the day preceding the examination the doctor told Beatrix that if she failed to get the prize, she must on no account let her father know it; in fact she must tell him that she had obtained it.

"But the violin bow—it is presented to

the successful candidate immediately after the examination, and father will ask for it—he will insist on seeing it, and then whatever shall I do?" said poor Beatrix in despair.

"Get another," answered the doctor, "and let him think you have won it—anything rather than disappoint him in his present state. It would never do to tell him if you fail."

On the morning of the examination day the doctor warned Beatrix that the old man was dying. The girl was at her wits' end, for she could not bear the thought of having to deceive her father in the event of failing in the competition. Then the sudden idea came to her to bribe Maud Welsford—to persuade her by any



"HAD BEATRIX WAITED A FEW MINUTES . . . SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE."

Drawn by ELSIE HENDERSON.

means in her power to resign her chance in the examination. She decided hastily that she would offer her five pounds as compensation; for Beatrix knew well enough that the talk of the school was not without reason; that the prize did rest between Maud Welsford and herself. At the same time she knew well that Maud could scarcely manage to pay her fees at the school each term, and that she was in real need of money.

As has been shown, the girl successfully carried out her wild idea; Maud Welsford

accepted the money, and did not appear before the examiners, and Beatrix gained the coveted prize. By rushing from the school without losing any time, and driving home at a gallop, she reached her father's bedside just in time to place the violin bow in the old man's hands, and see the gratified smile that lighted up his face before he died.

Had she waited a few minutes at the school to hear the examiner's words of encouragement, and to receive the congratulations of her fellow-students, she would have been too late.



"TRUST!" BY M. DREXEL.



"GOING FOR A DRIVE." BY STELLA MAXWELL.



"AFTER THE OTHER DOLLS HAD GONE TO BED."

Drawn by NINA BUTLER (15).

THE TALE OF A DOLLS' HOUSE.

BY A. L. HARRIS.

Illustrated by YOUNG READERS.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the nursery when it was known that the Dolls' House was taken at last.

It had been "to let" for some time; in fact, ever since the last tenants—a respectable, but rather plain and uninteresting Dutch family—had been drowned while trying to cross the washing-tub in a toy steamer. At least, when I say *drowned*, I mean had all the colour washed out of them and their wardrobe ruined—not to mention a rheumatic affection which settled in the joints, so that they all had to be sent to the Hospital for Incubables (in the garret) and there they are to this day, for all I know.

Anyhow, the Dolls' House had been to let for quite a while, with the carpets up and the furniture all topsy-turvy.

Then, one day, it was noticed that the windows had been cleaned and the birdcages hung straight; and the Rocking-Horse told the India-Rubber Ball that he had it on the very best authority that the new family might be expected to move in at any moment.

Perhaps you think that dolls, just because they *are* dolls, are not interested in other dolls, just as you and I are

interested in other people.

This is quite a mistake.

Wax and Sawdust are just as full of curiosity as flesh and blood and can be quite as jealous and disagreeable, and I assure you that the interest in the new people at the Dolls' House was E-normous (with the emphasis on the first syllable); consequently, it was a great disappointment when they moved in at night, after the other dolls had gone to bed.



"THE INTEREST IN THE NEW PEOPLE AT DOLLS' HOUSE WAS E-NORMOUS."

Drawn by PHYLLIS ASHBY (15).



"THE RESPECTABLE BUT RATHER UNINTERESTING DUTCH FAMILY HAD BEEN DROWNED."

Drawn by ANNIE C. DALLAS (15).

The Rocking-Horse who slept in a cupboard (with the door ajar for ventilation) said they came in a private perambulator which certainly *looked* respectable. But then, appearances are not always to be relied on as was shown in the case of a doll who said he was the Chinese Ambassador, and certainly talked broken English quite correctly, and was allowed to move in the very best Nursery Society, until it was found out that his pigtail was fastened on with a pin, and he was really only a second-hand article who had begun life as a common Sailor!



ELMA M. L. TWIGG (13) ALSO DEPICTS FOR US! THE SAD DROWNING OF THE DUTCH FAMILY.

So it was not regarded as a very great loss when he fell off the table, one day and cracked himself so hopelessly that he also had to be taken away to the Hospital. But that is part of another story and has no business poking itself into this.

The Largest Wax Doll who was much looked up to in consequence of being two feet two in her red morocco shoes said, for her part she thought it was impossible to be too careful. Suppose they turned out to be only china, after all! Real wax, you know, looks down on china, and china on gutta percha, and so on. Very different from human beings who, being all made of the same material, *of course* can't look down on each other.

"Anyhow," said the Largest Wax Doll, "I suppose I must call. Tell somebody I shall want the mail-cart round at three."

Now it stands to reason, that as the Largest Wax Doll was a head taller than the house—in fact, when she stood upright, she could rest her chin on the roof—she could not pay a call in the ordinary every-day manner.

What she did was to sit on the floor in front of the Dolls' House and rap on the wall with her knuckles. She rapped twice and no one came. So she rapped again, rather louder. Then something *most* extraordinary happened!

PART II.

I repeat, something most extraordinary happened. One of the bedroom windows opened and something was thrown out.

The Largest Wax Doll would have jumped with surprise, if she had not happened to be sitting on the floor at the time—you can't very well jump when you are sitting down; try it for yourself and see!—when she saw that it was a Baby in long clothes!



"WHILE TRYING TO CROSS THE WASHING-TUB IN A TOY STEAMER."

Drawn by ENID K. HATTON STANTON (15).

It lay there quite quietly, as though it was used to being thrown out of window, while the Largest Wax Doll felt her stuffing run cold with horror, and her complexion turn sticky, as though she had been sitting too near the fire.

Strange to say, a Policeman actually appeared on the scene just at the very right moment—which was quite enough to prove he wasn't a real policeman. He had red hair and whiskers, and the Largest Wax Doll had a sort of idea that she had seen him before somewhere.

He shook his head and said something about "At your old g a m e s again, are y o u ?" Then he picked up the Baby, gave it a shake, and held it to his ear as though it had been a watch.



"IT WAS A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT WHEN THEY MOVED IN AT NIGHT."

Drawn by MAY LANCASTER.

"It's all right," he remarked, "it's going," as the Baby began to squeak, "Pa-pa! Ma-ma!"

"C-ca-can you tell me who lives here?" asked the Largest Wax Doll, agitatedly. "Really, I—I'm not accustomed to see babies thrown out of windows in this way, and I'm afraid——"

"Don't *you* trouble yourself," put in the Policeman, soothingly. "It's of no consequence, thank you. Baby's used to it and don't mind it. All the same, he ought to know better than to carry on these games now he's retired from business."

Just then a voice inside the house was heard screaming, "Oh, you wretch! You villain! How dare you treat that precious innocent lamb like that? You don't deserve to have a baby at all."

Then a Dog was heard barking violently, and somebody said, "Take that," and there was the sound of a heavy blow.

"I suppose I shall have to take him up," said the Policeman, shrugging his shoulders. "Good morning to you, ma'am. Pleased to have met you. Oh, by-the-bye, you wanted to know who lives here. Well, it's a party whose name begins with 'P' and rhymes with 'bunch,' or 'lunch,' or 'munch,' or 'scrunch.'"

The Largest Wax Doll went away much puzzled and worried over the extraordinary things she had heard and witnessed.

"A party whose name begins with 'P' and rhymes with 'bunch' and 'lunch' and 'munch'—why, light breaking in upon her, "it must be Punch!"

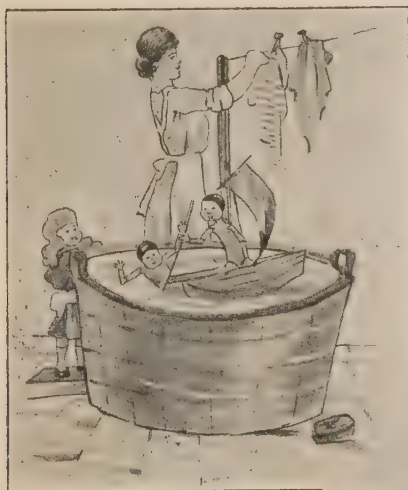


"THE ROCKING-HORSE SAID THEY CAME IN A PRIVATE PERAMBULATOR."

Drawn by DOROTHY BINGHAM STEVENS (15).

scandalised at their goings on; but they got used to them after a while and didn't mind the baby being thrown out of window—fortunately it was a rag one, I mean the Baby—and were on quite friendly terms with the dog.

"In fact," as the Largest Wax Doll remarked, when one day it was found that they had gone off—Punch and



THE DROWNING INCIDENT AGAIN.

And so it turned out to be. The Dolls' House had been taken by a retired Punch and Judy family; only unfortunately, Mr. Punch kept forgetting he *was* retired and *would* throw the baby out of window and *would* knock Mrs. Punch about, and so the Policeman was always having to take him up.

At first, the other occupants of the nursery were much

Three illustrations
to "The Tale
of a Dolls' House,"

by

HELEN D.
ROBINSON (14).

First-Prize-Winner
in the
Second Class.



"WHAT SHE DID WAS TO SIT ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE DOLLS' HOUSE, AND RAP ON THE WALL WITH HER KNUCKLES."

Judy and Baby and Policeman and all—without paying the rent, "any sort of neighbours were better than no neighbours at all, and if there was *one* thing made her feel low-spirited it was living next-door to an empty Dolls' House."



"ANYHOW," SAID THE LARGEST WAX DOLL,
"I SUPPOSE I MUST CALL."

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO A STORY.—First Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Agnes Richardson
Christabel Dennison
Daisy Heward
Silvia Tatham
Dorothy Wilmshurst
Violet Maxwell

Olivette M. Norton
Edith Mary Bromhall
Isabel Pocock
Gertrude Halsey
Dorothy Beresford Kerr

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Lilian Whithead, Anita Robinson, Ethel A. M. Anderson, Daisy Bateman, Amy Lilian King, Dorothy Daniell, Lillian Leigh Kidman, Kathleen Bayliss, Bessie Doran, Beatrice Barber, Dora Winifred Pearsall, Sybil Hutchinson, Winifred E. Dunn, Maude Hanson.

MENTION :—Doris Arthur, Gertrude Adams, L. Credner, Dorothea Waterston, Sybil H. Noyes, Muriel Fountain, Daisy Wood, Faith E. Lucas, Charlotte H. Jackson, Cara Rowlandson, Dora Nesbitt Kemp, Flora Campbell, Mabel Banks, Tina Gray, Nellie North, Dorothy Alice Cox, Dorothea Waterston, Mary Massie, Lucy Hartshorn, Joan Rae, Ruth Robinson, Joan Bloxam, Dorothy Tweedie, Margery Home, Carrie Ingham, Dulcie Popham, Nellie North, Amy Haley, Violet Goodhart-Godfrey, Violet Round, Dorothy Jones, Irene Hoyland, Marian Hewitt, Marjorie Lockett, Dora Kingston, E. Proby Adams, Muriel Fountain, Hilda Goold, Christine Bradley, Edith Adams, Margaret E. Gurney.

Second Class.

DIPLOMAS.

May Lancaster
Dorothy Bingham Stevens
Annie Chassar Dallas
Elma M. L. Twigg
Marjorie Rolfe

Muriel Ida Perrin
Phyllis Ashby
Margaret Smith
Nina Butler
Rosalind Letitia Holden

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Margie Holder, Constance M. Evans, Phyllis Ashby, Dorothy Cecil Norman, M. Tarrant, Ethel D. Graham, Sybil Mary Schreiber, Hilda Harris, Joyce Crawford, Phyllis Margaret Jones.

MENTION :—Kathleen La Fountain, Violet Little, Jeanie Morton, Mabel Hayes, Gladys E. Clarke, Edith Noble Haley, Ruth Madeline Hutchings, Sylvia Peart Robinson, Helen Juniper Major, Phyllis A. N. Parker, Gwen. M. Fryer, Evelyn Provis, Margaret Kingsland, Florence Plessen Krüger, Gladys Daubeney, Vivien Massie Gribble, Cecily J. Dibben, Maud Sayer, Gertrude Frances Skipton, Hilda Walden, Janet Home, Violet E. Nesbitt-Kemp, Winifred Hilda Drayton, Amy McDermott, Aviee M. Barnett.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GENTLE-WOMAN.—First Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Lilian E. W. Brind
Alice Grant Kosman
Margaret Collis
Isabelle Swinscow
Hilda Griffith
Helen M. Graham
Nicholas Bell Thomson
Grace Mary Waymouth
Tina Gray
Helen L. Lawrence
Grace Muriel Gerring
Evelyn Mary Kent

Eleanor M. Prince
Dolly M. Horne
Alice M. Chestnutt
Honor Batchelor
Dora Nesbitt Kemp
May Timms
Lilian Leigh Kidman
May Shepherd
Ethel Elizabeth Sparks
Dorothy Tremel
Esther G. Bell

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Louie Stops, Evelyn F. Clark, Lucy C. Bickerstaff, Hilda S. Petter, W. C. Shephard, Eva H. Goodman, Dorothy Chapman, Winifred West, Norah Brewer, Mabel Malet, Muriel Tylecote, Gwendoline Rees, Beatrice Shedden, Mildred Muir, Grace D. Durand, Edith M. Chettle, Marian E. S. Glennie, Dorothy M. Fowler, Florence A. G. Barker, Annie Berry, Dorothy Brind, Jessie M. Roberts, Kathleen A. Loughnan, Norah Ambrose, Ellie Wemyss, Constance M. Johnson, Annie Y. Duncan, Dora F. Chapman, Mary Winifred Bell, Margery E. Norry, Ethel Gertrude Smith, Edith Reddaway.

MENTION :—Henriette de Bony, Beatrice Mary Pooley, Lily Evatt, Mary Gertrude Yeoman, Olive E. Rayner, Violet A. Wilson, Ethel Carleton Williams, Theodora S. Malden, Maud Walker, Mabel H. Crofts, Madge Turner, Ethel Mary Spite.

Second Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Dorothy H. Bates
Kathleen May Smith
Norah Pickthall
Hilda Dale

Gladys Clarke
Edith Annie Walker
Madge Sneyd-Kynnersley
Evelyn Donne

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Margaret Forrester, Clarissa Mary Herrick, Helen Wayschal, Violet Ella Nesbitt Kemp, Kathleen Walsh.

MENTION :—Amy McDermott, Deborah Green, Dora Beatrice Nanson, Sylvia Simon, Maude Bosworth, Ethel Dunbar Graham, May Wotzel, Beatrix Chapman, Dorothea Hodges.

BEST CHILD PHOTOGRAPH.—First Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Edith Mary Seale
Marjory L. Robinson
Bessie L. Smith
Jennie M. Sandbrook
G. V. Goodhart-Godfrey
Norah Helen Taylor
Norah Brewer

Mary Gray Buchanan
Daisy Pearson
Lucy Lockett Ayers
Dorothy A. Harrison
Lottie Hoskins
Kathleen A. Nicolls

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Dora W. Key, Catherine C. Wallis, Ella Maude Russell, Françoise Guelliot, Helen Frances Gosset, Constance A. Bedwell, Olive Mabel Wood, Mary T. de Lautour, Vera Scott, Hilda S. Petter, Dorothy Jones, Marie L. Burton, Carrie Percival-Wiseman.

Second Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Adela Atucha
Dorothy E. Turk
Marjorie McCorquodale
Daphne Werry
Stella Maxwell
Gladys Daubeney
Margarita A. Drexel

Gladys M. Inglis
Lottie Purves
Marian Dawsworth
Violet Gordon
Sybil M. Schreiber
Dorothy Reddrop

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Sibyl Minton, Norah S. Shearburn White, Gwyneth Richards.

"MY BIRTHDAY PARTY."—First Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Gwen. E. Steytler
Marie Buxton
Winifred Clarissa Shephard
L. M. Fitness
Madeleine Willison
Yseult Parnell
Dorothy Field
Dorothy Brind
Edith Charlotte Adams
Norah Brewer
Lilian Leigh Kidman
Mary T. de Lautour
Amy M. Nankivell
Emmie Coath
Dora Nesbitt Kemp
Honor Batchelor
Dorothy Clapham
Grace Muriel Gerring
Esther G. Bell
May Timms
Eveline D. Connell

Beatrix Shedden
Rose H. Monk
Dorothy More
Carrie Ingham
Ethel E. Sparks Coppen
Edith Mary Chettle
Ellie Wemyss
Carrie Percival-Wiseman
E. Violet Goodhart-Godfrey
Violet Legge
Edith Reddaway
Dorothy Tremel
Winifred Methley
M. Millicent Read
Jessie Robertson
Monica Gisy
Gladys Humphreys
Lilian Jeanie Connell
Annie Latham McClure
Ethel C. Williams

Second Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Margaret Forrester
Violet Nesbitt Kemp
Jean Douglas
Dora B. Nanson

Kathleen B. Long
Violet Gordon
Elsie C. Porter

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY.—First Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Grace Muriel Gerring
Agnes May Chaffey
Silvia Tatham
Muriel Beckett
Lilian Leigh Kidman

Elsie M. Scudder
Dora Nesbitt Kemp
Aileen L. Evans
Ruth Bickersteth

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Agnes L. Shields, Dorothy Tremel, May Shepherd, Winifred C. Shephard, Charlotte H. Jackson, G. Violet G. Godfrey.

Second Class.

DIPLOMAS.

Marjorie Rolfe
Nadine Erskine

Dora B. Nanson

HONOURABLE MENTION :—Adela Atucha.



Sympathy.

Why, O Thrush, have
you become
So inordinately glum?
Are you jealous of
your chum
Nightingale?
Cheer up, Speckle-
-breast, I pray,
Sing a merry
Roundelay,
Or, to drive your
gloom away,
Try a Snail.

MAURICE
CLIFFORD.

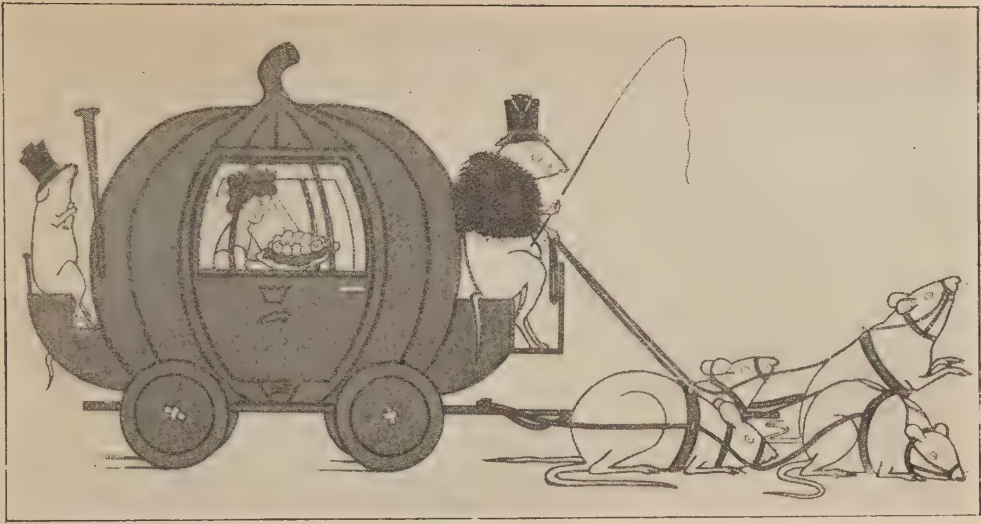


THE PEOPLE OF TENNYSON.
A SERIES OF SIX PICTURES
BY J. S. ELAND,
OF WHICH THIS IS THE FIFTH.

"FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL."

"I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

See Editor's note on page 486.



"HERE IS THE COACH WITH THE FOUR WHITE MICE. CINDERELLA IS WAITING; NOW ISN'T THAT NICE?"

An illustration from Mrs. Ernest Ames's "The Bedtime Book."

SOME WOMEN ILLUSTRATORS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

BY E. M. EVORS.



ONE OF
MRS. PERCY
DEARMER'S
SPIRITED
DRAWINGS
FOR "THE
STORY OF THE
SEVEN YOUNG
GOSLINGS."

THERE must be some inherent quality in women which makes them so peculiarly happy and successful in that little corner of art which covers the picturing of toy and children's books. Is it, I wonder, some fairy mixture of imagination and motherliness, touched with the dexterity of the artist, that helps them not only to realise, but also to depict, those things that most readily appeal to the heart of a child?

Whatever the cause, it is a pleasing fact that there is a large amount of clever work achieved

by girl and women artists in this rich domain, and that fresh talent is ever being revealed. The number of really clever girl and women artists is legion. This article must not be taken as exhaustive, however. The idea has been, in collecting these examples of the work of some of the most prominent women artists, to show

by several of the drawings of each a fuller exhibition of their respective styles.

Miss Hilda Cowham and Miss Sybil Reid are omitted from more than mention in this article, since their delightful work is already familiar to readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM*.

Mrs. Ernest Ames, who signs herself "Mary Ames," was undoubtedly fortunate in her beginning, since her first book was an immediate success. And, as if in support of the adage that "nothing succeeds like success," all her books that followed have been exceptionally well received. Mrs. Ames has a very pretty house in Ovington Square. Her husband, himself an artist, usually contributes the verses to her books; in the case of the "Bedtime Book" (Grant Richards), however, Mrs. Ames was responsible for both verses and pictures. The story in this particular book is told in very simple words. It is in fact a blend of some of the most familiar old nursery rhymes, woven together in the kind of medley that children delight in. Our illustration of Cinderella's pumpkin coach with its familiar four white mice is taken from this book, and gives a very



"THEY WENT DOWN TO WINDSOR, UNFOLDED THEIR PLAN,
EACH ONE SAID THE OTHER LOOKED JUST LIKE A MAN."

One of Mrs. Ernest Ames's amusing drawings for her book,
"The Tremendous Twins."

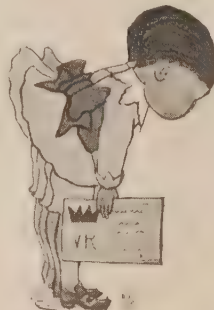
good idea of Mrs. Ames's simple, striking drawings.

"The Tremendous Twins, or How the Boers were Beaten," like "The Bedtime Book" is published by Mr. Grant Richards. From it we have borrowed two pictures. One shows the warlike Twins on the road to Windsor to unfold to Queen Victoria "before things became worse" an ingenious plan for ending the war. The Queen receives them as is shown in the picture :

It was settled at once,
And surpasses belief,
Both the Twins were appointed
Commanders-in-Chief.

With pen and brush does Mrs. Ames chronicle the departure for the front of the Tremendous Twins ; their interviews with the Generals—"to those who'd been good they extended a smile"—and with "darling Bobs"; and their visit to President Kruger, whom they find "having his tea." The book ends with the fall of Pretoria, "won by the Twins having everything properly done."

Each gallant soldier,
Who fought in the strife,
They arranged should have bull's
eyes
The rest of his life.

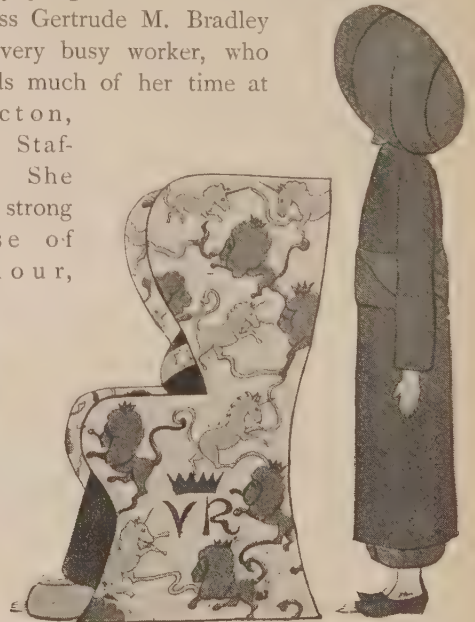


Mrs. Ames is entirely self-taught ; hence perhaps her always sincere and original style. Her more serious work consists of fine pencil-portraits, the heads delicately tinted ; a set of which will shortly be exhibited at Graves's Gallery.

Miss Winifred Austen is strictly a girl-artist. She has made animals her special study, and has exhibited quite a number of animal paintings at the Royal Academy. She lives at home, but most of her work is done in her studio at Maida Hill. She is an *habituée* of the Zoological Gardens where she is permitted to sketch the animals from the life. Miss Austen gives one the impression that she is very much in earnest about her work.

She has illustrated several children's books, among them "To Central Africa on an Iceberg," the last edition of that immortal history of a horse "Black Beauty," "The Adventures of a Siberian Cub," "Ugly Pollo," and "A Book of Dogs." The pictures we give here are taken from "Ugly Pollo" (Messrs. Jarrold and Sons). Miss Austen studied under Mrs. Jopling-Rowe.

Miss Gertrude M. Bradley is a very busy worker, who spends much of her time at Brocton, near Stafford. She has a strong sense of humour,



"HERE IS THE QUEEN, YOU CAN SEE SHE'S DELIGHTED,
AND SO I EXPECT BOTH THE TWINS WILL BE KNIGHTED."

From Mrs. Ames's "The Tremendous Twins."



women to men, though without being in any way a man-hater.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer, sometimes "Mabel Dearmer" in her signed work, like Mrs. Farmiloe, is a clergyman's wife, and lives at Hampstead, near the scene of her husband's ministrations. She is a very busy woman, yet, because of her powers for organising, she is able to get through a surprising quantity of work, not only in her husband's parish, and in the making of children's books, but in the way of looking after and training her two little boys. Among the many popular books she has written, perhaps the chief favourites are "The Noah's Ark Geography" and "Wymps," the latter written by Miss Evelyn Sharp. "Wymps" is particularly interesting as being one of



TWO CHARMING DOG PICTURES—

which makes itself evident in her versatile drawings. The specimen of her work given in these pages is taken from "Just Forty Winks" (Blackie and Son). The text in this book is by Mr. Hamish Hendry—with whom she constantly collaborates. Other favourite books pictured by Miss Bradley are "Pillow Stories," "Cooper's First Term," "Tom Unlimited," "Olive and Robin," and "The Runaway Puff-Puff."

Miss Bradley's personality is as unique and striking as her work. Her breeziness and *camaraderie* win her a welcome wherever she goes. No one is more popular at studio gatherings or among women workers of any profession than she. Miss Bradley laughingly confesses to preferring

—DRAWN BY MISS WINIFRED AUSTEN FOR
"UGLY POLLO."



"DAVIE ARRANGES A SEE-SAW FOR LORD JACK HORNER AND THE QUEEN (MARGERY DAW)."

An illustration by Miss Gertrude Bradley for Mr. Hendry's book, "Just Forty Winks."

the earliest picture-books to be executed in flat-colour—a process which has latterly had a tremendous vogue. Some of Mrs. Dearmer's flat-colour illustrations have the appearance of miniature posters; in fact it was through designing posters that Mrs. Dearmer first realised that the same treatment might be applied to toy books. Previous to her very early marriage (at 19) Mrs. Dearmer was a student for painting at Herkomer's School of Art at Bushey. She is of the opinion that drawings intended to amuse and interest little children should be both simple and straightforward. Mrs. Dearmer is now devoting herself to fiction, and so has less time for children's books than hitherto.

Many readers of *THE GIRL'S REALM* will, I am sure, be familiar with her "Round 'About Rhymes" and "The Book of Penny Toys" (not to be confused with another book of the same title, of which the pictures were all

engraved on wood by the author, E. Gordon Craig). "The Seven Young Goslings," by Laurence Housman, is another book illustrated by Mrs. Dearmer.

Mrs. Farmiloe, wife of the Vicar of St. Peter's, Windmill-street, has made the poor among London children her special study. Her drawings of street children are strikingly life-like and natural, and of infinite variety. Mrs. Farmiloe watches these children at their games—just as they are in the street—and draws them from memory afterwards. Notable among her books are "Rag, Tag, and Bobtail," "Chapel Street Stories," and "Piccallili." Her latest book is "Young George," published by Heinemann. This is the story of a day in the life of a poor London child—George. His mother is a "char-lady," with five children, of whom George is the eldest. We are shown a portrait of her—when sober. Young George "always puts the children to bed, as his mother is generally too uncertain in her ways when she



ANOTHER OF MISS WINIFRED AUSTEN'S "UGLY POLLO" DRAWINGS.

returns from her charing." Sad companion pictures are "Lily was ill next day, and her mother took her to the hospital." "But though they waited for her ever so long, she never came out."

Mrs. Farmiloe had very little art training. Her sense of line and colour seems to have been a natural gift. As a child she was constantly drawing, "just for the mere love of it." Her brothers and sisters all share her taste for pencil and brush work.

One of the most beautiful illustrations in these pages is Miss Helen Stratton's "Sea Urchin," an original and most characteristic piece of work. In it one notes the bold, masterly lines, the delicate play of fancy. Endowed with the poetic temperament and deft fingers, Miss Stratton's work is instinct with imagination. The young artist spent three of her most impressionable years (just after leaving school) in that wonderful land of romance, India, and this it was that helped on the development of her natural talent. She is very fond of picturing fairy tales, and is now at work upon Grimm's. Already she has done Hans Andersen for Messrs. Constable, "Tales from the Faerie Queene" for the Norland Press, "Tales from the Greek" (Horace Marshall), and many others.

Miss Alice B. Woodward's name is very familiar as a girl illustrator, and deservedly so, for her work is both clever and interesting. Miss Woodward has illustrated many stories for this magazine, including Miss Evelyn Sharp's "The Hag and Uncle Mostyn" and Mr. Oxenham's charming story "Twixt Christmas Eve and Christmas Day," to name only two of



[By kind permission of the "Pall Mall Magazine."]

THE KING KISSES THE KITCHENMAID'S BRUISES.

One of Miss Alice B. Woodward's dainty drawings to a story by Miss Evelyn Sharp
"The Hundredth Princess."



"THE POLICEMAN TO THE FROG DUCHESS
EXPERIENCES A SHOCK."

An illustration by Miss Alice Woodward to Miss Sheila
Braine's "The Princess of Hearts."

them. She has a strong sense of "values," and knows exactly how and when to use those effective touches of black which will be noted in the three clever drawings which illustrate this



A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION FROM
MRS. PERCY DEARMER'S "BOOK OF PENNY TOYS."

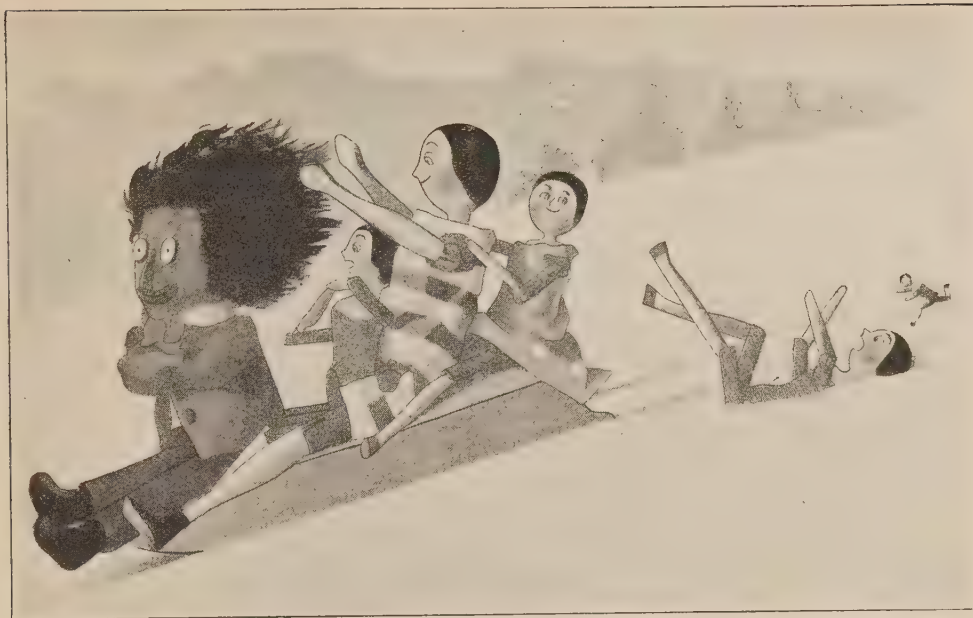
article. Miss Woodward lives and works in Chelsea, where so many artists foregather; here as everywhere she is a general favourite. She has in her studio, by apt advice and skilled direction, inspired more than one girl who is now in the front rank of black and white illustrators. Her wonderful pen and ink drawing, "The Red Fisherman," was one of the drawings published by the *Studio* a short time since in a representative collection of the finest line work produced by British and foreign artists.



THE HERALD OF THE WICKED AND COWARDLY
EMPEROR OF TIGHEARUMAS.

From "The Princess of Hearts," by Miss Alice
Woodward.

The beautiful drawing by her, shown on p. 459, served as an illustration to a story by Miss Evelyn Sharp, "The Hundredth Princess," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It represents the discovery by the King of the Kitchenmaid (in reality the Green Sorceress in disguise) weeping in the kitchen garden. The gallant young monarch bends and, with his lips, touches the bruises made on her arm by the cruel cook.



"WEG WAS TO STEER, BUT IN HER FEAR, SHE TOOK A BACKWARD LEAP."

Miss Florence K. Upton has earned for herself undying fame in the nursery as the creator of the Golliwogg and his beloved friends the

Dutch dolls Sarah Jane, Peg, Weg, Meg and Midget. Miss Upton has pictured for us with inimitable skill their thrilling adventures in a



"WHAT MAKES US DROP SO RAPIDLY INTO THIS COLD, BLUE LAKE?"

Two of Miss Florence K. Upton's inimitable drawings to "The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls" and "The Golliwogg's Air-Ship."



"AND WHILE OUR SARAH FLAUNTS THE FLAG, TWO GENERALS SHAKE HANDS."

From Miss Florence Upton's "The Golliwogg in War."

Go-cart, and last of all—for the Golliwogg is nothing if not up-to-date—in an Air-ship. In all, the faithful Dutch dolls are the sharers of his joys and misadventures.

The adventures of Golliwogg and Dolls in the Air-ship are thrilling to a degree. We see their ship entangled in the branches of a giant tree; we grieve when we see them creep sad and grimy from a chimney, down which Golliwogg's erratic steering has violently precipitated them; we watch them emerge from a lake, "all beautifully

variety of situations. We have the famous Golliwogg as chief of a Bicycle Club, at the Seaside, in War, at the North Pole, in an Auto

laundered too," only to be swooped upon by an eaglet, hungering for a breakfast. Sarah Jane, pleading for their lives, so touches the heart



"ONCE THEIR MOTHER WAS TAKEN TO THE LOCK-UP AND THEY GOT SHUT OUT ALL NIGHT."

From Mrs. Farniloe's pathetic story of East End life, "Young George."

of the eagle, that she stays her talon. They become greatly attached.

The eagle wanted them to stay,
She grew to love them so.

But they must leave. The farewell is a touching one :—

"We shall remember where
you live,"
Cried tactful Sarah Jane,
"Your children will be fully
fledged
When we come up again."

In the "Adventure
of two Dutch Dolls,"
we find Sarah Jane and
four others heartlessly
snowballing their friend.

He does not like the way
girls act,
For five to one's not fair.
"Vengeance," he cries, "I'll
pay them out !
If girls will play with
boys,
There's got to be
Equality"

And equality there is,
for Mr. Golliwogg sets
to and makes some
"monster balls,"

And as each back
Receives a whack,
Like ninepins, down they go.

No less amusing than
its companions is "The
Golliwogg in War."
Fired by the reports of
battles in the news-
papers, Golliwogg rises
up.

"We'll go to war ! That's plain !
'And pray who'll be the enemy ?'
Asks thoughtful Sarah Jane."

Says Golliwogg :—

"Truly I never thought of that !
'Tis Sarah has the brain."

The five girls set out with him, and together they have many adventures trekking, in camp, under the starlit sky. The last we see of the little army is shown in the picture on the opposite page.

The verses of these amusing picture-books are written by the artist's mother, Mrs. Bertha K. Upton. Miss Upton is an American, and makes her home in America, although like all good Americans she spends a large part of each year in Paris. Miss Upton studied

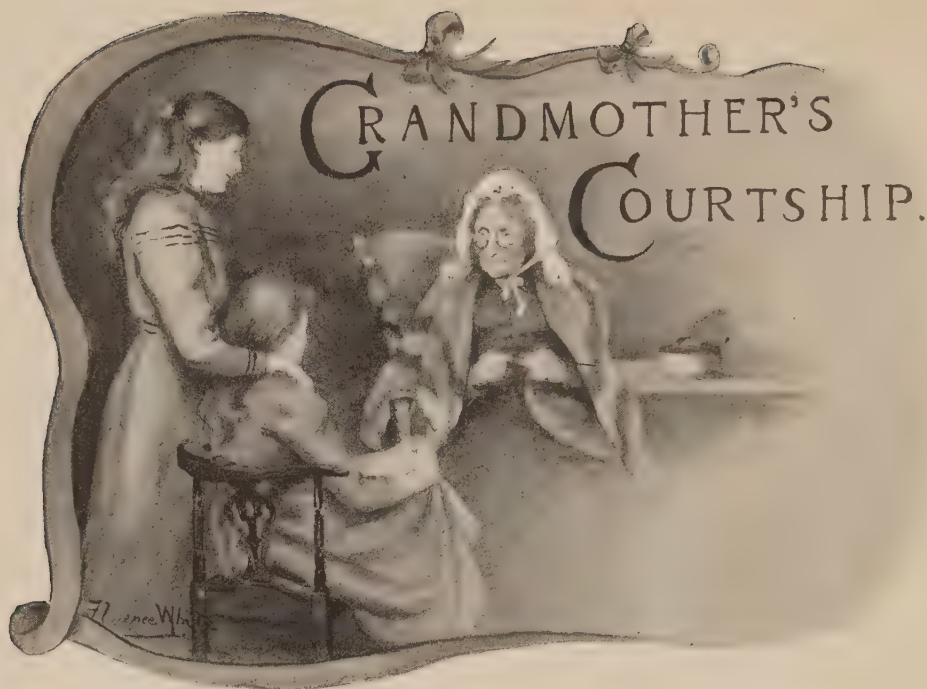


A SEA-URCHIN.

A specimen of Miss Helen Stratton's exquisite line work.

drawing in New York and Paris. Another favourite among her Toy Books is "The Vege Men's Revenge." Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. publish all Miss Upton's books.

[The Editor thanks those Publishers through whose courtesy he is able to publish the accompanying drawings. They are : Mr. Grant Richards, Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, Blackie and Son (Glasgow), Macmillan and Co., Mr. William Heinemann, the Norland Press, the Proprietors of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.]



By GLADYS RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FLORENCE WHITE.

I.

WHAT, my dears! you want me to tell you another story this evening? Do you think my tales are inexhaustible, or that I love you so much that I can never say "Nay" to any of your demands, however outrageous? Well, you must have a care, or one day you'll find I really have exhausted both my stock of tales and of patience, and that I have at last become the stern grandmother I have often threatened to be. To-night I have prepared a story for you. Yes, I have got one all ready, and if you will be quiet and listen, I will tell you it. It is the story of your grandfather's courtship.

Well, my children, I must tell you that when I was young my father and I lived in a lonely manor house, situated in the heart of the country, not far from the sea. You might well say that Audrey Brandon had a sad, lonely girlhood, considering her position, and—well—not to be too nice her good looks! Yes, my dears, I was Audrey Brandon, for my mother had died when I was nine years old, and I was an only child. My father was extremely poor, and so unable to afford me the luxury of a paid companion, which in my extraordinary circumstances would have been a great advantage. The chief cause of my great loneliness was that my father was captain of a large

boat, and was obliged continually to be away from home for lengthy periods. Indeed, I enjoyed the privilege of his companionship only during his leave. When he was away I was thrown very much on my own resources, having for sole company the old married couple who composed our *ménage*.

They had been in our family ever since they were children, and had married each other in my grandfather's service. After her own child died, Elizabeth had tenderly nursed "Master John," as my father was called, and with great tenderness had Peter superintended his first peregrinations round the garden. When "Master John" was "Master John" no longer, but, according to the neighbours, "the squire," with scarcely enough to make both ends meet, and a motherless child on his hands, old Peter and Elizabeth showed themselves not a whit less loyally attached to him.

My mother died when I was very young. Her funeral over, father travelled up to London to interview his lawyers, and to enter into a careful survey of his income. This he found even less than he expected, for my mother's money had been invested in an annuity which had died with her.

On his return home Father called Elizabeth into his study.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I have just returned from a sad journey."

"Indeed, sir——" respectfully from Elizabeth.

"We must pinch, Elizabeth, pinch, if we would not be ruined! I would fain save a marriage portion for my lassie—whom I pray God——"

Here my poor father's voice failed, and he could not finish. He went on to explain to Elizabeth that his reason for summoning her, was that he could no longer afford to pay her her wages. He spoke to deaf ears; Elizabeth was obdurate. She called Peter in, and the two went on their knees to father, and vowed they would never leave him whilst breath remained in their bodies.

My father was profoundly touched by this loyalty. He and the two faithful servants sat down and entered into a lengthy discussion as to how to save a little money, and if possible to make some more. Old Peter volunteered to cultivate the kitchen and flower gardens, and send the "projuce" into the next town.

"Then, sir," he said, "Elizabeth thar, she c'ud aisily see ter tha laundry, and ter tha farm projuce." After a while all was comfortably arranged, and from that day onwards the most was made out of the least.

All the rooms but those we were using were shut up, and fires were started as late, and left off as soon in the season as possible; and various other small economies were practised.

During his time on shore my father would go with Peter and take the cart, with old blind Jenny harnessed to it, and bring it back full of peat, which he had cut himself, in order that we might economise in coals during the winter.

Elizabeth made all my clothes, and very ugly they were. I remember returning from school one day in a fury because one of the girls had laughed at my homely dress. I had run all the way home (three miles), and threw myself panting and sobbing at my father's feet, begging him not to force me to return. My father looked at me coldly; the hotter and more excited I grew, the colder and more frigid he seemed to become.

"Don't be foolish, Audrey," he said; "the school is very cheap, as well as being extremely good. I should not dream of permitting you to leave till next autumn, when you will be seventeen. You are, or should be, too old to care what other girls say. You are a fool. The girl is a fool. All girls are fools! Now go upstairs and wash for supper. If you are not satisfied with Elizabeth's dress-making, you must learn to make your clothes yourself."

I acted on the hint, and made all my things myself after a while, which was an improvement, for I had an allowance, and I could choose everything myself. But, oh! my father's coldness!

This was where a mother's sympathy failed—a mother would have understood—my poor father could not!

His frigidness chafed me—how little did I know the love we bore to each other, till I thought I had lost him.

II.

Two years had passed and I was nearing my nineteenth birthday. I had already quitted school two years, though by my father's wish, I still kept up some of my "accomplishments," such as music and French. Still I had much time to spare, some of which I employed in the house, learning peculiar and economical dishes from Elizabeth, assisting her to darn our web-like linen, or aiding her with the family wash once a week. I had been alone with Elizabeth and Peter about eighteen months, for, six months after the scene I have recorded, my father had been called away on a voyage which was expected to last nearly two years. Already he had been away a year and a half, and we were daily awaiting a letter from him, from on board the *Charlotte* announcing his return home.

In these long months I had found time for pleasure also. A large family of girls and boys, of the name of Templeton, had settled down close to Brandon Manor, and thus I was at last given the opportunity of youthful companionship.

My greatest friend amongst the girls of this family was Peggy. She was five years older than I, and the eldest, as well as the beauty of the family. I noticed with great interest that her father's manner greatly resembled that of my parent. One day, after we had known each other some time, and had become fast friends, I took courage and asked how it was her father's cold and somewhat harsh bearing towards his children did not frighten them.

We were sitting together reading under a large tree in the garden of the Templetons' house, "Apple Dene," when I asked Peggy this question. She dropped her book and took my hand, looking at me with one of her beautiful smiles.

"Audrey, my dearest," she said, "we all know quite well that it is but his way. In reality there is no kinder or fonder father in the world, but he has had great trouble in his life, which has left him seemingly bitter; we have learnt to watch for glimpses of his great soul, which often gleam through his rough exterior. See, my sweet," she added, stooping and picking up a nut off the path, "he is like this fruit; once you have overcome the hard shell, you taste of the sweet kernel inside."

The eldest of Peggy's brothers was Jim. He was

in the Navy. The summer I first knew the Templetons he was home, taking a holiday, after having just passed some very stiff examinations, preparatory to passing on to his ship, as second officer in the following September. He had been overworking himself, and the doctor had ordered him to rest as much as possible during his vacation, or fear he should become unfit for service in September. He was unable, therefore, to do as much scrambling and walking as his younger brothers, who looked upon him, in consequence, as something of a milksop. I remember the day before he left home so well. It was one of those rare September days, when the sun is as broiling as in the middle of August. All the family but just Peggy and Jim had gone for a lengthy ramble. Peggy had stopped at home to complete a few items of his packing; Jim, though much improved in health, had preferred to remain with her and lounge. I went over to "Apple Dene" about three o'clock in the afternoon, to discover Jim reclining in a hammock, whilst Peggy read to him a thrilling eulogy of the Navy. Directly she saw me she sprang up.

"Oh, Audrey, my dearest!" she exclaimed, "You are a godsend! Come and read to this lazy fellow! I have to go and see if Peters has put in his new stockings!"

Not unwillingly, for it was delightfully cool under the trees, I took up the book and continued where Peggy had left off.

"There!" the young man exclaimed when I had finished, "Isn't that fine, Miss Audrey? Some people might consider it exaggerated, but I don't—do you?"

"No indeed," I answered, fired with his enthusiasm. "I think your profession is the noblest of any!"

His face lighted up, and he took my hand in his.

"Then," he said, "you love the sea?"

"Love it!" I answered, "Did you ever meet a sailor's daughter, worthy of her father, who did *not* love it?"

"Ah!" he said, "'tis the sailors' daughters who make the best sailors' wives!"

And to my consternation he began to pour forth a flood of incoherent language, expressing his love for me. I was both mortified and surprised; our friendship had been a close one, but I had never dreamed of anything more. I jumped up hurriedly, but he grasped my skirt—

"Leave off talking to me so," I said agitatedly.

I am far too young to think of marriage yet awhile; and, if I were not, I should never consent to become your wife."

"Not under any circumstances?" he asked, imploringly.

"No, under no circumstances whatever," I replied, firmly.

"Not if I were to wait years and years, my Audrey?"

"No, no! Mr. Templeton, let me go."

"Stop one second yet! Won't you think better of it if I rise in rank—if I bring you riches—the greatest treasure in the ocean—anything—oh, what can I do to win you?"

Seeing a chance of escape, I answered with a nervous little laugh: "Well, bring them to me, and then we'll see!"

With an effort I wrenched my dress from his grasp, and fled from him down the garden path.

III.

It was nearing Christmas, and the weather was bitterly cold. The snow lay knee-deep upon the ground, and all the ponds in the neighbourhood were frozen over. I was with the Templetons continually; they were keen skaters, and were ever arranging an ice party or other Yule-tide frolic. The latest news which Peggy breathlessly communicated to me was that Mr. Templeton had unbent to a most marvellous extent, and had actually proposed a ball for Christmas Eve. Invitations had been sent out to all the "eligible" people ten miles around, and what with dress-making and catering, Peggy was already at her wits' end.

"And now as to your dress, Audrey," she said to me. "It is your first ball, and you must appear in white; it's the custom you know," she added laughingly. "Oh, and I wanted to tell you, a ball dress is a difficult thing to make one's self, and you had better let Miss Simpson make it for you. We have engaged her to come here for ten days to make mine, and Olive's, and Katie's—Oh! let the expense go! Don't be such a proud old goose! Leave that to arrange itself. As Miss Simpson is making so many dresses, she may as well make one more!"

Peggy would take no denial; and the excitement which these preparations occasioned in our small circle served to still for a while the anxiety which was gradually filling my heart.

The space of time which my father's cruise was supposed to last was up three months ago, and for nearly six months we had had no news of him. Could this silence be entirely due to the irregularity of his sailing vessel? I tried to stifle these misgivings by merry thoughts of the Christmas festivities, but I could not help always looking wistfully towards the postman as he passed our gate. Elizabeth slept in the next room to mine, which, when my father was at home, was occupied

by him. There was a door or communication between, and one night by chance this door was left open. Elizabeth came up early to bed, and as she bade her husband "good-night," I overheard the following conversation :—

"Well, well! I hope it may come to nothing, that's all. You can see the poor lassie takes on—secret-like—tho' she's a brave one, just like all the Brandons, and tries to hide her fears a-hind this dance with them Templetons. But she can't deceive old Elizabeth—not she—and—well, well, I hope we may see our bonnie captain back again, that's all *I* can say, but for the last three nights I've dreamt of white horses, and that's always a bad sign, and yesterday you upset the salt at supper, and——"

I got up and very softly closed the door, in order not to hear any more.

IV.

THE great day had arrived!

Everything and everybody was in a buzz of excitement. I had slept at the Templetons' on the

preceding night, in order to help Peggy, for to entertain three hundred guests creditably was no small responsibility for such young shoulders. Mr. Templeton, who was a doctor, ordered us all to lie down on our beds for an hour before dinner, that we might be as fresh as roses during the evening.

I shared Peggy's room, and we lay down together. In a burst of loving confidence I told her all my fears concerning my father, ending up with a passionate flood of tears. "Oh, Peggy, if only you can tell me that you think my fears are groundless——"

"Come, come, Audrey, my darling," Peggy said very tenderly, getting up and coming over to where I lay. "Don't cry like that, or else they will think we have been ill-treating you; try to calm yourself for my sake. As to what you ask me, I can no more answer it than you can. It may very likely be that your father's letters to you have miscarried. You know that often happens on board ship, when the pilot posts the letters in some very out-of-the-way place. But, darling, you know we can only surmise as to these things. We can only

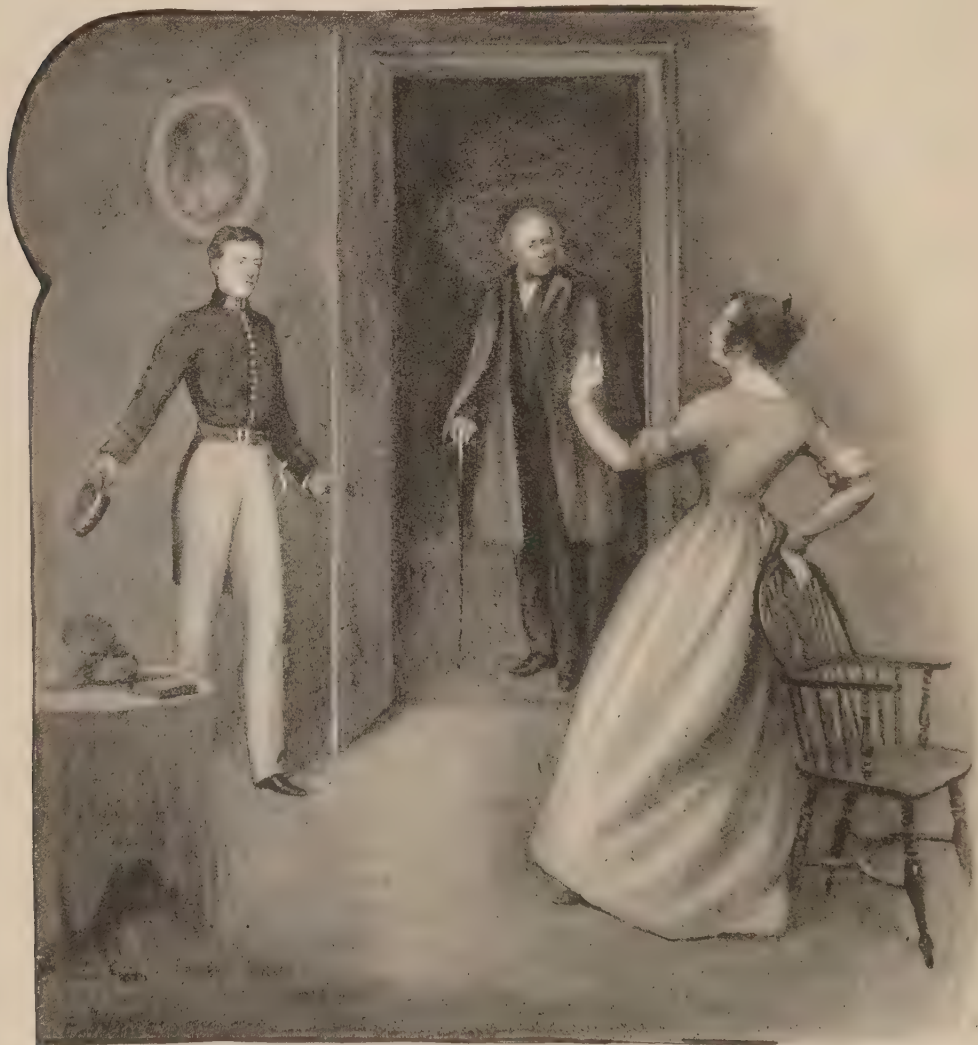


"PEGGY TOOK MY HAND, LOOKING AT ME WITH ONE OF HER BEAUTIFUL SMILES."—(p. 465)

trust in God, and try to be as happy and cheerful as we can under the circumstances. Cheer up, dear, and wash your poor eyes in this nice fresh water; and always in all your troubles remember, sweetheart, you have at least one friend who loves you very dearly."

room. Whilst we were brushing our hair and getting undressed, we talked over the evening's events, and then tumbled into bed as fast as we could, for we both felt greatly fatigued, Peggy from entertaining and I from enjoying myself.

In the morning I walked home to Brandon



"IN THE HALL, IN A HALO OF BRIGHT LIGHT FROM THE BLAZING PEAT FIRE, STOOD—MY FATHER."—(p. 469.)

And with that she kissed me, and called me her dearest friend, and her poor little Audrey.

My dears, I will not dwell upon that ball! It seemed too glorious to be real, and I am utterly incapable of describing my feelings in any way! All I know is that afterwards—when it had all passed by like a dream—I found myself in Peggy's

Manor. I had been on the gad-about quite long enough, I felt sure, and I shivered as I left "Apple Dene," and pushed forward at a good pace, although the snow came far above my ankles. My spirits began to revive when I came within sight of Brandon Manor, and I gave a sigh of pleasure as I stopped to contemplate it. "What a

dear pretty home it is," I thought; "I ought to be a happy girl in it, I am sure."

As I neared the house, Elizabeth, pale-faced and dishevelled, came running to meet me.

"Oh, Lord! Lord! Miss Audrey," she gasped, seizing my arm and pulling me hurriedly indoors. "Last night, when I was 'most asleep, one of them new fangled 'tailigraphs' came for you. Oh me, oh me, I am mortal sure it bodes no good!"

I felt myself grow pale. "What! for me, a telegram? Quick, give it to me"—I exclaimed, and tore open the envelope she handed me.

It was from the Admiralty Office, and contained the intelligence, that a mutiny had broken out on board the *Charlotte*, and that my father had been foully murdered by one of the crew.

V.

THE following Christmas Eve I was sitting by the fire in my room. It was a dismal evening outside; the fast falling snow and gusts of moaning wind seemed to me in entire sympathy with my thoughts, which were none of the liveliest.

I was contrasting the last Christmas Eve with this one, and gradually amongst other things my thoughts rested on Jim Templeton. Peggy and her father were very anxious about him, for it was a long time since he had written. Peggy would not have told me this of her own free will, knowing that I had enough of my own troubles to occupy me, but by this time I had grown to know my friend so well that she was unable to hide anything from me, and, in reply to my question, she had confided in me her doubts and fears concerning her brother.

On that Christmas Eve, as I sat alone, my thoughts, not unnaturally, wandered from my own troubles to Peggy's. I felt worried about Jim. "Oh," I thought to myself, "I *hope* he has done nothing foolhardy for my sake; not got into any difficulty in order to bring me something, which he could consider the greatest treasure in the ocean. I don't know what made me say that to him—it was wrong of me. Perhaps it was foolish, too, to answer him like that. Perhaps, had I asked him to wait, I might quite have grown to like him. But there, I am a silly goose to sigh over one, whom I scarce thought of till yesterday."

At this juncture I fancied I heard a slight noise. It sounded remarkably like the front door shutting. I went out on the landing to listen, but all was silent. "What a silly imaginative person I am becoming!" I thought to myself; "who on earth would come to see me at this time of night?"

Gradually my thoughts returned to my father. "Oh father, father!" I murmured, "what a bad, loveless daughter I was to you, and——"

This time there certainly was no mistake; a scuffling of feet was heard outside my room.

I listened—all was quiet—and then there suddenly came an hysterical gurgle—half a sob, half a chuckle—and then another voice cried: "Hush!"

It was really becoming gruesome. I grew nervous. "That sounds very like Elizabeth's voice," I said to myself. "Yet it can't be—I must be dreaming. She should have brought the lamp some time ago. I will ring for it, and ask her if *she* heard any noise."

I rang the bell violently, and waited for what seemed to me about two hours. No answer came, and I rang again. All sorts of horrid ideas began to float vaguely through my mind. At last! There was someone coming, running, panting along the passage, and the door opened. I grasped the poker. It was Elizabeth. She sank down on a chair, giving vent to the peculiar noises I had heard before.

"Elizabeth," I said, in a trembling voice, which I vainly tried to render stern—"Elizabeth, are you mad?"

Elizabeth jumped up, and stumbled towards the door. When she reached it she turned round and said, wildly, "A gentleman to see you, Miss Audrey. I'll show him up"—and she was gone.

I fell back into my chair!

A gentleman at this time of night; then I had *not* been dreaming. I started up, the door opened, and in walked Jim Templeton. My knees were trembling under me to such an extent that I could scarcely stand, and I grasped the back of a chair to prevent myself falling. He came straight towards me and took me in his arms, never doubting but that I would let him; then he bent low and, yes—kissed me.

"My Audrey—my little sweetheart," he whispered "I have brought you a Christmas present—I have brought you the greatest treasure in the ocean!"

He threw open the door and in the hall, in a halo of bright light from the blazing peat fire stood—my father!

Yes, my dears, that is the story of my courtship, that is how your grandfather won me for his own. The next day at the family supper, when I had somewhat recovered from the surprise of seeing both my loved ones return to me so suddenly, they told me how it was that Jim came to hit upon that plan to win me. When the poor fellow left home,

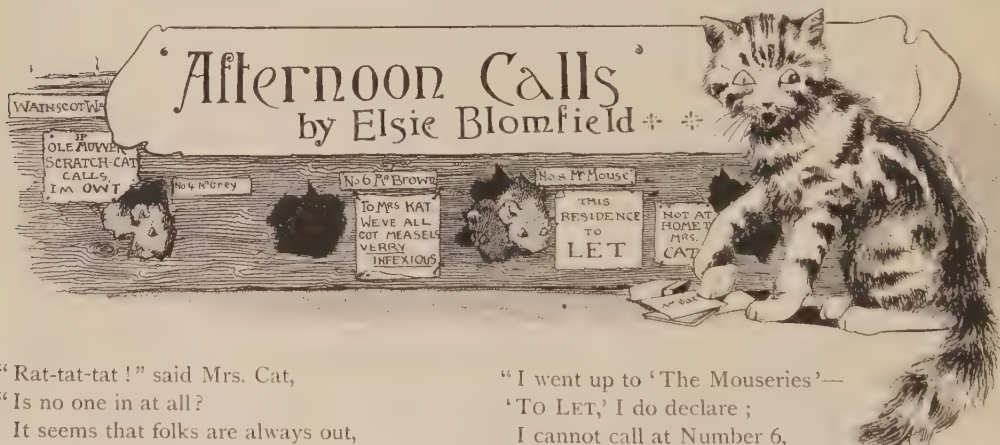
he was very distressed at my cruel behaviour, but resolved to win me as his wife.

Once he and one of his friends were on leave near Zanzibar. They went for a long excursion and came to a tiny village inhabited only by the natives. The two young men were received with great joy by these people, who explained, partly by signs, that a white man was lying ill in a hut. There they found my poor father, stricken with fever, and raving wildly. Jim remained with him and nursed him with extreme fidelity, firstly for my sake, for my father soon divulged his identity, by calling wildly for "his Audrey at Brandon, dear old Brandon"! and then for his own, when he was convalescent. It was then that Jim heard how my father came to be lying ill in that out-of-the-way spot. The mutiny, in which he was supposed to have perished, had taken place. The mutineers, wishing, however, to render his agony, if possible, more terrible than

by murdering him in cold blood, turned him adrift in a boat with only one jar of fresh water. This small supply exhausted, my poor father fell ill with a terrible fever, and when his unguided boat at length came to land he was found in this deplorable condition by some compassionate natives who promptly transported him to their habitation.

When the *Charlotte* was sighted, and no captain was found on board, the Admiralty was fain to believe the report of some of the crew that their skipper was dead. Thus it was I came to receive that terrible telegram.

"This and many other things he told me in his convalescence," concluded my Jim, turning to me, love in his eyes. "And it was then we hit upon the plan of bringing, on Christmas Eve, the greatest treasure of the sea to the greatest treasure in the land."



"Rat-tat-tat!" said Mrs. Cat,

"Is no one in at all?

It seems that folks are always out,
No matter when I call."

"It's *very* strange—I've knocked and rung
To every house I've been,
From end to end of Wainscot Way,
Yet not a mouse I've seen!"

"The Duke of Curlitails is out;
Sir Pink-Ears is away—
Miss Brown has gone to Pantry-Town,
And so has Mrs. Grey."

"I went up to 'The Mouserries'—

'To LET,' I do declare;

I cannot call at Number 6,
They have the measles there."

"At 10 they have the whooping-cough;
At 12 the mumps they've had;
I'm really quite depressed to find
The general health so bad!"

"Ah well, I can but leave my cards;
And then I'll wait and see
Which mice will be polite enough
To make a call on *me*."

"I'll make them welcome, every one,
The young, the fat, the thin;
I'll sweetly smile, and say to each,
'Walk in, my love, walk in!'"

A TRIUMPH OF

BY MRS.

Illustrated from photographs

EMBROIDERY, which, taken in its widest sense, may be considered as the flower of the tree of needlework, has always played an important part in personal adornment, as well as in the decoration of interiors. Though greatly varied, it has been known from the earliest ages. It has been produced by the rudest tribes, and practised by the most highly cultured nations. To-day it is still recognised by authorities as an important factor in the expression of Art.

I do not intend in this article to enlarge on the many beautiful forms of embroidery produced in the present day, but to devote it to a description of a peculiar kind of needlework which is just now being produced in Belgium by a lady whose labours have made her name a household word in Brussels, where she resides, and in her native land, where her needle pictures occupy prominent positions in its magnificent historical buildings, and whose artistic productions have attracted much attention abroad.

At this time, when every woman recognises the value and influence of the decorations of a home, the work of Madame de Rudder is specially interesting; it will be seen that it can, in its simpler forms, be easily imitated by any person with a taste for such needlework, while



"PRUDENCE."

The work of Madame de Rudder, the wonderful Belgian embroiderer, who executes national commissions.

EMBROIDERY.

J. E. WHITBY.

by ALEXANDRE, Brussels.

at the same time affording in its more ambitious effects scope for the greatest talent.

The work is best described as a mixture of patchwork, appliqué, and embroidery. The term patchwork is not inspiring when one remembers the many hideous combinations of odd stuffs and colours once presented to us under this name; but how far removed is Madame de Rudder's idea of patchwork—by means of which she forms beautiful picture panels of life-sized figures—from what was formerly understood by the term, the illustrations will show.

Thousands gaze annually at the marvels of the Brussels Hotel de Ville, and that scarcely less beautiful building, the Hotel de Ville of Ghent; it is to be hoped that some few of these have remarked and admired the handsome embroideries that form curtains, lambrequins,

panels, etc., in the former, and the wonderful series of female figures that, framed in panels, adorn the Council Chamber of that once important centre of Flanders—Ghent. All these are the work of Madame de Rudder, commissions from the Belgium Government, for whom she also worked in a bold, simple style the striking panels representing life in the Congo,



"WISDOM."

which decorated the Congo pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition of 1897, and which are still to be seen at Tervueren.

It is difficult to believe, in looking at this lady's embroidery from a distance, that her pictures are not frescoes, so bold is the design, so artistic the colouring, so realistic the execution, but a closer examination reveals that the whole is formed by pieces of silk, brocade, velvet, or what not, appliquéd on a foundation, and, where necessary, super-embroidered. The materials which form each dress are draped and folded as in real life, and the ribbons that adorn them twisted to flutter as they would naturally; every leaf or flower petal is curled as if genuine, yet all are simulated in some scrap of stuff. Faces and bare limbs are contrived with pink silk on which the features are simply outlined, or, where the pictures are intended to come more on a level with the eye, are embroidered all over, the stitches of fine silk following the contour like the brush strokes in a painting.

Madame de Rudder is herself an excellent draughts-



"JUSTICE."

woman, but to save time her husband (one of the most renowned among the Brussels sculptors) makes the drawings for his wife's designs. When they have mutually decided on a subject M. de Rudder makes a coloured sketch, quarter size; his wife then selects her stuffs, brocades, and embroidery silks, choosing the richest quality and most artistic shades, many of which are dyed specially.

This done, a full-sized drawing is then prepared, from which Madame cuts out her materials. These are sized on the wrong side to prevent fraying. A frame is used for working, in which the linen or canvas is stretched that serves as foundation. There are two ways of fixing the silk to this basis, the choice depending entirely on the amount of rigidity required in the material when in its place. For instance, the background of a picture, leaves, or the drapery of a figure do not



"TRUTH."

require to be held so tightly as does the silk intended for face or limbs. To insure this extreme flatness and rigidity, a thin sheet of indiarubber is laid between material and foundation, which is rapidly ironed on the wrong side, thus melting the rubber and securing the silk.

In the other case the stuff is simply tacked down and outlined, which conceals the joins. Sometimes a narrow braid is used to conceal these, which is closely worked over.

After this the embroiderer's art begins, and for this silks of different sizes are employed. The effect of a beautiful brocade is often heightened by working another pattern over it.

Having described the actual process by which Madame de Rudder produces work, a detailed account of the illustrations will perhaps help those who may be tempted to embark on a similar industry, either for the purpose of beautifying their own homes or decorating public buildings—a purpose for which it is eminently fitted.

The six figures chosen to exemplify Madame de



"POWER."

Rudder's style are symbolical of various virtues and qualities. Two of them occupy a position to right and left of Vanspaise's fine portrait of King Leopold, in the Ghent Council Chamber; the other four in the same hall form a frame for the portraits of two former Governors.

There is much red in the painting of the King, and Madame de Rudder has therefore thought it well that in the two needlework panels representing "Justice" and "Wisdom," a brown tint should predominate, which, emblematic of the seriousness of the subject, is deeper in the former.

The expression of the female figure who stands for "Justice" is at once noble and stern. She holds the book of the Law, and grasps the naked sword ("the sword of Justice has no scabbard") as well as the scales of Equity, while upwards from her hand there stretch conventionalised

thistles, which express the punishment he would receive who should unworthily defy the Law. "Justitia" wears a crown to show that the Law rules all. She is all in brown; her dress of brocade, on which the design has been accentuated by embroidery, has a bold border, and her skirt is of a small-patterned silk on which the folds have been indicated in outline. Like all the figures of this series, she stands on a pedestal, also simulated by material, on which her name appears as though it were engraved. The design for the border is particularly happy, being a wreath of chestnut leaves worked in greyish greens, with creamy white blossoms.

"Wisdom," the second figure, has been presented as an idealised Minerva, whose helmet is crowned by the owl, symbolic of meditation. Her cloak is brown too, but lighter in shade, and formed of a self-coloured small-patterned brocade on which the worker's needle has

painted a border of olive leaves. The underskirt is of light blue, on which a floral design has been superposed. The olive branch she carries is symbolical of peace, as is the large clasp that holds her cloak (replacing the shield with Medusa's head, with which she is usually represented) expressive of caution and reserve. The olive branch is of embroidery. The borders of all these panels are similar, and the backgrounds are of light-coloured woollen material.



"ELOQUENCE."

"Prudence" is robed entirely in shades of green, the upper part of her dress and the underskirt having been "powdered," as the embroiderers say, with holly leaves. She carries the horn of abundance, and a branch of holly whose brilliant berries harmonise with the rich auburn of her hair.

Number 4, with looking-glass, stands for "Truth," holding the mirror up to nature. She is all in white on a golden background, and her lilies as plainly typify her innocence and purity as does the serpent trodden underfoot indicate that a lie cannot stand before the truth. The folds in the scarf and underskirt have been very cleverly treated so as to make the material look diaphanous.

"Power" is a striking figure in red. On her head is a lion-skin, and she is shown in the attitude of breaking an oaken bough, the branch of which, with embroidered leaves and fruit, fills in the panel behind her head. Her robe is

embroidered with the same symbol, while the underskirt bears on a silver shield the design of the Lion of Flanders worked in black. It will be remembered that this is the national emblem, and with the motto "*L'union fait la force*" is to be seen on Belgian coins.

The figure representing "Eloquence" is specially interesting because Madame de Rudder has for this character copied exactly the dress worn by Madame Marie Brema, when singing the

second act of Delilah, in Saint Saëns' beautiful opera of "Samson and Delilah." The dress is a lovely shade of blue with a jewelled *ceinture*, while the flowers which adorn her dress and jet black locks must not be taken as adjuncts to the picture only, but as illustrating those flowers of rhetoric that brighten dull prose.

It will be seen that in these figures the greater part of the design is supplied by pieces of material, and that embroidery is only employed to enhance the effect. Madame de Rudder is now engaged on four panels full of large figures, representing both poetically and symbolically Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. In these, embroidery plays a much greater part, though it is a question whether the additional effect gained is in proportion to the extra work. Madame has two assistant workers. Every afternoon when they have left she prepares the next day's work for them by drawing on the brocade already stretched the particular design she wishes embroidered.

There is a great opening for this kind of work, which, as it has the advantage of requiring little or no outlay, may easily be done by young fingers guided by a little taste. Pieces of silk from "mother's" store of ancient treasures, bits of brocade from former finery, remnants of velvet or plush from the dressmaker's scrap-bag will all be found useful, while, for the embroidery, odds and ends of skeins of silk from other work may each be utilised. There is little difficulty in finding a design, for pictures of charming and graceful figures may be found in every illustrated journal by those who cannot draw their own. These are easily traced on the foundation, on which the material must be fixed in the manner already described. The work *must* be done

in a frame. Madame de Rudder sometimes appliques the figures she creates on plush or velvet hangings, but it would be best to begin by working on the desired background direct, which if not very solid will be better lined. Brigg's outlines will answer very well for the embroidery in case of necessity, though Madame de Rudder draws her own on the silk with pencil, taking care to follow the fold of the dress, the perspective, and the flow of the garment. When arranging the silk to represent a robe the beginner must remember to fold it so as to represent the silk as it would naturally fall, cutting away carefully the underneath clumsiness. Gold and silver thread may be used with good effect, but only of the best, for it tarnishes. The addition of painting would be good in the Japanese style for faces, hands, and nude figures, though the Belgian artist employs pink silk only, on which the features are outlined in fine stitches, and in some cases the shadows worked.

Panels for cosy corners or doors would be a good size for a beginner's first attempt, and flowers and leaves have a very good effect in this kind of work, though, of course, this idea lacks the novelty of the figures. Water, if not painted, must be represented by blue silk or dull moiré, on which the ripples are worked in lines of embroidery. A painted background would bring the foreground into great prominence, and, if the subject be small, might well be tried, though in subjects of the style and size of those illustrated here it would probably be better to follow the classic simplicity of Madame de Rudder. Such a border as hers can be made by the use of a handsome furniture brocade worked up here and there with silk.





LITTLE MOTHER MEG

BEING MORE ABOUT "MISRULE."

By ETHEL TURNER,

Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," "The Little Larrikin," "Miss Bobbin," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

"LITTLE MOTHER MEG" has to do with the family at Misrule—Meg, Nellie, "Pip," "Bunty," and Poppet, the sons and daughters of Major Woolcot, by a first marriage, and with Peter and Essie, the children of his second marriage, and with her own—and they reciprocate her affection—often finds them "a handful." Meg, the eldest girl, is married to Alan Courtney, a young doctor, who experiences an uphill fight. At the beginning of his career he is threatened with blindness. He and Meg go to Germany, where, after a long period of suspense, an eminent specialist succeeds in restoring the young doctor's sight.

On the estate adjoining Misrule live the Savilles—father, mother, Jack, and Lylie, a little girl to whom the Misrule children take a great fancy. Essie and Nell go to call on Mrs Saville, "a lady with flashing eyes," and are told by her that she "never sees visitors." A mystery surrounds the family. Poppet is certain there is another little girl whom no one sees.

The mystery remains a long time unsolved. Then one day Nellie sees a child whom she thinks Lylie rushing down the garden towards a bonfire made by Bunty. Her clothes catch and blaze up, but Nellie and Bunty succeed in stamping out the flames. Alan is called in. The child is not Lylie, but an elder girl, Enid, whom none of the Woolcots have yet seen. At Coorabong, the Saville's old home, Enid had ridden in a race against her mother's wish and had fallen; the fall had affected her brain. Mrs. Saville, thinking it was her husband's fault, never forgave him. This last shock, however, restores Enid to consciousness.

CHAPTER XX.

NO MORE PINE-TREES.

LIFE fell back into quiet streams once more, and in a month almost every trace of the storm that had whipped its waters into such a turbulent state had gone. At least, every evil trace; for like the eddying, ever-widening circles that start from a careless stone cast into a quiet pond, the good results went on and on till none might say where they ended.

Enid recovered slowly but surely under Alan's vigilant care. In a month she was about again,

one arm only still in wrappings. Happily there was no disfigurement but the loss of the mane of bright curls, and that would soon grow again. She went about strangely, shyly, a pathetic little figure with a boyish, curly little head, and puzzled, inquiring eyes. Where was Gaylad? Where was Coorabong? This seemed a very strange, dull old house. And who were all the nice children always coming in to see her? She could not remember them at all. How funny Lylie looked, why she was nearly as tall as herself! And Jack—Jack had worn little holland jackets—it must be having those knickerbockers on that made him look so old and big!

The mother and father watched her tremblingly, fearfully. They could hardly bear Alan to leave the house, they hung on his every word, they entreated him to take as little time as possible for his other patients—they would be only too thankful to make it up to him, a thousand pounds, two thousand—anything he liked to ask.

How strangely things fall out! During that dark time in Germany, the same great brain specialist Alan had come across was the one on whom Mrs. Saville pinned all her faith. The German doctor had conceived the greatest liking for Alan, and had given him priceless opportunities for studying with him his own speciality—opportunities Alan thankfully embraced as helping him to pass the leaden hours, and furthering him in the profession he loved. When, therefore, Mrs. Saville knew Alan had studied under this man, and practised his theories, she besought him im-

ploringly to undertake the watching of Enid's case; there was no other medical man she would have trusted as readily.

For though, with the shock, the brain lethargy had been shaken off, the child would need for a year or two great care and watchfulness, for the newly-wakening mind had to be strenuously guarded from over-fatigue or over-excitement.

Misrule never learnt the secret; that remained locked for ever in Alan's breast. They were all told of the accident at Coorabong—that much Mrs. Saville herself told Nellie and Esther, but they were led to believe the quiet life had been necessary to restore the child to health; that some deformity had been feared, and the thought of it had soured Mrs. Saville's nature and made her dislike and dread the approach of any one from the outside world.

"Yes, just fancy," said Poppet, "if her spine had been broken, and she had had to lie on a sofa for always like Alice Humphreys in the book! You can't wonder they were so miserable and had to look after her so carefully."

None of them had ever a suspicion that there had been anything wrong with the child's brain; shy and backward she might be, but in everything else she was just like any of themselves now; even her action in uprooting the plants and lighting the fire they set down to the fact that she must have become very spoilt with being so long ill.

Nellie was obliged to spend half her time next door. Mrs. Saville clung to her as if she, young Nell, had been an elder sister. The woman's whole nature seemed to have changed; she was gentle now, and all her cold self-reliance had gone; she leaned on her husband first and after him on Nell, and the leaning made the girl both stronger and more womanly.

It was she who had suggested most of the changes that had already taken place at the gloomy house. The pines had all been chopped ruthlessly down, and the pleased sun did as he liked in the garden—it was as bright as Misrule's

now. An architect was called in to cut away verandah roofs where they interfered with the free entrance of the same genial warmth-giver. The place looked quite delightfully commonplace now, and all the air of dark mystery had entirely departed. You might pass the gate and see the squatter smoking happily anywhere about the grounds, his wife close at his side, Enid darting about with Lylie, Jack boldly coming and going through the dividing fences, from which several palings had been torn bodily, and whooping and shouting to his heart's content.

You would see Poppet running through the opening to consult with the little girls about Cherry's new winter clothes. Peter, pushing wrathfully through to fight young Jack for something or other; Nellie, bright-faced, singing, going through, her arms full of flowers to arrange in next door's vases.

So full was life for her now, so sweet was it to feel herself of such real use to these people, that she found herself actually laughing aloud one day when, turning over a drawer, she found a portrait of the gallant Reginald that she had once cut from an illustrated weekly.

"To think I was ever such a little donkey," she said,

and did not even trouble to take him to her candlestick and burn him to grey ash as the slighted heroines in her books always did, but merely crumbled him into a little ball and tossed him out of the window.

And he lay there on the wet grass, neglected for days, till Flibbertigibbet, having nothing better to do one day, pretended to worry him for a rat, and stuck his sharp little teeth into the manly breast, and tore off the magnificently-moustached mouth, and chewed up the brave helmet.

And that was the end of that little affair.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HEAT WAVE.

BABY had been ill—King Baby. He turned his little head aside when they offered him food; he



"YOU WOULD SEE POPPET RUNNING THROUGH TO CONSULT WITH THE GIRLS ABOUT CHERRY'S NEW WINTER CLOTHES."

had hardly a smile for Bunty's wildest contortions; he just picked up the toys that Pip still brought him, and looked at them and dropped them wearily from his tiny fingers again. He cried very little—every one would have felt happier if he had been outrageously cross. All he seemed to want was to lie with his head against Meg's circling arm, or with half-shut eyes in his own quiet cradle.

Heat wave had followed heat wave. The city lay sweltering for days at a stretch under a moist, hot haze that no breeze came to lift. The advertising columns of the papers were full of "Sea View Cottages to Let," "Board and Residence on the Mountains," "Sea Breezes for Jaded City Folks," "Accommodation on a Farm: Poultry, Milk, Cream"; and train after train climbed up the rises every day to the pure air, laden with men and women and children hastening away as far as they could from the towns.

Alan tried various remedies for his little son; he even prevailed on Meg to take him to Misrule for a week to see if absence from the narrow terrace house would improve him. But the same hot, moist air hung over Misrule too, and still the tiny boy drooped like the wilted flowers in the garden.

"You must take him to the sea, Meg," Alan said, the day she came back from higher up the river, and the boy still lay quiet and listless in her arms. Not a movement did he make to go to his father, and only a month or two ago he had begun to double himself up with glee and to fling himself frantically forward the moment he saw Alan. Meg whitened a little—she had hoped he would have thought the child better.

"As soon as this tooth is through he will be quite right," she said.

"Well, we won't wait—you shall take him away at once," Alan said. "Can you pack up and catch the early-morning train?"

It was seven in the evening then.

"Of course I can," Meg said.

The cost? That had kept them back before when Meg had read the advertisements, and longed to carry her darling out of the heat. But now that must be the last thing to think of, for Baby was more than "not very well," he was ill—little King Baby.

Alan held his little son while Meg got out a dress-basket and a portmanteau and began to put things in.

"Take enough," Alan said; "I'm afraid, dear girl, you must make up your mind to spend some time there.

Meg just nodded, and added a few more pinafores and a few more frocks.

For now she knew Alan considered the case to be serious. Her brain worked as well as it could through such anxiety. Money thoughts rose up—how might she do this thing most economically? Things were certainly very much better now with them, for Alan had a "Lodge"—it worked him to death, it goes without saying, for its hundred and fifty pounds a year—the Saville cheques were princely, and other work was coming in steadily and surely.

But a six-hundred-pound debt is a heavy millstone to seek to swim with. The little household still bound itself within the same narrow means; Meg turned and twisted her hats and frocks about, and packing-cases, skilfully concealed, still formed the greater part of the house's furniture. Yet it was great happiness each quarter to add up one column of the ledger and subtract the total from the other column, and find a very large remainder on the right side. Within a twelvemonth they had paid a hundred back to the Major and a hundred to Mr. Courtney, and were well pleased with themselves.

This new expenditure for change would make a big hole in the amount they were putting in the bank for the next quarter's paying away. Meg planned and packed, packed and planned. How to leave Alan provided for? He must have his meals carefully attended to, for he was working cruelly hard. And Lizzie, though willing and now—after arduous training—fairly competent, was curiously forgetful and unreliable if left alone.

Help from Misrule? The Major had sent Esther away from the heat with Peter and Essie, and Nellie was managing the Misrule *ménage*. But Poppet! Poppet had started to school now, a school in Redbank—she would ask for thoughtful little Poppet to come and live in the Terrace, and give the orders for the day, and generally keep Lizzie up to the mark.

Just where to go herself? Every place was crowded with visitors, and the hotels and boarding-houses were asking extortionate prices; all they could do was to telegraph now for a room in a hotel at the highest point of the coast, and when there to look about at leisure for a more economical place.

And so things resolved themselves gradually into working order. Alan was called out to a tedious case, and Meg continued her preparations far into the night, haranguing and entreating Lizzie, writing lists for her, watching and nursing the poor little baby, packing and thinking of all the things she would require for the next three or four months. Alan came back about two in the morning, weary-

eyed and pallid with the long strain of the case he had just left.

And Meg, worn out, broke down for just two minutes.

When he drew her into his arms, away from her packing, and kissed her ruffled hair, and the little worry-frown on her brow, and the tremble on her lips, she drew her breath back sharply and to her dismay found it ended in a sob.

Then she clung to him hard. "How can I leave you?" she said. "I can't, I can't."

A wave of the coming desolation swept over him too, and he held her fast. "How can I let you go? Mine is the worst—I lose you both!"

"Oh, if you could come too! And you need it badly, badly! I hate that Lodge. Give it up—you are killing yourself."

"You are tired, darling, or you wouldn't say that. Where's my brave girl?"

"Gone—gone. I am only a coward—and I love you, love you. It kills me to see you worked so hard."

"Nonsense, I like it—it is all I asked—plenty of work, and it has come at last. But I've got to grumble a moment at losing my darling for so long."

"If it were anyone but Little Boy I couldn't go," said Meg.

"Ah, but it *is* Little Boy." Alan drew her to the cradle, and the child, waking from his unrefreshing sleep, looked up at them.

Alan lifted him up and held him close. "Little Mr. Son," he said yearningly; even Meg hardly realised just how this tiny boy stirred all the untried depths of his young father's heart.

The boy gave one of his old tugs at Alan's necktie, and then fastened on to a button of his coat. And the eyes of both father and mother filled with quick, glad tears. It was the first time for so long that he had done as much.

"Be glad to go, dear one," Alan said.

"Glad!" said Meg, and gathered her baby into her arms and held him close, "I would go to the world's end with him, my boy, my bird, my little tender bird!"

CHAPTER XXII.

MEG AND KING BABY.

THEN was the western mail so much the heavier by reason of the letters going up to Meg's retreat and coming down.

"Up among the clouds."

"Here we are," wrote Meg to Alan, "safely arrived and housed and rested. Laddie stood the journey well, though the train was packed; and he drank all his milk when we got here, and even made an attempt to gnaw one of his old favourite biscuits. May I let him eat them, if he will? And

shall I still give him the brown medicine?

"Dear one, I am ashamed of being a coward. I am 'twice good again. So much was granted to us at Heidelberg I meant never to grow distrustful again all my life. And now I know my tiny darling will grow better fast, and be our own saucy, jolly boy again in no time. And the

months will pass, and I shall come back to my sweet, ugly little terrace home again, and we shall all live happily to the end of our days.

"It is the living apart—you and I, whom God joined together—that has to me such a terrifying aspect; that dulls my heart and makes me unwilling to know the date, and so remind myself how far off is the end of the summer. And yet how babyish that sounds. There is a woman here at the boarding-house, quite young yet, and her husband has been two years away. There is a woman here, and her husband has gone abroad. There are two or three women here come up for the whole season, and they say, as a matter of course, that they will not see their husbands for months. And none of them seem to think themselves very 'lone lorn critturs.' It won't do, will it, to say like Mrs. Gummidge, 'It is worse for me than any of you, I feel it more?'

"But, ah, Laddie, Laddie, there never were any two just as much to each other as we are; just as absolutely necessary to each other, were there? I might go without my lover a little time perhaps—only perhaps—but see, I have lost my chum too. If it were only my chum away—but to do without



"I'M WRITING ON THE DRESSING-TABLE BY BOY'S BEDSIDE."—(p. 480.)

my brother also ! And sister and mother yet again. And father of my tender little babe, a doctor to his poor little needs ! Did you know you were all of these things—all and more ? That is why I feel sure it is worse for me than for these other women, and that I *do* 'feel it more.' I know they have just got plain *husbands*.

"Dear one, do write and promise me never to go out in the early morning, or when you come in tired—even to an urgent case—without coffee or something. If Lizzie is not up, you can make it in five minutes yourself on the gas-stove with coffee essence. Or make cocoa, it will be even better. I lie and worry over the thought of you rushing off, when you are tired out, to some horrid infectious case, or else coming back with a chill that will turn into pneumonia. Oh, why, why are you a doctor ? Why aren't you a nice respectable grocer or draper, able to put up your shutters on the world at the end of a day, and sit by your fire for the evening, and loaf and invite your soul ?

"I got the books and magazines safely you made a lovely selection.

"Boy is just waking, so I must take him up. I am sure there is more colour in his cheeks already.

"Good-bye, my lover, my own husband, my dear, dear laddie.

"Your very own
"WIFE."

"DEAREST NELL,

"No, on no account—no, no, no—I am managing splendidly. All the same, thank father very, very much for offering to lend you to me. I quite realise the amount of domestic discomfort he was ready to expose himself to to part with you while Esther is still away. Of course I got away from the hotel as soon as possible—it was three guineas a week ! I am only paying twenty-five shillings where I am, and it is quite comfortable. You can guess the kind of place, for you have been up here—a weather-board cottage, and a garden with a few red dahlias and some cosmea in it ; the boarding-house keepers are far too busy to have a moment in the summer to think of gardens. I have a clean little bedroom, which is all I ask.

"I am writing on and on, just for the urgent need of talking to some one. At the best of times I never make friends easily, and in my present mood I simply *can't* be interested in the other women here, or even talk to them much. They are all in the dining-room, and three of them are doing shadow-work, pillow-shams and mats, and the other is reading aloud—Marie Corelli. So I'm writing on the dressing-table by Boy's bedside, and

I have no doubt whatever they are congratulating themselves that that silent, sour-tempered Mrs. Courtney has taken herself off to bed. And yet I'm lonely, horribly lonely and homesick—though you needn't tell Alan so. And I sit and sit, watching Baby sleeping, fancying he is looking paler and more wasted ; fancying, with a throbbing heart, that he is hardly breathing at all, that something has happened, till if a moth flutters in the room, or the window creaks, I could shriek aloud.

"I had a long, bright letter from Esther yesterday ; she says the country is looking its loveliest, and they are all combining to spoil her ; that she lies in one of the hammocks on the verandah nearly all day, and Peter and Essie vie with each other who shall go down the orchard most often and bring her the biggest peach or apricot, and that she has been forced, owing to the flesh being weak, albeit the spirit willing, to establish a bag, ostensibly for sewing, but really to surreptitiously receive these perpetual contributions of fruit which they aver will 'make you feel quite strong and well and want to jump about like us.'

"I am very glad she is having such a rest : Nell, I often think we haven't half appreciated dear old Esther as we ought to have done. Just think of her as she was when she 'married us'—twenty, and hardly a wish denied her in all her life ; she was the very apple of her parents' eyes, you know ; and then to have to take on a rampageous lot like we were ! Why there are times when I feel as if with my little house and one baby I have too much to do ; and she had six of us—we were horrid little wretches too, I'm sure—and her own baby, and big Misrule and careless servants, and father, who is very much more 'difficult' than Alan ; and yet how bright and full of fun she has always been—always entering into all our games and our troubles as if she had been one of us. Since I have had my own little home, and the sweet privacy of life with just us two and the little third, I think I have realised that her lines were not cast in very pleasant places ; and yet I've never heard her grumble once—have you ? At least, just once. Do you remember years and years ago we had all been up to some mischief or other—I know Bunty had spoiled father's uniform, and Judy had done something or other with the scythe, and all the rest of us something equally bad ? Father was frightfully angry, I remember, and after he had gone she just dropped down in the rocking-chair and burst out-crying ; and she sobbed, 'Seven of you, and I'm only twenty, it is too bad—seven of you ! Oh dear, it *is* too bad !'

"She has the sweetest, sunniest, loveliest nature of any woman I ever knew or heard of.

"Well, no more of my scribble to-night, dear girl. 'Mister Son' has opened his eyes, and yawned, and kicked all the clothes off, which is signal that his bondsman sets to work hard and prepares his last meal. By the way, could you spare me the little old Primus stove that used to stand in the second pantry? I must be a fearful nuisance to these people, penetrating into their kitchen to boil the milk, and yet Boy must be fed punctually, and the spirit stove is so very slow. If you can unearth it—in my day Martha used it chiefly for keeping a plate of dinner warm for late-comers—pack it up and send at once. Bunt or Pip would take it to the station and book it to me.

"Tell me all the home news, dearest; I do long so for post time.

"Ever your loving

"MEG."

"DEAR OLD MEG (wrote Peter),

"I hope the nipper's getting on. I nearly shot a rabbit yesterday, only Essie went and made a row. Girls are no good to take out hunting. I'll teach the nipper how to shoot and ride and do things—don't you let no one else teach him, 'cause I pick to. There's an old fellow here what smokes and smokes, and he tells me about all the bush-rangers what he's killed. He's killed thirty, that's a good lot, isn't it? When I'm as big as Pip I'm going to have a real repeating-rifle—this one grandpa lent me isn't much good—and I'm going away to kill bushrangers all the time. I'm learning on rabbits, and I'll kill a good lot when Essie stops coming out with me. I'll make a rug of the skins for the nipper to crawl on.

"Essie and me went up the hill to the cemetery on Sunday to see Judy. It makes you feel pretty bad to feel you were the one whose life she saved, and if it hadn't been for you she could have been having fun and running about instead of lying lonely like that up there. I wish I could do something for her. I did mend the white fence, and I swept up all the leaves, and weeded the grass, and gave her all the roses I could find in the garden, but that is nothing to what she did for me.

"Yours truly,

"PETER."

"Redbank.

"MY WIFE, MY DARLING, MY OWN DARLING,

"That is grand news about the boy. I felt certain the sea air would set him right. Continue the medicine another week, and then I think you can try him

without it; and after this don't peptonise the food any longer. Kiss him for his daddie. The house looks very empty with his perambulator gone from the hall, and the cradle from the bedroom. I don't have to remove a rattle and a big shell, and some empty cotton-reels and a stuffed doll, from my chair now when I go to sit down. But I think I miss the wobbly duck the most—breakfast is indeed a desolate meal, now there is no one in a high chair trying hard to give a dissipated-looking india-rubber duck a drink out of my cup by dipping its head in.

"Darling, you mustn't trouble about me. I look after myself no end, and Poppet—why Poppet is better than forty aunts to me. I've never been the subject of such anxious care in all my life before. The door bell has hardly gone before she is in the room with a boiling-hot cup of coffee, and my leggings and umbrella and mackintosh, if it is at all like rain. 'Yes, you *must* put them on—for Meg's sake,' she says, and I give you my word I've worn the blessed things twice when there was no need, just to set her mind at rest. We have surprisingly nice things to eat—does the little witch cook them herself? Or is Lizzie in a conspiracy to 'tempt my appetite'?—they both only giggle when I inquire. The only thing that troubles me is I don't like the child to worry herself so; she ought to be out of doors playing about, instead of sitting deep in Mrs. Beeton, or hovering about to see if the waiting-room is guiltless of dust, or feeling my singlets when they come from the wash to see if they are aired, and looking preternaturally grave and responsible all the time. Write to her and tell her not to make such a little Martha of herself; she won't listen to me.



"THERE WAS MY POOR LITTLE BOY CROUCHING BESIDE JUDY'S GRAVE." (p. 483.)

"Do you know it is to Buntie I owe the fact that the Saville cheques come to me instead of Harnett. Of course I didn't learn from the boy—it's not his way to talk is it? but Poppet had gathered it from him, and she told me as a secret the other night. When Nellie sent him for a doctor the day Enid was burnt he got his bicycle and started off for Harnett; and then Poppet says he thought I 'ought to have a show,' and he also felt sure 'that fellow Harnett' wouldn't do her any good. So to make up for going the extra mile to me while she was waiting, the lad nearly killed himself, he rode so hard. 'Rode like mad up the Red Hill,' Poppet said—'and you know how it makes your heart beat even to go slowly—and then tore down the other side so hard he couldn't have stopped for long enough even if he'd wanted. And he knocked a boy down—it didn't hurt him—and nearly ran over a dog; and a p'leeceman ran after him, but he got to you as quickly as any one else could have got to that horrid Dr. Harnett, who gets all the people.' I remember now how he fell down in the hall frightfully done up, and how a constable came after him and wanted to take his name, but went off satisfied when he heard how urgent the case was. Wasn't it decent of the lad? I shan't soon forget it.

"By the way, I hope young Nell knows what she is doing. Or does a woman ever quite know? Twynam haunts Misrule; I have found him two or three nights just walking up and down outside the gate—as once I walked. If I go there to tea, I find him there—Nell generally says, as excuse, they simply had to ask him as he stayed so long in the afternoon. If Nellie goes to town, he goes to town too. I hope the child is not playing with him—he is one of the decentest fellows I know; yet he is not the kind of man I ever thought would attract her.

"Saville's cheque for this quarter came yesterday—fifty pounds. It seems a good deal of money, but I have the consciousness that I do honestly earn it; I give the child a couple of hours every day. And I am more than pleased with her; she surpasses my most sanguine hope. In another year or two she will have caught quite up to other girls of her age, and there won't be a whit of difference between them. Indeed, now that it is clear and well, it seems to me a particularly strong, eager little mind the child has; she may make a clever woman yet. Poor Saville's delight in her is quite touching.

"I shall hand the fifty pounds straight over to your father—that chips off still another piece of our millstone, darling; I wonder what we shall feel like when we are swimming without it—ready to play water leap-frog, I imagine.

"Perhaps at the end of next month I shall run up to you for the Sunday.

"Oh, Girlie, Girlie, it will out. The place is like a world with the sun gone out. I miss you inexpressibly every moment I am in the house; and when I am out I have all the time the dull sense hanging over me that you are not there—that when I go back and open the door I shall find that all the place is dark,

"And all the chambers emptied of delight."

"And yet the separation has done one thing—made me realise how intensely and entirely I love you. When you were close at hand, and there was Little Boy with us wanting our incessant care, there seemed no time, no place, to stand back and look at love as a thing apart; I just knew you were very, very dear and very necessary to me. But this absence has stirred all the old, deep feelings I used to have for you when you were sweet Meg at Misrule, and the sound of your voice, or the gleam of your white dress in the old garden, made my heart throb with a feeling that was almost pain.

"My Meg, my bride, my wife, good-night!"

"The Lord watch between thee and me
While we are absent from one another."

"ALAN."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONE MORE LETTER.

"Call once more before you go,
Call once yet
In a voice that she will know——"

"DEAREST MEG (wrote Esther),

"Peter has almost broken my heart. It is all a week ago, and still I wake sobbing in the night. On Sunday for the first time since we have been here I took him up the hill to see our little grave. He has seen it before as you know, and of course he knows all the sad story. But that morning he seemed to realise it all in a way he never did before. He stood and looked and looked and looked at the little mound, his very soul in his eyes. I tried to draw him away, to interest him in the bush things, for I cannot bear to sadden a child's heart too much, but he kept straying back to the white palings, and leaning his forehead on them and looking through. Yet he said very little, just a few such things as 'She was the one who jumped about the most, wasn't she? Meg says she never could keep still a second.' And in a whisper 'Mother, I just *couldn't* lie and lie for ever up here, no one with me.'

"Of course I tried to explain the unexplainable to him, 'the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting,' but I could see I had made little

impression; his wet eyes saw nothing but his eager little sister leaping to death to save him, and for it, lying here year after year.

"The next day we did not see him all the morning, and as he would not take Essie with him we concluded he had gone to try a harmless old gun father has given him. I found out later he had been up at the grave all the time. The grave itself is always beautifully kept, but the grass grows long and the leaves fall in the enclosure. The poor child had been working for hours, trying to clear those leaves—such a day too, the hottest I ever knew. And mother and I had both scolded him early in the day—you know how she loves and cherishes her roses—he had been down to the bushes and cut off every blossom. When we scolded him he did not say a word, and we thought he had plucked them for some game with Essie; then later we found them all laid thickly on the mound.

"At night a frightful thunderstorm came up after the hot day; it rained in torrents, and the wind raged and blew as if it would bring the house down. I went into the children's room about nine o'clock, thinking they might have wakened with so much noise. Essie was sound asleep in the cot, but Peter's bed was empty. We searched the house in alarm; then I saw a side door open and an instinct told me where he was. Father and I put on our mackintoshes and got a lantern, and I ran, ran with a throbbing heart, all the way up the hill, with the rain in my face and the thunder crashing overhead, and there was my poor little boy crouching beside the grave.

"Peter," I sobbed, as I snatched him up.

"It's all right, mother," he said, with chattering teeth, 'don't worry, I put my dressing-gown and slippers on.' And so he had: the little felt slippers were pulp; the grey gown was soaked

through and through. Father carried him down the hill, and he sobbed all the way because we wouldn't leave him a little longer. I undressed him and gave him a hot bath, crying like a baby myself all the time—I felt I could never stop again. And then I wrapped him in a blanket and sat in a rocking-chair by the fire with him, and he



"DOWN THE NEXT DRIVE CAME THE YOUNG DOCTOR, ALL THE SAVILLE FAMILY WITH HIM." (p. 485.)

was no longer my great lad who goes about with a gun and cracks a stock-whip, but just my little boy baby again, cuddling up to my heart, my little boy baby that Judy gave back to me. And we talked in whispers to each other, and the firelight was the only light in the room, and gradually he told me all. How he had wakened and been frightened at the thunder—his cheeks grew red as he confessed

this—and how he remembered Judy was out in all the storm, lying alone, alone on the hill-top; and how he had crept to the window and looked out at the wild, black trees fighting with the wind, and the clouds sweeping across the sky, and the rain blowing in gusts at the window.

“‘And I thought if I just went and sat aside her a little time she wouldn’t feel so dreadfully lonely,’ he whispered, ‘that’s all, mother; it wasn’t much to do for her. I called to her that I was there and I know she heard.’

“He had bronchitis the next day, which was the least I expected; thank heaven, it was a very light attack, and he is mending fast and is just his mischievous, noisy self again. The whole affair seems to have slipped from his mind, and he spars with Essie and cracks his whip in bed and insists upon having his gun beside him to clean twice a day.

“But I am five years older for the shock, and if a door bangs I burst out crying.

“Oh, Meg, Meg, the child is best where she is—little Judy, I mean; I had clear vision of that yesterday when I went up to her. She would have loved and suffered and lived as one of her nature must have done. And oh the peace, yesterday, on her hill-top, and oh the wise, tender evening sky brooding down over her, and the young stars coming out to watch, and the soft air that seems full of her.

“I kissed her grass and smoothed it, and looked up to the shining stars, her eyes, and thanked God inasmuch as He had let me see that all had been for the best.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL AWHEEL.

“Smiles the earth and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us.”

“NEVER saw such a tyre,” said Bunty, “it’s as soft as squash. How do you think you’re going to ride thirty miles on that?”

“I did pump it up,” said Nell. But she was quite content to leave it to brotherly ministrations, and she leisurely put on her thin gloves and settled her sailor hat, and felt happy in the consciousness that her cycling-skirt hung beautifully.

“You don’t find Poppet starting off with tyres like that,” said Bunty; “here you’ve got the best bicycle that money could buy—old Saville must have given forty pounds for this ‘trifling Easter egg,’ as he calls it, and as long as the handle-bars are brilliant that’s all you care.”

Nell gave him her sweetest smile. “I’m not inconsiderate enough to deprive you of the pleasure of doing it for me,” she said.

Bunty gave a final pump. “I could just survive the disappointment,” he said. “Have you got all your tools—well, I’m blest!”

“You let my tool-bag alone,” said Nell, but Bunty overhauled it ruthlessly.

“Just like Nell,” he said. “I say, Pip, she’s left her spanner and oil-can and wrench behind, and put in a clothes-brush and a finicky brush-and-comb and looking-glass, and a sponge.”

“Well,” said Nellie, “and why should one be a dust-covered object even if one does ride? I propose to borrow *your* tools if I need them.”

Bunty grinned. “All right, and I’ll borrow the looking-glass and see if my cap’s straight every mile or two.”

Poppet came wheeling her bicycle down the drive, Poppet in a well-worn serge frock and a straw hat that was sunburnt and ancient to a degree, but had the merit of keeping the sky’s glare from her eyes.

“Oh, Poppet, said Nell, “that awful hat! Why Flibbertigibbet was worrying it on the lawn the other night.”

Poppet put her hand to it jealously. “What’s the matter with it? It’s a beautiful hat,” she said; ‘you’ll want to change with me before we’ve gone a mile,’ and she looked disparagingly at her sister’s neat, spotless one with its narrow brim.

Bunty looked Poppet over with pride. “She’s all right,” he said, “and if you thought less of *your* hat and more of your riding you’d get along faster.” You’ve taken three times as long to learn as Poppet did, and you still pedal like the girls who hire bikes for half a day, and you jam your brake down and hold back for your life down a hill no one else sees is there.”

“She’s all right,” said Pip. “Poppet gets up to too many tricks—she’ll smash herself up one of these days coasting down Red Hill, or going about with her hands off.”

Esther and Meg came down with the four light cases they had been filling with sandwiches and similar light refreshments; for the party had a thirty-mile ride down the coast before it, then it was to pass the night at the house of a country friend of the family, and ride back the next day.

By Meg’s side, trotting along on his fat little legs, that he had only just begun to use for purposes of locomotion, came Little Boy; Meg and he had come to spend the day at Misrule, for Alan was to be of the bicycle party all the first day, returning, however, in time for patients the next morning.

“Hello, Mr. Podsnap,” said Pip, picking up the small nephew and riding him up and down the

footpath, to that young person's intense satisfaction.

The group at the gate grew. Peter and Essie came pedalling down on their gay-coloured tricycles; they were only to accompany the cyclists half a mile on their way, but they were properly equipped. Each dangled a packet of sandwiches at the handle-bars and a luggage parcel behind them. Peter wore the tops of his stockings turned down in vain emulation of Pip, and Essie had fastened a pair of Bunty's clips to the top of her socks.

"Aren't we ready?" said Bunty, impatiently; "always the way, half the day wasted if you take girls."

"As it happens, it is for a member of your own noble sex we are waiting," Nell said; "when Alan deigns to put in an appearance we are complete."

But she glanced down the road as if not quite satisfied with her own statement.

"Alan ran in to Enid, of course," said Meg; "he will not be many minutes."

"I thought Twynam was coming," Pip said.

Nellie began to examine the contents of her tool-bag.

"Oh, that chap doesn't know his own mind," said Bunty; "asked to come on Thursday, said he didn't think he could on Friday, went in and bought a new bicycle on purpose on Saturday, and yesterday said he thought he'd stop at home."

"Oh," said Poppet, "that's lucky. It's much nicer just ourselves and no strangers, isn't it, Nell?"

"Of course," said Nell, with heightened colour.

"Well, he's changed his mind again, for here he comes," said Pip, as a figure in grey appeared on the brow of the hill, "and I'm not sorry, for he's got my best pump."

Nellie began to arrange her tool-bag again with great care.

"And here's Alan at last," said Poppet.

Down the next drive came the young doctor, all the Saville family with him—the squatter, serene and ruddy-faced, smoking, and Enid, bright-eyed and loving, hanging on to his arm; Mrs. Saville beside him, looking years younger and

wonderfully handsome; Lylie running to gaze at the adored Poppet; Jack on *his* tricycle to swell the smaller party.

"Thought you weren't coming," said Bunty, as Twynam jumped off and went to shake hands with the Misrule group.

The man's colour deepened. "I am not," he said, "correspondence—obliged to stay. Only ran down to return your pump, Woolcot—thought you'd need it."

The Saville contingent had drawn near by this, and greetings passed between gate and gate. In the confusion of so many on the pathway, it was not to be wondered at that Twynam found himself near Nellie.

"So you are not coming," she said lightly.

"The mail," he said, "my letters."

"Oh yes, of course," said Nellie, "aren't you foolish to have wasted time coming down with the pump?—Pip has another."

The man's face was quite white; Nellie was moving her machine from the fence, and no one was very near.

"You know that isn't the reason," he said. "You know that I simply dare not; that two such days would be more than I could bear."

Nellie bumped her bicycle into the fence, and dragged it away and wheeled it in an erratic fashion to the edge of the footpath. He followed her, manipulating his machine still more clumsily.

"I should only be in your way, shouldn't I?" he said; "you would rather I did not come."

Nellie put one neat foot on the pedal, and began to arrange her skirt for the saddle.

"It's an open road," she said, "there might be room for you, unless you ride very badly."

The man went whiter than ever.

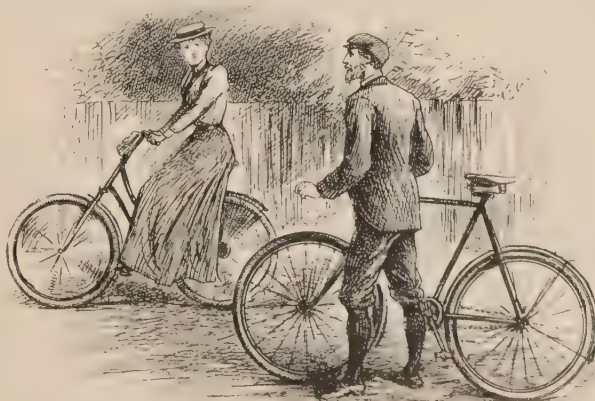
"Nellie," he said, "Nellie, it is life or death with me—don't trifle.

Tell me to go back to my work, the only thing I'm fitted for."

Nellie's hand trembled a little—the hand she was just ready to push off with as she jumped up to her saddle.

"Tell me to go back," he repeated, his voice thick with emotion.

"I—I can't be so rude," said Nellie, very, very low.



"TELL ME TO GO BACK," HE REPEATED. "I—I CAN'T BE SO RUDE," SAID NELLIE, VERY LOW.

"What?" he said, taking a giant stride after her.

But Nell, the very tips of her ears suffused with sweet, shamed colour, had sprung to her saddle and gone pedalling for dear life up the hill after Bunty, who, in disgust at all the dallying, had started off with Poppet.

And now all the line of wheels was on the red road, and good-byes were called from the gates, and the sky smiled down on the happy young faces, and all the waves of the river, left behind, laughed and leaped to catch a glimpse of them.

"I thought you weren't coming," Bunty said, looking over his shoulder and finding Twynam riding hard behind.

"I changed my mind again," said Twynam.

Nellie shot on ahead.

Far behind, Peter and Essie and Jack toiled at their little wheels. Sometimes they got off and pulled them along; sometimes the big bicycles waited for them to catch up, for all knew they were to be of the party as far as the cross-roads.

Further behind still, at the gate, the Major stood, and regarded his first grandchild as thoughtfully as the child regarded him. It was taking him a long time to get quite used to the relationship, but still the feeling, when the small man occasionally grasped at his leg for support, was a pleasurable one.

Meg and Esther's eyes were on the far hill where the wheels looked now like a line of large black ants. Up, up and over the brow they went on after the others, and then the puff of dust went down and the hill showed speckless.

"Well, that's the last of them," said Esther.

"The very last," said Meg.

The Major turned his face to the house and lent a finger to the boy.

"You've left the gate open," he said, half way up the drive, to Meg and Esther, who had entered it before him.

But there sprang up a gust of eager wind, and the next moment the Misrule gate swung to with a crash.

THE END.



**MRS.
CURLEWIS**

(Ethel Turner)

with
her own

**"LITTLE
KING
BABY."**

OUR TENNYSON DRAWING:

"FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL," which forms our Frontispiece this month.

HOWEVER carelessly the pages of our lives are turned over, we cannot fail to be confronted on every folio with the great Interrogation Stop of *being*. The unceasing and plaintive questioning that this stanza voices, rises ever from the human heart. That youth should half unconsciously join in the enquiry, and beauty itself be arrested by it in the midst of amusements and pre-occupations does not surprise us, for what is babyhood but wonder unashamed, and childhood an endless questioning?

These girls to whom the artist has assigned Tennyson's words, find their own philosophy as unsatisfying as

many grey-beard seekers after truth have found it. That an answer sufficiently complete, outside themselves, is available, is suggested by the distant spire. The personages in the picture find themselves inextricably mingled two with the past, the future, and that meeting place of the which we call the present. The ruined wall points to a crumbling past, as blazoned with flowers of chivalry and benefaction as are these stones with moss and herb. The present is remorselessly marked off on the impassive face of the dial; while "the coming events which cast their shadows before" are suggested by the shadow of the horse, which is soon to bear its rider to the future Unknown.

IMP CATARRH

When naughty little children are disobedient,
And walk into the puddles when for a stroll they're sent,
Or run about with nighties on around the room and play,
And will not let Nurse dress them, though she gets in *such* a way.
Well, look you, little children, you may go a bit too far,
And won't you just be sorry when you're captured by Catarrh !
That nasty little evil Imp that grown-ups call Catarrh !

You may be splashing in the mud or dancing round a chair,
When you receive the notice that the little Imp is there,
And when you feel his fingers small tickling on your chest,
You'd better run to Nurse and ask politely to be dressed
And button up your little clothes and put your stockings on,
And if you're very, very quick, perhaps he will be gone.
Tho' he's a rather staying Imp, when you he lands upon !

But, oh ! if you continue around the room to fly,
Or, planted in a puddle, your mother to defy,
The Imp will seize upon you, and once inside your chest,
It's no use walking on the dry, or asking to be dressed !
For Imp Catarrh's wee fingers into your throat will go
And stuff your little nose up, however hard you blow.
And oh, he'll make you sneeze a bit, the Imp so large will grow !

And now, *how* he will rasp your throat and make you cough and cough
Until you really think that you will cough your small head off,
And handkerchiefs by dozens Mama will have to buy,
And yet you'll never have one that's really nice and dry !
And though you fiercely tell the Imp that he's to go away,
" Did you obey your Nurse so kind or dear Mama ? " he'll say,
That choking, teasing, blinding Imp that makes you sneeze all day !

So if you want to dodge the Imp and lead a peaceful life
You all must be obedient when fogs and snows are rife.
Be very brisk and willing and jump into your tub,
Splash yourself and out again and have a thorough rub,
And walk upon the footway when off to school you go,
And do not stir the slush about nor trample in the snow,
And then I do not think the Imp Catarrh will tease you so !

A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.



THE LILY FARM, OWNED BY THOSE SUCCESSFUL LILY FARMERS, THE MISSES BATES OF BALCOMBE.

Farming for Girls.

By LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

SCATTERED all over the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Emerald Isle there are many young girls making quite comfortable incomes at farming, in a variety of different ways. As a rule these select what are termed the smaller branches of agricultural and horticultural work, as the management of a large farm, whether devoted to crops or live stock, is, of course, a serious undertaking; still there are some few intrepid ladies who own to having started such ambitious projects before they were twenty.

Poultry-keeping, all kinds of fruit, vegetable and flower growing, dairy farming—which now often includes the making of cream and other soft cheeses—bee-keeping and many other industries connected with farm life are all being taken up by girls, and it may interest any of you who have similar tastes to hear something of their work.

I think, perhaps, the favourite branch amongst these young lady farmers is poultry-keeping, whether it be chicken, duck, geese, or turkey rearing for the market, the supplying of eggs, or the

keeping of prize birds for sale and show. Many of the successes of the poultry shows go to quite young exhibitors, and this alone proves that a painstaking and observant lover of birds can early in life make a place for herself.

Some people imagine that poultry-keeping is one of the easiest things in the world. It is anything but that. Endless care and patience, scrupulous regard to detail as to the points in prize birds, and the edible qualities of those destined for the table, constant watching as to the cleanliness of the houses and runs, the proper selection of food, and the ever-present anxiety about the incubators are amongst some of the responsibilities of the poultry farmer who aims at success. At the same time it is by no means necessary to make oneself a slave to the poultry, and it is



MISS DORA VERREY,
A well-known Poultry Breeder.

a great mistake to make the farm too large. About eighty fowls are enough at a time, and when it is remembered that all hens should be sold at the end of two years, that the cockerels are killed for table use, it will be understood

that the number of birds kept must be constantly fluctuating.

I have in my mind three sisters who are successful poultry farmers on an acre of ground which

and the services of a poultryman or woman may not always be available. Most dealers will buy the birds alive, however, and this obviates all difficulty. Several girls in the south of England are doing well with their "duckeries," and I should certainly recommend the rearing of these birds to any girls who have the proper ground for them.

There is much to be said in favour of both turkey and geese rearing; the former, of course, finding their readiest sale near Christmas-time, and the geese throughout the autumn. For the beginner in any of these departments of the poultry yard, I should certainly recommend a good book on the subject, and the reading of such journals as "*The Feathered World*," "*Poultry*," "*The Cable*," "*Farm, Field, and Fireside*," and others which are devoted to farming pursuits; but far beyond all help from books or friends is the experience gained by oneself.

Two young ladies who have both made names for themselves in the fancy show world are Miss Ethel Southam, of The Castle House, Stafford, and Miss Dora Verrey, of "The Warren," Oxshott. Miss Southam's fancy is for Buff Pekin Bantams, and in America, as in our own country, she is quite an authority on these dainty miniature birds; so much so that the Committee of the Poultry Club selected her to draw up the standard of perfection for the Buff Pekins. Many of her birds are noted winners, and under such names as "The Canon,"

their father has allowed them for their own use. They started with a Leghorn cock and six hens, and a guinea-fowl house. Leghorns are amongst the best layers, and they were soon able to supply the house with eggs. Gradually other houses and feathered inmates were added, an incubator costing £7, to hold fifty eggs, and a guinea foster-mother. Now theirs is a thriving poultry farm with numbers of birds, and a large amount of eggs for disposal.

Ducks and ducklings are both profitable to keep. They are hardier than chickens, they fatten themselves, and, provided there is a stream of running water at hand and that you give them four meals a day, plenty of green food, milk, and ground oats, there is little else to do for them. It is in the early spring that ducklings pay best, and, as they can be hatched both under hens and incubators, it is possible to meet the market by having a good supply ready. As with chickens, ducks fetch a better price killed if trussed and dressed ready for sale, but it is not every lady who cares to undertake this,



THE APIARY. MISS GAYTON AT WORK.



MISS GAYTON REMOVING THE HONEY.

"The Bishop," and "The Archbishop," are always looked for at the important shows. Miss Southam believes implicitly in keeping only one variety in your yard, and if possible, only very rarely introducing outside birds. She is often consulted about the proper seasons for hatching birds, about the wisdom of tail-pulling, and other points. She

the course of a day spent in this happy country home.

I must now leave the poultry world, fascinating as it is, and touch upon some other girl farmers who are making their way. First I would like to tell you of two enterprising sisters who live near Balcombe on the Brighton line, and who are growers of lilies, not lilies of the valley, or arums, or African, but of those pungently odoriferous *Lilium Lancifolium*, white with faint streaks of pink, and sometimes all pink. Of these they have acres, all grown in the open. They supply sometimes 400 dozen daily to Covent Garden Market, besides sending to private customers. Can you imagine what a work the picking and the packing alone must be. With the help of one man and a girl the Misses Bates manage all themselves. The man's time is often taken up with driving to and from the station with the boxes of flowers, whilst the girl is told off to pick the anthers—those brown shoots in the centre of the lily—from the pure blossoms, which in packing would come off like iron-mould on to the dazzlingly white petals. The sisters are obliged to get up at five during the



THE MISSES ETHEL AND GERTRUDE SOUTHAM,
Who have made a name for themselves as successful Poultry Breeders.

generally washes her midget chickens before submitting them to the judges at the shows. This bright, happy girl is one of the most successful, and quite deservedly so, of girl farmers.

Miss Dora Verrey, whose father is a well-known poultry fancier and secretary to several clubs and societies, had a good up-bringing amongst prize birds, but when, in addition to what we may call this home education, she brought a genuine love of poultry to the taste of rearing it, she had a double chance of success. Leghorns are Miss Verrey's speciality, and many a cup, many a "special," and other honours fall to this young Leghorn fancier. Miss Verrey also goes in for some Duckwings, but her favourites are decidedly the Brown Leghorns. The Warren is just on the edge of a delightfully breezy common, so that the birds have capital healthy runs, and their young owner an ideal spot in which to rear them. Her sisters keep dogs and prize cats, so that there is much to interest one in

lily season, which lasts from the end of August to November; in June they are kept very busy tying up the plants, and looking after them generally. The "Bates Lilies" are deservedly famous now; many gardeners, seedsmen, and botanists visit the sisters to inspect the lily farm, and to try and induce them to sell the bulbs; this, however, they never do, and the secret of the growing of these delicate blooms in such quantities outside remains with themselves. It was Mrs. Bates, their mother



MISS ETHEL SOUTHAM IN HER PONY CARRIAGE.

who made the first experiments with the bulbs, which proved so successful. Her daughters urged her to send some up to London's great market, and it was thus that the lily farm had its beginning.

Another very prosperous young farmeress is Miss Gayton, of Birch Hadham, Hertfordshire, who confines her efforts solely to bees. Nothing more delightful than this honey farm in the midst of an old-fashioned English garden, filled with stocks, mignonette, sweet-williams, pinks, verbenas, and all the most fragrant flowers, can be imagined. Any girl living in the country, and whose parents will allow her to do so, may add to her income, and, indeed, make quite a substantial yearly profit, by having an apiary. There are several points to be

fruit blossom, the agricultural crops, and the trees—oaks, sycamores, and limes being especially good. Miss Gayton is a member of the British Bee Keepers' Association; her honey frequently appeared at Queen Victoria's table, and has been sent to America. She is very particular about the packing, and has properly made boxes sent over from America in sections, which she puts together herself. In fact, from pruning the trees to attending to the orders, she does everything herself, though one of her sisters occasionally helps her by watching a hive if she is expecting the bees to swarm. Most people smoke their bees at certain times, but Miss Gayton never does; she holds that the industrious little creatures hate scent of all kinds. This girl honey-farmer obtains on an



"THE ARCHDEACON."

"SUNBEAM."

"THE ARCHBISHOP."

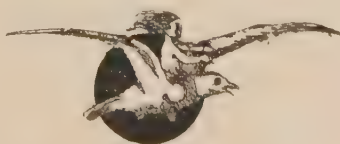
Buff Pekin cocks and pullets bred by the Misses Southam that have secured first honours at innumerable Poultry Shows.

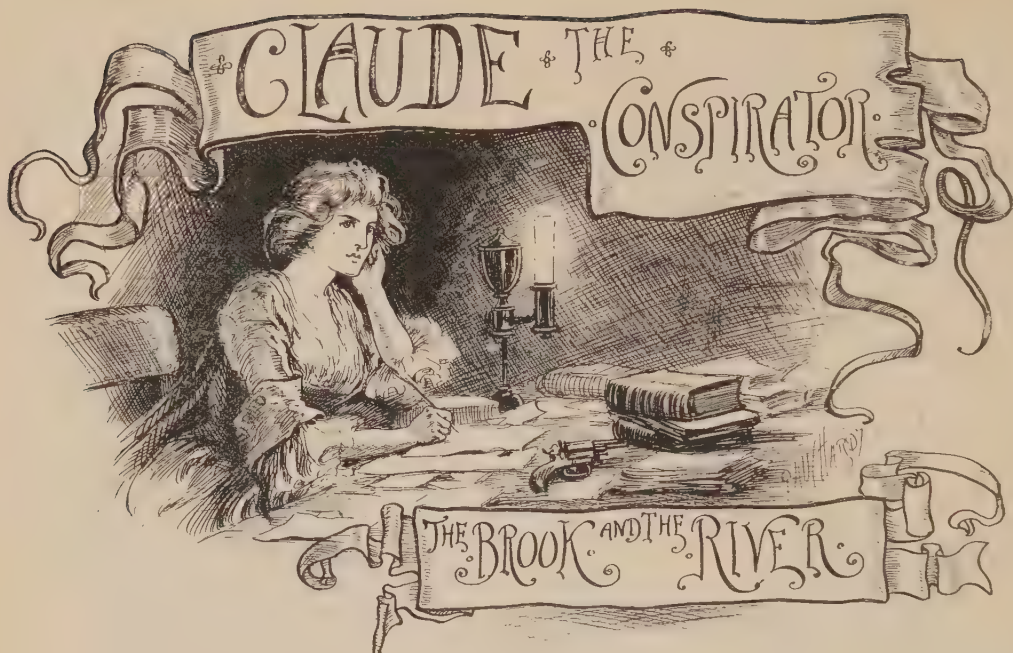
mastered at the very outset of bee-keeping. The first is to go to some competent apiarist for a hive, and to read up all the best authorities on the subject. Bees very soon learn to know those who understand them. Their stinging is of rare occurrence. Another important matter is to keep the different swarms separate; never to put, for instance, an Italian queen in amongst a hive of Britishers, for each hive has its own smell, and only if you can succeed in giving this odour to another can you unite them.

The crops which are best for the honey harvest vary in different countries, but there is always the

average from a shilling to one-and-sixpence per pound for her honey; some seasons she averages a hundred and even more pounds. It must not be thought that honey-farming alone would prove sufficiently paying to make one's living at, but as an addition to a small income or supplementary to other farming or gardening it is to be recommended.

Many girls are doing well with tomatoes, cucumbers, water-cress, and fruit, especially strawberries; and in Scotland I know of several who are cultivating mushrooms and obtaining a good price for them.





BY ROSE K. WEEKES.

Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

"Where the brook and river meet."

—*Longfellow.*

I.

CLAUDE had been at school in the convent for two months, and she was quite desperately bored. M. le Comte de Beaufort was a Legitimist, and, after living among conspiracies all her life, it was annoying to be sent off to a convent just because M. le Marquis de Vannes chose to remark that she was growing as pretty as a Dresden china rosebud, and too old to know so much. M. le Marquis was a gentleman whom Claude abhorred. She suspected strongly that he had urged M. de Beaufort to look after the morals of his daughter simply because he himself was afraid of that daughter's wits. The Marquis was fifty; Claude was thirteen. The discrepancy did not trouble her; she had a fine appreciation of her own talents. Besides, if the Marquis really meant to betray M. de Beaufort and hand him over to justice, he would be afraid of a mouse, let alone of Claude de Beaufort. Whatever the reason, it was undoubtedly true that M. le Marquis had persuaded M. le Comte to send his daughter

to school, and had suggested as a suitable home the convent ruled over by his own sister; and if this kindness was disinterested, it was a remarkable trait in so astute a person. The one bright spot on Claude's horizon was the hope that when M. le Marquis paid his next visit to his sister she might reward this unselfishness.

Meanwhile she was in the punishment room, whither she had been sent for praising Napoleon Buonaparte, to which desperate crime sheer *ennui* had driven her. It was a chamber absolutely bare, save for one three-legged stool, upon which Claude stood to look out of the barred window. The legs of the stool were insecure, and so, consequently, was Claude's position, though she clung to the bars. Claude's frock was grey, like the walls, and equally straight; over it she wore a black pinafore; and her hair was drawn back into one golden pigtail which reached below her waist. Other *demoiselles* sought to modify the rigid hideousness of this costume by tying surreptitious blue ribbons round their collars and encouraging forbidden curls upon their foreheads. Claude had never

given way to what she was pleased to call a childish vanity, and had hitherto earned praises from Sister Célestine, to whom was entrusted the oversight of their toilettes. But she yearned for a little excitement, such as she remembered at home. Her rebellion had been hardly a success. It was more dull in the punishment room than even in the schoolroom, where at least she had Rosaleen Power to speak to. It was, in truth, *very* dull.

At this point Claude yawned so profoundly that the stool collapsed. "*Peste !*" said naughty Claude, springing up ; and she kicked the stool across the room as if it were M. de Vannes. And then and there she made up her mind that she would run away.

"Claude, *mon enfant*," said Sister Célestine, opening the door, "art penitent?"

"But yes, Sister Célestine."

"Hast recited the Seven Penitential Psalms?"

"Yes, Sister Célestine." Claude had—a month ago.

"Dost thou see now that the Corsican was a detestable heretic?"

"Yes, truly ; he was the greatest the world has seen," said Claude, privately filling up the blank after her superlative with the word she herself preferred ; like "heretic," it began with h-e-r.

"That is well. And now, as thou art usually a good child, the Mother says thou mayst come out and join the others at Frater. See that thy hair is neat and thy hands washed."

The last warning explained Claude's unlooked-for release ; there was certainly a visitor in the house.

"May I go to the dormitory, Sister Célestine?"

"Yes, child ; but do not be long, for all is ready."

In the dormitory twenty little white beds stood against the white walls, each having a stool, a basin, and a table with a small library of devotional books. At night, curtains were drawn round each little cubicle, while Sister Marie-Angélique prowled up and down between the double row of beds with an unangelic desire to catch someone chattering, making signs, or in some way communicating with her neighbour. The opinion of the dormitory concerning Sister Marie-Angélique was trenchantly summed up

by Rosaleen Power : she said she was a beast.

Nineteen little faces contemplated Claude with interest when she took her place at the long white table : one eye was solemnly winked at her. Claude was too well bred to wink back, but she met the overture with an air of intelligence, and took the seat vacant next to the owner of the eye. There were many and divers types among the faces, from that of Ninette le Rossignol, who was next year to become a novice and looked already half a saint, to little Théo, who stole *brioche*s unrebuked from gentle Sister Célestine ; there was Jacinette de Carmarsac, who made eyes at the boys at school over the way ; there was Louise Vinet, who made eyes at her own plate ; but none of these pleased Claude so well as the Irish girl, grey-eyed Rosaleen Power, whose pigtail was missing because she had sawed it off when Théo pulled it. It was Rosaleen who led the rebellion in favour of more water to wash in, and had emptied the contents of Sister Marie-Angélique's ewer into her own ; because, as she very justly explained, Sister Marie-Angélique could go and get some more, and she couldn't. Rosaleen was punished, and stringently ; but she gained her point. Rosaleen was also noted as the inventor of a code of communication by means of which conversations were carried on under the very noses of the nuns.

"Punished?" was her first query, when Claude had taken her seat. This was signified by extending the hand palm upwards—a significant gesture.

"Punishment room," rejoined Claude, closing the hand.

"Visitor here," said Rosaleen, arranging her hair and her collar.

"Man or woman?" enquired Claude, twirling an imaginary moustache and stitching an imaginary seam.

Rosaleen twirled another moustache in reply. By knocking one of the dishes she added, as the choice of meats came round, "Take hash—stew's beastly."

Claude accepted the hint : she had a healthy appetite, in spite of her rose-leaf complexion. Then Rosaleen nudged her, and they all rose to their feet as the Mother Superior entered

with the visitor. Claude looked up with curiosity, and then squeezed Rosaleen's hand so tight that Miss Power coughed a remonstrance. It was M. le Marquis himself.

Jacinette, standing at a raised desk to read a portion of the Lives of the Saints, in a voice which betrayed more interest in dinner than in miracles, paused while the Marquis commended the nuns and the scholars and the school and all that therein was in tones of unctuous benevolence. Rosaleen, putting up her eyebrows to signify "Do you like him?" received in return a very decided "*Nô.*"

After the Marquis had finished his compliments, the Mother Superior, wreathed in smiles, signified to her pupils that each would receive a glass of wine in honour of his visit, and that there would be a holiday that afternoon. Rosaleen was a staunch teetotaler, and Claude's refined palate would not tolerate common vintages; and they both emptied their glasses into Mademoiselle Louise Vinet's, with the result that she went to sleep on the first opportunity. Now when the *élèves* were dismissed to the garden, they were always set to walk and talk in threes; two, argued the Mother Superior, will hatch rebellions, three will only hatch squabbles. Herein appeared the artfulness of Claude and Rosaleen; they both entreated the sleepy Louise to honour them with her company, which she, mindful of their kind offices, was quite willing to do. She went into the land of dreams in one corner of the rustic seat, while Claude and Rosaleen enjoyed a solitude *à deux*, except when Sister Marie-Angélique appeared round the corner, when promptly Louise was roused and haled into conversation.

"I ate too much dinner," said Rosaleen, who was always matter-of-fact. "I say, what a flat nose the Marquis has. Have a nut."

"I detest him," said Claude decidedly. "For the nuts—*merci.*"

Rosaleen cracked one before answering. "Why?" said she.

Claude shrugged her pretty shoulders several times. "*Ma mie*, if Monsignor knew as much of him as I do, he would not be allowed within the convent. It is a scandal. But for him I should not be here."

"I thought you seemed a bit off him," said Rosaleen. "Here's the Prowler; poke the Dormouse."

Claude poked Louise, and Rosaleen dropped her nuts; when Sister Marie-Angélique passed them they were discussing the canonisation of Joan of Arc.

"Save the pieces," observed Rosaleen, gathering up her store from under the seat. "I say, don't you want to quit?"

Claude had learned to understand much English slang from her conversations with Miss Power. "I mean to," she answered.

"Rather slow without you, said Rosaleen. "How are you going?"

"By the window, at night. It will not be all that there is of most comfortable, to climb down; but, the saints be praised, I have at least learned gymnastics since I came here."

"Jolly lark," said Rosaleen approvingly. She ate several nuts, threw the shells at a sparrow, and hit it. "I say, let's go and water the Prowler's cat."

"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* I am weary of the punishment room," said Claude, shaking her head.

"Come on, and I'll show you how to get over the wall." Rosaleen bent over the Dormouse, and began to inweave that sleeping maiden's locks with the woodwork of the seat. "Convenient for quitting—Lie still, will you? Drat you!"—(this was to Mademoiselle Vinet, who stirred in her slumbers)—"this abode of bliss. Patent dodge."

"Can one really escape so? My friend, you possess a genius!" said Claude, getting up like a lazy cat. "Then I follow."

II.

These two nefarious conspirators crept through the shrubbery till they reached the wall encircling the convent garden. Straight and inaccessible everywhere else, the stones had at one point crumbled; and Rosaleen had taken advantage of the growth of ivy to construct a neat little staircase, up which she led the way. The top of the wall was flat, and if one had a steady head one might walk along it with the help of the bushes.

The summer-house stood at the angle of the wall, its peaked roof flaunting green and gold

amid the green and gold of hawthorn and laburnum. In this summer-house Minette, Sister Marie-Angélique's black cat, was fond of sleeping. Rosaleen had bought a ten-centime squirt for the express purpose of disturbing her slumbers.

She led the way triumphantly, and paused to fill her squirt from the rain-water pool in the roof, while Claude extracted thorns from her fingers, and felt a vague sympathy with pin-cushions. But Minette was not to suffer to-day. As Rosaleen turned to her task, the sound of voices fell on her ear. She applied her eye to the crack in the roof and quietly withdrew it, with a scared expression. "Philip Flat-nose and Old Mother Hubbard!" she said in a tragic whisper. "Scoot, Claudie!"

She retreated herself, and Claude tried to follow, but found herself caught in the thorns. She tried to disentangle her dress, but as the voices came close, and she was still not free, she crouched down, hoping they would pass on. But they did not pass on. "*Allez, Minette, allez vite!*" said Mère Ursule. There was a rustle of skirts. The next sound that fell on Claude's ears was her own name. They had sat down in the summer-house.

"The child Claude? *Mon cher* Philippe, an odious little creature; already following after the father. And of a vanity!"

"She has some pretensions to good looks," said M. le Marquis, "and she is clever. It would be as well to watch her carefully, Ursule. Liberty is dangerous for the young."

"*Vraiment!*" said Claude on the roof, still struggling with the thorns.

"I will regard your wishes, dear Philippe."

"Puffed out with conceit, she might ruin my plans if she discovered anything."

"I will guard her carefully. And what do you propose to do with her, when de Beaufort has paid the penalty of his crimes?"

"Perhaps a reformatory," said the Marquis, "but it is of no great moment. You understand, one confiscates the property of a traitor, and she will be penniless. *Ma foi!* I could wish that all was safely accomplished!"

"How ennobling, dear Philippe, it must be to know that one is willing to incur any risk for the sake of duty!" cooed Mère Ursule.

"Yes. I feel that it is a holy task to deliver up this de Beaufort," said the Marquis, inflating his chest. "He is a detestable heretic, and a very rich man. He is to meet me at Pratigau—by the bye, Ursule, are you sure we cannot be overheard? That little viper is crafty."

"Rest tranquil, she is under surveillance. Also I think you exaggerate her talents, which appear to me very moderate. It is her vices that are so monstrous, so abominable. You meet M. de Beaufort at Pratigau?"

"At the Rathshaus, on the twenty-seventh ;



"HOW ARE YOU GOING?" ASKED ROSALEEN. "BY THE WINDOW, AT NIGHT," SAID CLAUDE.—(p. 494.)

and there, I trust, his career of crime will terminate. The Prefect has promised to be present with a sufficient force, and I shall have done my duty."

"Dear Philippe, you are a hero," said Mère Ursule, fervently. "You are—*Mon Dieu!* What's that?"

"*Sapristi!*" cried the Marquis, skipping up in his excitement. "That detestable child!"

But his survey, and Mère Ursule's, revealed nothing more suspicious than Minette digesting a mouse.

The detestable child had at last succeeded in freeing herself, and was hurrying along the wall to rejoin Rosaleen. Claude looked pale and very thoughtful. One is a child no longer when one has held the issues of life and death.

"Well, you have been a time," said Rosaleen, who was still eating nuts. "Did they catch you?"

"No, the thorns did."

"Um," said Rosaleen, pensively. "You look pretty cheap, kid."

"I go to-night," said Claude, decidedly.

"You don't say," said Rosaleen. "Wish I was coming too."

"I wish it also. But I fear you could not conspire."

"Too much fag," assented Rosaleen cheerfully. But Claude looked at her and sighed. "You are too young," she said.

At half-past eight that evening, when lights were out and scholars were sleeping and Sister Marie-Angélique had gone down to her supper, Claude got up and dressed. Her thirteen years weighed upon her like thirteen lumps of lead; she felt that after this night was over she would have reached the age when it is not polite to ask the number of a lady's years; she would be quite grown-up. And before she quite grew up she had a sacrifice to make. Hidden away under her mattress was a treasure which she guarded jealously from the eyes of all, including even Rosaleen. It was a very great treasure; but it belonged to the days of her past childhood, and must be renounced. Claude got out her treasure and looked at it long. She could not leave it behind to be scoffed at by Sister Marie-Angélique. "Insupportable female!" Claude murmured wrathfully to herself. A

stove was burning in the passage; she carried the treasure out and stood for some minutes irresolute, holding it in her arms, and occasionally kissing it. Claude never kissed anyone, but this treasure was exceptionally precious. At last she summoned her courage and dropped it into the flames. Oh, how fast it burned! Claude, the conspirator, sat on the floor and wept many bitter, silent tears.

The treasure was an old wooden doll.

III.

When the last tear was dried, Claude was a woman. She went back into the dormitory and opened the window without noise; close beside it a pipe ran down, reaching from the roof to the ground. Claude slipped over the window-sill and hung by her hands, gripped the pipe between her knees, and transferred first one hand, then the other. She had thirty feet to descend, but those little white fingers of hers were very strong, and she reached the ground safely though with bruised knuckles. She crept past the windows of the refectory, scaled the wall by Rosaleen's staircase, and dropped down the other side into the road, which at this hour was deserted. Claude had her plans ready; she meant to take the train to Sainte-Hildegarde, the station nearest to the Maison Souriante, her father's head-quarters, and walk the rest of the way. Why the Maison Souriante was so-called it would be hard to say, unless, as Rosaleen suggested, it was because M. de Beaufort, like the little crocodile, welcomed little fishes in with gently smiling jaws. Claude's greatest difficulty was her uniform, which would certainly be recognised. Fortune favoured her, however; as she took her way down the road she heard voices, and saw the gardener of the convent and his wife walking towards her on their way home. A barn offered a convenient shelter; Claude slipped inside the open door and hid in the hay till they had passed. As she was getting out of her prickly couch she noticed that one of the farm boys had left behind his blue overall, his breeches, and his boots—in all probability his fête day suit, for they were a shade cleaner than those she usually saw about.

"*Ma foi!*" said Claude aloud, "here's a treasure!"

And, in ten minutes, behold Claude de Beaufort transformed into a boy, who rubbed his hands carefully in the earth to abolish their bewraying cleanliness. She sawed off all her pretty golden hair with the farm boy's clasp knife; she was still a young conspirator, and had not learned how to conceal it. She was also still scrupulous, for she left the boy the full price of his garments under the hay in a handkerchief. Her own clothes she tied in a bundle which she carried over her shoulder at the end of a stick.

Thus equipped, she walked boldly into the *gare* and in the best of *patois* demanded a fourth-class ticket for Sainte-Hildegarde. The train was very slow, and her fellow-passengers were very dirty; they all smoked strong tobacco, and their manners were not nice. The size of Claude's clothes, which, indeed, were rather roomy, occasioned much mirth; so also did her pretty little rose-leaf face. Claude's education progressed in the course of that journey. She learned to fence off chaff with chaff, and her quick retorts added greatly to the amusement of the party.

It was four in the morning when she was turned out at Sainte-Hildegarde, and the streets were full of country people come into the market. One of her fellow-travellers, a rosy-cheeked woman who had a stall in the *Place*, gave her an apple and her good wishes; and on this scanty fare Claude breakfasted, and thought of Rosaleen asleep in peace. She had beggared herself by paying for her clothes, and had not so much as a sou left to buy a roll or a cup of

coffee. Ah, and Mère Ursule's bowls of frothing *café au lait*! It was not the last time that Claude de Beaufort went fasting, but it was the first. Then she started off on her twenty-mile walk through the morning woods alone.

The winding road led up hill, down hill, between light green forest, between lawny hills and dimpled valleys; and whithersoever it went, there marched also a double procession of stately dark pines, like an unending stream of cowed monks. All the way along at intervals of fifteen paces ran the *décamètre* stones, each engraved with its number; and every tenth *décamètre* stone was replaced by one twice the usual size, which represented a *hectomètre*; and every tenth *hectomètre* was marked by a bigger stone



"THE DOORKEEPER PERCEIVED, TO HIS UTTER AMAZEMENT, THAT IT WAS MADAME LA COMTESSE HERSELF WHO DEMANDED ADMISSION."—(p. 498.)

still, which indicated a kilomètre, so that Claude knew to a foot how far she had come. As she walked on, the lucent sky from grey grew white, and from white silver, and the silver kindled into faint fire.

Claude had never seen a summer sunrise before. Up, still up, the road went, and she paused, sleepy and tired and hungry and breathless, and watched the morning's glories, and thought of Rosaleen still in her little white bed. If Claude had stayed on at the convent, she would have been free in a few years to leave. Her aunt was willing to introduce her. Claude, with her beauty and her *dot*, might have made a creditable match, and lived and died in an atmosphere of luxury and well-conducted ease. All this she was forfeiting, and she won in exchange—what? According to this first experience, hunger, weariness, bruised feet, cut hands, and clothes which made her shudder. Yet the pine-scented wind, coming racing over the hill-top, blew in her face another answer which thrilled her blood. Freedom and adventure—Claude chose these and went on her way.

It seemed a long, long road, and she was very,

very tired before she saw the "dark" walls of the House of Laughter peering down between the trees. Claude limped up to the gate, and was at first refused admission, until the doorkeeper perceived, to his utter amazement, that it was mademoiselle la comtesse herself who demanded admission in those imperious tones. Claude came in, still clad in her grotesque garments; she went up to her father's room, she knocked, and was bidden enter. And while M. de Beaufort sat staring in bewilderment at the sudden apparition of his daughter, Claude spoke her mind.

"*Mon père*," she said, "I have run away. I do not think I am fitted to adorn a convent, neither have I any of the domestic virtues. I am a child no longer (a small sigh escaped her), and I will not become a doll in a drawing-room. I wish to be free. As a proof that you will find me a worthy coadjutor in all your plans, I may mention that I am in possession of a secret which threatens your life, which I alone have discovered, and which I purpose to place at your disposal. Henceforward—I conspire with you."

And she did.

THE "GIRL'S REALM" NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.



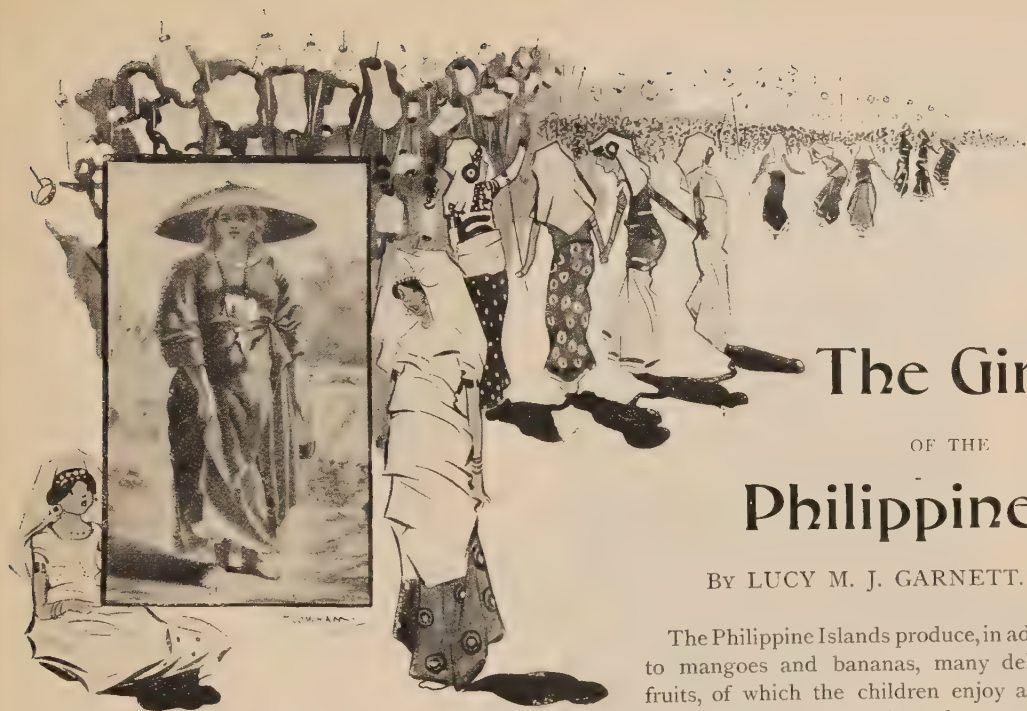
IX.—AN EMBROIDERED PICTURE PANEL.

ONE of the most effective and decorative subjects for embroidery is the Picture Panel, a design for which is given this month.

In embroidering this panel, care must be taken to make the two palm trees the most important, and the Pyramids, clouds, and watery pools subject to them. The sky, seen through the creamy white cloudlets, should be darned in with a bright and clear blue, and the half-hidden sun worked in threads of gold. The Pyramids and sandy land should be made or much the same tone, letting the former stand out a little lighter, perhaps, as though the sun glared down on them.

Now for the most important objects—the palm trees. The trunks should be made of a deep shade of brown, tapering off to the top in greens that finish in soft shades for the leaves; the fruit may be of brightest red, outlined here and there with dark brown. The pools, which reflect the blue sky and fluffy cloudlets, should have a faint indication of the Pyramids' shadows. This done, the work is complete.

The full size of the design is 14 in. by 8 in.; it can be obtained traced on any kind of material from Mr. Ainsworth, who has designed it. His address appears in the advertisement columns.



A GIRL OF THE PHILIPPINES IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

The Girls OF THE Philippines.

By LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

QUAINT little grave-faced creatures are these Tagal children, with chocolate-brown skins, bright black eyes, and blacker hair, barefooted and barelegged, spending all their waking hours in the open air, children of the sun, the shower, and the breeze. Their homes, which they often help to build, are picturesque bamboo and palm-leaf huts, raised on piles five or six feet from the ground, with very high-pitched and thickly thatched roofs. These dwellings are approached by means of a rustic ladder, very much sloped, which I could never climb without the assistance of my hands, but which the Tagals walk up with ease, since their toes are, like those of monkeys, of as much use to them as their fingers. There is hardly any furniture in these houses, nor is very much necessary. The family squat on their heels on the clean floor of shiny split bamboo, and sleep on smooth mats which are spread out at night and rolled up in the daytime.

Round about the huts grow clumps of tall, feathery bamboo trees, banana, betel-nut, and cocoanut palms, together with many other fruit-bearing trees, while here and there may be seen a great mango-tree laden with golden fruit, its giant trunk and spreading branches thickly covered with the delicate blossoms of the orchid, for which this tree seems to have a special attraction.

The Philippine Islands produce, in addition to mangoes and bananas, many delicious fruits, of which the children enjoy a good share, and one may also often see them gnawing at lengths of sugar-cane, coconuts, and green corn, or, like their elders, smoking cigars and chewing the betel-nut, which will in time stain their teeth and lips a deep orange colour. The food of the Tagals consists chiefly of rice with dried fish and vegetables, except when a pig is killed for the annual Parish Festival, or on the occasion of a wedding or funeral feast.

Tagal children, grave and serious though they may look, have a good many amusements. One of these is kite-flying. Their kites are home-made, but very elaborate toys, constructed of bamboo and rice-paper in the shape of birds, bats, or butterflies, sometimes with a bamboo pipe so placed as to make a loud booming sound as it is driven hither and thither by the breeze. Another great diversion is bathing. There are a great many beautiful rivers and streams in these islands, and the native quarters of Manila are intersected by a perfect network of tidal creeks—not always very clean, it is true, but Tagals would apparently rather bathe in dirty water than not bathe at all. And, in addition to other occasions, on Sunday mornings after Mass, and on feast days, the whole family—father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and all the children, not excepting the babies, who can swim, as they can smoke, before they are able to walk—go to the nearest river or stream, when, as they generally meet some of their neighbours engaged in the same pastime

the splashing, laughing, and chattering baffle description.

Fishing and shooting are also favourite diversions of the boys, who are very expert in the use of their bows and arrows, and can bring down birds on the wing. In the rainy season, when the rivers often overflow their banks, great numbers of enormous frogs infest the marshy lands and keep up such a chorus of croaking that they can be heard a mile away. They are, however, considered very good to eat, and the boys think it great fun to go out with sticks and bring home a basketful for their mothers to cook for supper to

the ground, with little loose-sleeved jackets and kerchiefs of white muslin, and hats like big saucers upside down. Not even on gala days, however, do they wear stockings, and their slippers, which consist only of a sole and a little toecap, are so difficult to keep on that they are as often seen in their own or their mothers' hands as on their feet. The parish band plays through the streets at intervals, visitors flock in from neighbouring villages, and feasting and merrymaking are the order of the day. Towards sunset all the illuminating lamps and lanterns are aglow, and a large number of the parishioners gather at the

church to take part in the procession which is now about to make the round of the parish. As the Tagals were converted to Christianity by the Spaniards they are, of course, Roman Catholics, and devoutly give the best things at their disposal to the Church. The images of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints, which are now carried out on bamboo litters, are, even in the poorest villages, arrayed in garments of satin, velvet and lace, adorned with silver, gold, and jewels. In the rear

of the procession walk the children with their parents, carrying lighted tapers, the boys and men on one side, the women and girls on the other, while the band in the middle plays French and Italian operatic airs which sound strangely among these East Indian surroundings. As the procession takes its way through the village, rockets and other fireworks are discharged, as it passes, from the gardens of the wealthier houses; and when it has re-entered the Church there is usually a grand pyrotechnic display in the form of a castle, the preparations for this having occupied the spare time of the parishioners for some weeks past. In some of the larger and wealthier parishes, especially in Manila and the neighbourhood, a theatre is also erected for the occasion, in which a play, written in the Tagal language, is performed, all the seats being free. The children perhaps do not understand much about this, but there is always present a funny clown who provides amusement for them by mimicking the words and gestures of the actors throughout the performance.

Life, however, is not all play even for the happy Philippine child. The boys, especially in the towns, have to go for a year or two to the school-master, or the priest, to learn to read and write their own queer language, which is called *Tagalog*,



GIRLS OF THE PHILIPPINES
AT THE WELL.

eat with their rice. The hind legs of these frogs are as white and tender as a chicken.

Once a year a feast is held in every parish in

honour of its Patron Saint, and the children take as important a part as their elders in the various observances with which this festival is celebrated. Every house and garden is decorated with Chinese lanterns, arches are built across the streets, and the whole front of the Church is often hung with tiny lamps filled with cocoanut-oil. The children, who are on working days clad in the lightest and simplest garments possible, are now dressed up to look exactly like their parents, the boys in pretty shirts of silky gauze, or linen made from hemp, worn over white trousers, with queer mushroom-shaped hats on their heads; the girls in brightly checked or striped red and yellow skirts touching

and perhaps also they learn a little Spanish. The girls are not, for the most part, much troubled with book-learning. But they have, on the other hand, to learn how to sew, and weave cloth and gauze, and to plait mats, baskets, and hats; and a great many of those who live in Manila go, as soon as they are old enough, to make cigars in the large factories. Theirs, too, is the task of bringing from the nearest stream the supply of water for the family, which they carry on their heads in large globular red earthen jars. This custom of carrying things on their heads is probably more effectual in making girls "hold themselves well" than either the backboards of our great-grandmothers, or the calisthenics in vogue at the present day. At the river-side the Tagal children pick up, with their toes, the shell-fish they find there with as much facility as we should with our fingers, and they also find delicious little freshwater prawns and crayfish in the rock pools, which make a nice relish with their daily rice. The girls also milk the great buffaloes, and carry the milk home on their shoulders in curious long narrow jugs made of bamboo.

The country boys help their fathers in the rice-fields and in the tobacco, hemp, and coffee plantations; and when the day's work is done, and the buffaloes—which in the Philippines take the place of both horses and oxen—are released from the plough or the cart, they ride them down to the river or stream, standing erect on their broad backs. As these great amphibious beasts go under water in mid-stream their drivers jump off, and, after enjoying their own swim, sit down patiently on the bank till their charges, having refreshed themselves, are ready to return to the farm.

The cocoanuts which are grown in such quantities in the interior of the Island of Luzon, round the shores of Lake Bai, are piled in thousands on rafts, and floated down the wide river Pasig to Manila, where they are chiefly used for making coconut oil. Boys are always to be seen assisting to navigate these rafts, and also the numerous other native craft perpetually passing up and down this great natural highway into the interior. Here and there along the banks, and fronting the river, are



1. A PHILIPPINO GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASSES IN
NATIVE DRESS. 2. A NURSE GIRL.

H. COWHAM

little native shops for the sale of eatables of all kinds, where the boatmen and their native passengers stop for refreshment and rest during the hottest hours of the day.

Cats and dogs are not the pets often kept by the natives of the Philippines, though in some places there is a special breed of dogs kept for hunting. The chief pet found in almost every hut is a fighting cock—a beautiful little bird not much bigger than a bantam, which is, during two or three years, carefully trained to take part in the cruel sport of cock-fighting, and perhaps destined to be killed in its first encounter with an antagonist, to the great grief of the family whose playmate he has so long been.

Children living near the hills where the wild deer are hunted, often get a pretty gentle fawn, whose mother has been killed, to bring up. But the funniest and most amusing pet I ever came across was a small wild pig, which had been taken by the hunters when very young, and became as tame as its playmate, the terrier. "Chuggy," as he was called, was of a light brown colour with darker patches, and covered with smooth shining bristles. He had a sharp black snout, a curly tail, and little black hoofs on which he used to slip and scramble over the hard polished floors. Towards evening, when all the verandahs were being thrown open to let in the cool evening breeze, "Chuggy" would get tremendously excited, rushing in at one door and out of another until he was thoroughly tired out.

Among the other races inhabiting this same Island of Luzon are the Tinguianes, who are not Christians like the Tagals. They worship idols called *Anitos*, which they hide away in caves in the mountains. When a baby is to be named, one of their priests takes it into the forest, and placing its head against the trunk of a tree, he strikes a knife into the bark, uttering at the same time a name. If the sap flows, he concludes that the name will be good for the child; but if not, he repeats the ceremony until the flowing sap leads him to believe that the *Anitos* approve of his choice of a name for the baby.

Their villages, in the districts where they are

exposed to the attacks of fierce neighbours belonging to other tribes, present a most peculiar appearance, the houses being built either in high trees, or on the tops of poles from fifty to sixty feet from the ground. In these houses they always keep ready a number of heavy stones which, after the manner of monkeys, all the family unite in flinging down on the heads of their assailants.

These Tinguianes are very fond of music, and play on various instruments which they themselves construct from bamboo and other materials. They also delight in ornament, though they wear hardly any clothing, and tattoo their bodies all over in most elaborate patterns. The boys and men, as well as the women, let their hair grow long, and dress it into a tuft at the top of the head like the Japanese.

There is still a third race of people in the Philippines about which I must say a few words. These are the Negritos, a dwarfish people who are found in the mountain regions throughout the Archipelago. They resemble none of the other races, having skins as black as those of the West African negroes, and mops of curly matted hair. They are exceedingly unprepossessing in appearance, and wear very little clothing, the children none at all. The missionaries have tried hard to convert and civilise these Negritos, some of whom are to be found in the Mariveles mountains just across the bay of Manila; but quite in vain—savages they were born, and savages they seem desirous of remaining.



GIRLS OF THE PHILIPPINES BATHING AT THE RIVERSIDE.

Fun with Animated Silhouettes.

BY B. J. GRISWOLD.

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.

PREPARE for your evening's fun by providing yourself with a pair of sharp scissors and cutting a number of figures out of a light quality of Bristol-board, one figure for each one of your guests.

On their arrival ask each one separately to step into an apartment while you make a profile drawing of his head. The subject must remain perfectly still while the outline is being prepared. In order to make this possible and easy a light wooden box, about twelve inches square and six inches deep, may be arranged against the wall, capable of being raised or lowered at will by the use of a strong cord caught over a hook above, one end of the cord being fastened to the box, while the other end is held in the left hand of the operator.



THE SUBJECT MUST STAND STILL.



AN EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING.

The subject should stand with his arm against the wall, and the box be lowered to rest upon the shoulder. The sheet of Bristol-board may then be placed so that a shadow of the head is cast upon it by a light directly opposite. The cheek is then placed firmly against the Bristol-board, this preventing the paper from slipping and enabling the subject to hold the head still. The making of the drawing of the outline with a pencil is a simple matter.

The outline secured, it should be passed to an assistant, who cuts out the head and attaches it to the figure which has been prepared for it. When this has been carefully and successfully achieved, the programme is ready for presentation.

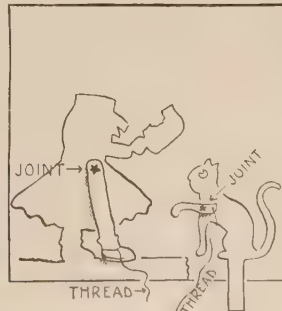
Stretch a sheet tightly over a door, forming a white screen. The host, with an assistant,

should operate the figures in the room which is thus shut off from the audience-room, and the hostess or some member of the party make the announcement preceding the showing of each silhouette.

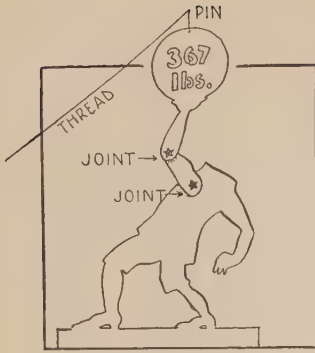
While the host is operating the silhouettes a blanket stretched across the lower part of the screen allows him a place to operate the figures without casting any shadows.

"The first subject," the hostess may say, after a few explanatory words which the occasion may suggest, "is entitled 'An Experience in Teaching.'"

To give this example the lights should be turned low or extinguished, the door opened, and there, standing out plainly in silhouette, is shown upon the screen the figure of one of the guests, discerned in the act of punishing an unruly pupil, as shown in the illustration. The host behind the curtain manages the arm movement by tightening and relaxing a fine thread fastened to the hand of the figure and operated from below as shown in the pencil drawing. The Bristol-board is pinned tightly to the screen, the arm only being left free. The flexibility of the material causes the arm to flop back to the raised position as soon as released.



THE CAT WHO WAS HUNGRY.



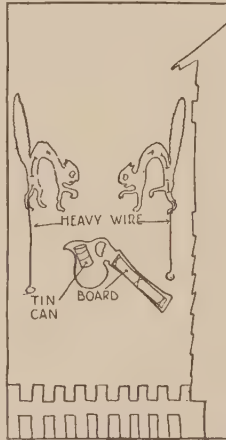
HIS TASTES STAMP HIM AN ATHLETE.

The movement is very lifelike. In order to avoid throwing the shadow of the thread a lamp with a wide wick is used and the broad side of the flame is presented toward the screen. This scatters the shadow, making it imperceptible to the spectators.

In the interesting scene which depicts the cat who was hungry, one of the guests is silhouetted to resemble a child of three, and is represented as being worried by the house cat which appears and raises her foot repeatedly in a teasing attitude, while the girl holds in her hand a piece of bread and butter "with sugar on it." The host operates the "cat" by a thread attached to the girl's foot.

The guest whose tastes stamp him as an athlete is represented in the act of lifting a heavy weight. The illustration given above exposes the manner of securing the desired effect. A thread fastened to the top of the ball extends over a pin, which acts as a pulley. Gravitation does the rest.

In the real "Thomas" concert, the setting shows only the side of the house and the top of a picket fence. Suddenly the audience is startled by the sound of fighting felines, which rush across the fence toward the building. The leader turns and attacks the pursuer and a chaotic scene ensues. During the *mélée* a head appears at the window above. It is recognised as that of another one of the guests, and is heartily greeted. One look at the quarrelling cats is sufficient for him. He leaves the scene for a moment and reappears with a pitcher of water in his hand, which he empties on to the noisy animals below. There is a quick scattering,



A REAL "THOMAS" CONCERT.



the guest withdraws, and the scene closes as calmly as it opened.

The side of the house and the fence may be made of separate pieces pinned tightly to the screen. The illustration shows how the "cats" are prepared, the strong wire allowing the assistant to operate the figure below. The head of the guest is cut out in the same way as all the others, but it is not attached to a figure because the subject treated makes it unnecessary. After the cats have done their turn the operator thrusts the silhouette of the guest upon the scene, withdraws it, and then causes it to reappear, together with the arm holding the pitcher. The arm must be doubly strengthened in order to support the weight of a small tin filled

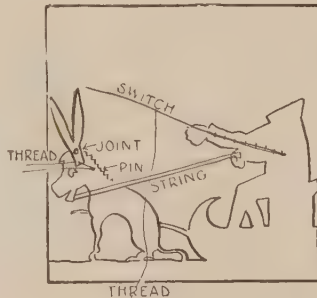
with sawdust or salt, which, in falling, will appear like water.

The gentleman who is fond of driving is depicted in the act of whipping his donkey. The animal shows displeasure by characteristic poses of his ears. The figure on the left explains whatever mystery there may seem in connection with his movements.

Much merriment may be created if the person who stands beside the screen explaining the silhouettes has a sense of humour and can exaggerate any little peculiarities which belong to the persons who have been silhouetted. This must, of course, be done in a tactful way, and care must be taken that no infirmity is made light of nor any physical defect made prominent.

Some labour, both manual and mental, is necessary to

the preparation of an evening's fun with silhouettes, but the result will amply repay anyone for the effort, as those who try it will, I think, agree. And it has the further advantage of not being hackneyed.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIKES TO DRIVE.

BRIAN O'LYNN AND HIS FRIENDS.

(A Character Sketch.)

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Illustrated by WINIFRED AUSTEN.

BRIAN O'LYNN, my wise and beautiful Landseer Newfoundland, is getting on in years now, though I would fain not believe it. There is a blue-grey mist in his bonnie eyes, when he looks into my face, that tells the tale of advancing age. Otherwise, he is a young-old dog, and when he goes feathering round and round the orchard or paddock like a hairy hurricane, so quickly that you scarce can see him, full of mischief, full of fun, a stranger would think he was still but little more than a puppy.

Dogs, alas! die young, and the larger species seldom score a dozen all too-short years. This seems hard for us who love them so. And yet it may be providential. For one's favourite dog has often but a hard and unhappy existence after his master or mistress is no more.

Perhaps, before going further in this sketch, my readers will permit me to explain to them what a Landseer really is. There are two distinct species of the Newfoundland: the all and wholly black, and the white and black. Both are animals of immense strength and power, second to no breed of dog in wisdom or sagacity, gentle to all save when fighting for the right, fond of and faithful to children, and possessed of powers in the water that are truly marvellous. In height at shoulders they ought to average thirty inches, with falling ears small and soft, expressive dark eyes, and massive heads somewhat like that of the St. Bernard. The coat is exceedingly massive and water-resisting, but perfectly straight.

It is to the white and black that many years ago I gave the name of Landseer in some of my writings, out of compliment to the late great animal painter, whose picture, "A Member of the Humane Society," I still consider a beau-ideal representation of the breed.

And now for Brian.

The one great misfortune of his life has been that the Board-school children have teased and

tormented him so much when young through the railings of his orchard that he has come to look upon them, one and all, as but a little lower than the monkey whom Giacomo, the hurdy-gurdy man, brings round with him of a morning.

This misfortune causes me to keep Brian O'Lynn very much to the range of his own grounds and quarters at the "Jungle," my sylvan home in Berkshire.

The very fact that he is apt to look with suspicion on all strangers who approach too near to his private domains, has prevented me from ever taking him with me on my caravan cruises, for a dog who weighs about ten stone and is apt to jump quickly at conclusions is a little awkward, to say the least. Brian, however, is quite the reverse of a savage dog. Indeed he is most affectionate and gentle with all my family and servants, and in the street extremely docile. His affection for myself has often been shown when we were out for a walk together.

For example, a man the other day brushed roughly against me on the road. Probably the fellow had been looking on the wine when it was red. He had now an opportunity of studying the mud which was grey; Brian, who stood over him, had acted on the spur of the moment, and was now waiting my orders to vivisect the man. I do not hold with vivisection, so the adventure ended. But I don't believe the fellow spent the shilling I gave him on tea.

On the whole Brian's life is a very quiet and happy one, except when the hurdy-gurdy man appears. My pet knows I do not love the street-piano. Once when the performer refused to depart from under the shadow of my drooping lime trees, somehow or other, by accident perhaps, Brian got outside the gate and commenced to reason with his tormentor. Man and monkey both escaped by climbing a larch tree, and the

Landseer was left alone with that hurdy-gurdy. When Brian was quite done with them he returned to me, laughing a twelve-inch laugh, and I have never seen that man again.

Talking about that bane of an author's life, the hurdy-gurdy, or street piano, brings to my mind a rather amusing anecdote *re* Toby, a sturdy little black and tan terrier and friend of Brian O'Lynn. Toby is brave, but inquisitive. The first monkey Toby ever saw was sitting on a green bank near the sea at Mundesley, where

we were in camp. "What on earth is it?" said Toby, venturing nearer and nearer.

The monkey never moved, but just when the daring Toby got close enough, with his two fore-paws on the bank to have a sniff, his curiosity was rewarded by a sounding smack on the cheek.

Toby recoiled in horror. He did not turn his other cheek towards the monkey.

"I'll bide my time," said Toby.

Now comes the curious part of the story. I was passing up Arundel Street, London, one day; when lo! a creature that appeared to be that same Mundesley monkey suddenly sprang down from an organ-grinder's shoulder and confronted us.

"My time has come now," said Toby, or he seemed to say this. And forthwith he charged the monkey, and a dog and monkey fight ensued.

The crowd cheered first the dog and then his opponent. But they could hardly cheer for laughing, when the latter suddenly made a dash for me and pulled my silver-mounted cane out of my hand. Holding it by the thin end he belaboured Toby unmercifully, and it must have been minutes before peace was restored.

Savants must not tell me that animals never make use of tools. I had a little friend of Brian's, a beautiful young sable collie, who always used a tin pail to open a gate of my paddock with, and let herself out.



"BRIAN WAITED MY ORDERS TO VIVISECT THE MAN."—(p. 505.)

But this beautiful Landseer Newfoundland of mine has tricks and manners which are most wonderful, and which I never noticed in any other dog. I must mention some of these very briefly.

He lives in a two-stalled stable, which he occupies entirely. It is clean and beautiful, with a large yard in front surrounded by a high railing. The stable has a French or casement window, and the usual style of door with the latch inside. Now in winter he keeps his window shut. In summer he opens it as wide as possible. No one taught him this. It is the same with the door. But here is a very curious thing—if anyone goes to talk to him over the fence whom he does not care for, he walks quickly into his stable and slams the door in the intruder's face.

He dearly loves a nice bed, and I give him two trusses of straw at a time. In winter he buries himself in this; in summer he scrapes most of it into the empty stall, preferring to sleep almost on the bare bricks.

He has toys which he values very much; one is a huge wooden doll, which he puts to bed every night near to him. He has balls also of all sorts, and a variety of other articles which no one dare touch.

The bolt that fastens the yard gate is one that shoots through a hole in the opposite bar.

It has an eye for a padlock, and unless this is put in, Brian can easily open the door by one smart blow with his nose. Mark this, however;



"THE FIRST MONKEY TOBY EVER SAW WAS SITTING ON A GREEN BANK NEAR THE SEA."—(p. 506.)

the blow must be a quick one else the bolt would remain flush with the bar. He then pulls the gate open with his paws.

He opens a large wooden gate with his teeth. But two other gates are equally at the command

of his ingenuity, although each requires a different manœuvre. One has to be lifted with his nose, the other hauled down with his teeth. Mark this again and wonder. He keeps his paw on the lower bar of each gate and his nose or teeth on the latch until he has pulled it open, else the fastening would fall down again into the catch and his efforts be in vain. All this is marvellous when you behold it, and shows the amount of reasoning power the dog possesses. For a long time a loop of strong rope in addition to the catch was used. This he has studied and can now dislodge, so that a chain has to be used. And I believe he will soon find out the secret of this.

Brian's special pet is cock robin. Then come the sparrows. His aversion is a rat. When he catches one, he buries it in the paddock, and every day, until it becomes too offensive, he exhumes it, and brings it to me to look at. Brian is very proud of his prowess. He buries

everything he dislikes. It is better off the face of the earth, he thinks.

He is fed twice a day, morn and even, and has at luncheon a plate of tit-bits from the table. This he appreciates. But if he has not touched his breakfast, he goes at once and eats this before he comes to beg for the tit-bits. He knows well he won't get luncheon until he has finished his breakfast.

Before any meal is put down to him Brian has to go through a little ceremony.

I first say: "Are you hungry?"

He answers "Yes" as distinctly as a child does.

"Ask a blessing then," I say. The great head is bowed until the chin touches the outstretched paws.

"Now a kiss!"

The noble fellow immediately elevates his bonnie brow to be saluted.

Then he enjoys his meal, and is ready for a romp.

GEMS FROM A GERMAN GRAMMAR BOOK.—I.





THE TREVOR TWINS.

By A. KATHARINE PARKES.



II.—The Dynamite Plot.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE.

I.

ALICE TREVOR, Uncle Jim's eldest girl, goes to the same school as we do. She is fifteen and comes next to Jim, who is sixteen. Of course she had heard the story of the diamond robbery, and as it gradually leaked out among the other girls, we had to tell it so often that we got quite sick of the very name of "The Poplars."

Our school is at a place called Kingswood, not very far from London, and it is just the jolliest place that could be imagined. It really is a perfectly delightful school, and Mrs. Adams is as nice as she can be. Her favourite motto is "Work while you work and play while you play," and she is nearly as angry with a girl who does not "play up" at hockey as she is with a girl who does her exercises untidily.

Hermie is awfully good at games—much better than I am. Mrs. Adams says I spend so much time in thinking how nice it would be if my side were to win the game that I quite forget to help to do it. She always manages to put her finger exactly on one's weak spot.

All the mistresses are very nice. There are five in the house. Four are English, and one, Mademoiselle de la Ramelle, is French. When she first came, two years ago, she could hardly speak a word of English, but now, except for her funny little accent, she can speak very well. She is a dear, and all the twenty-five boarders adore her. She and I are special friends, and I often help her with her pronunciation out of school hours. In play-time we call her 'Maddy,' but Mrs. Adams is extremely annoyed if we don't call her "Mademoiselle" in school. There are several visiting teachers as well, but we are not as fond of them as we are of our own private ones.

The one of whom we are most afraid is Monsieur Camonier, the French and violin master. He has long black hair and the largest and bushiest eyebrows I have ever seen. His eyes look like little twinkling stars underneath. Alice calls him the "Nihilist," because he looks just the sort of man to go in for secret societies and bombs.

I am sure Hermie would get on much better with her violin if he didn't frighten her so dreadfully.

He tells her to play, and then stands by the piano watching her. When she is about half way through he begins to stick his fingers straight up through his hair. Then Hermie gets more and more nervous, and plays worse and worse, till at last he makes one swoop across the room and pounces on her violin to show her how it ought to be done. If only he would have the sense to walk across the room quietly and say, "Mademoiselle, allow me," Hermie would soon play well, as she is awfully fond of music, but, as I told mother last week, it's no good expecting her to get on while she spends the whole lesson in waiting for him to pounce. I am glad to say he does not get so excited over the French lessons.

'Maddy' always has to work under him. She plays the violin accompaniments and has to look through the weekly French exercises after M. Camonier has corrected them, in order to find out the girls' weak spots and coach them up in them. She used to be dreadfully frightened of him when she first came, though he really treated her with great politeness, but after a bit she got quite accustomed to his little ways.

When we got back to school this term, however, we came to the conclusion that something extraordinary had happened to 'Maddy.' She did not seem a bit like the same person, and was as shy and nervous as when she first came from France. She did such silly things too. One day the "Nihilist" asked her for some red ink to make some corrections, and she went straight down to the pantry and fetched him a glass of drinking-water. Then she grew so funny and mysterious in all sorts of other ways. She hasn't very many friends in Kingswood, and last term, when she went out to tea, she generally came home and gave us a long account of everything she had seen and done. But this term she has been out far more often than usual, and never told us anything except that she had done some shopping. Of course, we knew it couldn't be true, as she would never have enough money to go and buy things two or three times a week, but why she wanted to invent a thing like that we couldn't imagine. I could see that the other mistresses thought her

behaviour as funny as we did, for I overheard some of them talking about it one day.

After tea in winter, we are allowed an hour to ourselves before "Prep," and we generally sit round the fire and talk. The fifth and sixth have a room of their own, and the tinies go and play in the library with the Matron, but the rest of the boarders, about fifteen altogether, spend the evening in the fourth-form room.

One evening, after we had been back nearly a month, we were all sitting round the fire as usual, and we began to discuss 'Maddy's' queer behaviour.

"You know," said Alice, "I believe she's got some terrible secret. I heard Miss Trust ask her last night, when she came in, what she had got in a parcel she was carrying, and she said '*Rien, rien*,' and you know you don't carry '*Rien*' carefully in a parcel tied up with paper and string."

"Clever girl! no more you do!" said Elsie Garner, the eldest girl in the fourth, patting Alice on the back.

"Perhaps it was dynamite," said a small voice from the opposite end of the room.

The enormity of the idea struck us speechless for a few seconds; then someone said to me. "And what is your opinion of the whole matter, 'Sherlock Holmes'?" When the story of my adventure in the Haunted Oak got out, Jim wrote a letter and told Alice that I was a "regular Sherlock Holmes," and the girls have called me that ever since.

"I am sure I don't know," I said, "I never thought of there being anything wrong in the way she went on. Perhaps she's a member of a secret society and M. Camonier is the head of it, and that's why she seems in such dreadful terror of him."

"Do you know," said Hermy, "when he came into the room yesterday, I thought 'Maddy' was going to faint! She went quite white and then quite red."

"How awful!" said Alice, "she may be mixed up in a dynamite plot."

"I don't believe a word of it," said another girl, "our beloved 'Maddy' wouldn't kill a fly."

"That's it," I said; "that's what makes her so dreadfully odd and queer. I expect she's drawn the fatal number and has got to kill somebody, and she can't bear having to do it. Then every time she sees M. Camonier she's reminded of it, and that's why she is so frightened of him."

"Good gracious! I do hope she's not going to do anything dreadful when the Prince and Princess of Wales come," said Hermy. They were coming to Kingswood on the 12th of March to open a large new hospital, and as they would have to pass

the school, we were going to have a holiday and all sorts of fun.

"What a perjured wretch she must be," said Winny Dalton, the school poetess, "to wish to slay the head of the country that gives her her daily bread."

We all went into shrieks of laughter, for when Winny tries to talk poetically she does get so dreadfully mixed.

"But really, girls, this is serious," I said. "We ought not to stand by and let the Prince and Princess be killed before our very eyes."

"Bravo, Sherlock! Bravo!" called out Elsie. "Behold the noble Sherlock! She claps the fatal bomb to her bosom, and as it explodes and shatters her into a thousand pieces, the Prince and his fair wife pass by in safety."

"Don't talk rubbish, Elsie," I answered. "Just think how awful it would be if anything were to happen to them exactly opposite our gate."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, my child; you can't lock 'Maddy' into her room on the 12th."

"No, but if we had definite information we certainly ought to tell the police, or at any rate Mrs. Adams."

"If nothing happens you'll be very sorry you took it seriously," said Elsie.

"No, I shouldn't," I said. You see it we keep our eyes on 'Maddy' and M. Camonier, we shan't do any harm, and no one but ourselves will be any the wiser."

Then a new voice broke in, "I agree with Lissy that we ought to make sure that nothing is wrong."

"Everybody who agrees with Lissy, hold up their hands," said Alice.

All the girls held up their hands except Elsie and two others.

Then Elsie said "All right, Lissy, I give in. I'll join you just for the fun of the thing. It will give us something to talk about for the next three weeks, anyway. Therefore, my beloved fellow-pupils, I beg to propose that a private detective society be formed under the leadership of Miss Alicia Trevor."

It was carried unanimously, and I decided that it would be best for me to bring a note-book the next evening and write down anything that anybody had noticed.

Just then "Clang! Clang!" went the school bell, and in came Miss Trust, the fourth-form mistress, to turn up the gas for "Prep." She is very nice, but we always think we should like her much better if she were not quite so prim and proper.

After tea next day, I produced a note-book and

pencil, and each of the girls in turn told me what she had noticed. When it was all written down, even Elsie owned that it was rather suspicious.

Winnie Dalton's news was the most striking. She had found 'Maddy' in one of the class-rooms in a tremendous state of despair, because she had lost a letter. She was turning the whole place upside down in search of it. When it was found at last, Winnie said it was nothing but a small square of paper with about a dozen words on it, but 'Maddy' looked as pleased as if she had discovered a gold mine. It was just the sort of piece of paper we all agreed that an Anarchist message might be written on.

Then we had all seen her feeling in the front of her dress as if she had something concealed there.

"Perhaps it is a revolver," said Alice.

"And the little packet that had 'Rien' in it may have been the cartridges," said another girl.

"Would she want a revolver as well as dynamite?" asked Hermie.

"Well, you see," I said, "we don't know anything for certain about dynamite. We only know that Anarchists generally use it. But we must follow up every clue and not take anything for granted."

The Thursday after we made ourselves into a Society, Winnie discovered some pencil words on the exercises which M. Camonier had returned for 'Maddy' to look through. They had evidently been written with a very hard pencil, for, though the black part had been carefully rubbed away, the marks were left. It was quite easy to read them, and the words were "Le 12 Mars."

"Well," said Elsie, "I really believe you're right after all, Sherlock. There must be something in it. We'd better look through the other exercises."

We found mysterious messages on two others. On one was written "A la mort," on the other 'Vive l'Algerie.'

The first was, of course, quite easy to understand, as we knew that it was a very common motto for Anarchist societies, but the second puzzled us a good deal. At last we came to the conclusion that M. Camonier and

'Maddy' must mean to escape to Algeria when the deed was done.

But though there were so many small pieces of evidence, there was nothing that seemed important enough to tell the police or even Mrs. Adams.

Our French exercises were always returned to us on a Thursday, and on Thursday the 5th, just a week before the day fixed for the Royal visit, there was not a single exercise without some sort of a message. Some of them seemed to be absolute rubbish, but there was one that was quite easy to understand—"Vendredi, 5 heures. La gare."

"That must mean," said Elsie, "that she's got to meet him at the railway station at five to-morrow."

I don't think that I have explained that M. Camonier only came down to Kingswood once a week, and that he spent the whole day at our school giving one lesson after another. He did not teach at any other school in the place, and his home was somewhere right the other side of London. It took him over an hour to get there.

"Whatever is he going to do at Kingswood on a Friday," said Hermie.

"He must be coming down to give 'Maddy' her final instructions," I said. "Perhaps he's going to bring the infernal machine. Poor 'Maddy'! what a shame it is to mix her up with a thing like this! I suppose she just joined the society for fun and never thought what awful horrors she was going to let herself in for."



"Is anybody going out to tea on Friday?" said Alice. "It's such a pity that no one can discover whether she really does meet him at the station."

Friday is the only day we are allowed to go out to tea. Saturday is "Match-day," and Mrs. Adams never likes us to be away then, but she allows us to miss "games" on Friday instead.

"I'm going out," said Winny Dalton.

"That's no good," said Elsie, "you'd compose a poem to the station lamp-post instead of keeping your eyes on 'Maddy.'"

"I suppose you are not going out yourself, Sherlock," said Elsie, turning to me.

"No, unfortunately I'm not. I had an invitation last week and I couldn't go because of my cold. I didn't even give in the note, because I knew, without asking, that Mrs. Adams wouldn't let me go." An old cousin of Grannie's lives at Kingswood, and she generally asks Hermy and me separately because she's afraid we should make too much noise if we went together. Mrs. Adams keeps every single invitation note that is accepted, because once upon a time she found a girl out in writing them to herself.

"Well then," said Elsie, "can't you give in the note this week?"

"The date will be all wrong."

"Perhaps it won't. Lots of people don't put the day of the month but only the day of the week."

After a good deal of rummaging I found the note in a corner of my desk, and Elsie was right—there was no particular date on it. It just asked me to go on "Friday."

"What luck!" said Alice.

"What would Mrs. Adams say if she knew you were wandering about by yourself all the afternoon?" said Hermy. "You'll have nowhere to go, and it will be quite light at the station at five, so you won't be able to get anywhere near 'Maddy.'"

It really was very difficult to make up my mind what I ought to do. On the one hand, I hated deceiving Mrs. Adams, and, on the other, I felt that it was clearly my duty to unravel the plot and save the lives of the future King and Queen of England at any cost.

"Hermy," I said at last, "how much money have you got left?"

"Seven shillings, I think."

"I've only got two. Can any one lend me two or three more?"

"What do you want it for?" said Elsie.

"I saw some long brown mackintoshes in town yesterday for six-and-eleven. I thought if I turned up my hair and bought one, and a common hat and veil, I should look just like the little dressmaking

apprentices you see coming out of the back doors of the shops with large parcels."

"My dear child," said Elsie, "what ever would Mrs. Adams say if she saw you going out of the front door like that?"

"I don't mean to do it. I shall buy the things in town, and then walk straight out towards Cousin Rebecca's. I can go down the little lane that runs along the end of her garden. I know a nice way of getting in through the hedge, and there is never any one there except in the mornings. I can change my things and do my hair in the old arbour. It is quite out of sight of the house. Then I shall put my own hat and coat into the parcel, and I don't believe Mrs. Adams herself would recognise me."

"Your skirts are too short," said Alice.

"I can wear Hermy's new one. It matches my coat, and it's so much too long for her that it will be nearly on the ground for me."

"However will you get back?" asked Hermy.

"I shall change my hat and coat again in the waiting-room. You know it is nearly always empty if Mrs. Adams makes us wait there when we are going up to London for a concert."

"H'm," said Elsie, "it all sounds perfectly right, and as if you couldn't possibly be found out, but how awfully mad Mrs. Adams would be if she heard of it. Still, as I said before, Sherlock, I'll back you up through thick and thin, so send round the hat, my children, to provide our famous detective with her disguise."

II.

It was nothing but a sense of loyalty that made me carry out my plan the next day. The more deceitful and unhappy I felt, the more I realised what I was giving up for my country. I was risking shame and dishonour for a noble cause, for, if I was found out, I should certainly be expelled.

Mrs. Adams made no difficulty about giving me permission, as we always go to Cousin Rebecca's once or twice every term, and Winny and I started together at three o'clock. She went to her friends, and I went into town and bought the clothes I wanted. Then I went out to Cousin Rebecca's, changed my things in the old summer-house, and waited there till it was time to go to the station.

It was horribly cold and miserable, and if I hadn't been so sure I was doing right, I should have slipped straight off back to school. At last the time came to start, and in my long, badly-fitting mackintosh, cheap hat and thick veil, I am sure no one would have known me.

When I got to the station, the first person I saw was 'Maddy' walking up and down on the plat-

form, and it cheered me up a little to know that I was on the right track.

I asked a porter when the next train from London would come in, and he said "At 5 o'clock, Miss," so we had evidently understood the message correctly.

When it came in, out sprang M. Camonier with another man, just as queer-looking and like a Nihilist as himself. The second man was evidently a stranger to 'Maddy,' for there was a great deal of bowing and scraping. They seemed as if they were paying her compliments, for she was blushing and looking quite pretty. I suppose she felt just as proud of herself for trying to kill the Prince and Princess of Wales as I did for trying to prevent her.

I kept passing up and down as near them as I dared and caught a great many polite phrases, but nothing else.

Then the stranger brought a little box out of his pocket and gave it to "Maddy." She did not want to take it at first, and made a lot of little foreign gestures. It was lucky that French conversation was my strong point, for I heard her trying her best to make him take the box back. However, he refused, but told her to be sure and take great care of it.

The next few times I passed, M. Camonier was busy explaining a lot of details about carriages, and roads, and churches, and imploring her to be sure and not make any mistakes, as it would upset everything.

They all talked a great deal about Algeria, too, and seemed to be very sure that they were going to get there safely. What funny things these secret societies are! Both of the men called "Maddy" "tu" instead of "vous," and it would have been frightfully improper if they hadn't been joined together in a league. At last, about half-past five, they began to say good-bye, and I passed just as the men were telling 'Maddy' that they should not see her again before the great event, but that she must be sure and pack everything overnight, that there might be no difficulty about catching the train.

Then I slipped away to the waiting-room, and the first time it was empty I took off my mackintosh

and hat and did them up in a parcel, which I sent away to an orphanage on the first opportunity.

I reached school a quarter of an hour before "Prep," and had only just time to tell my adventures.

"It's really awful," said Hermie, "to think that we've all got to sleep till Thursday with a box of dynamite in the house."

"Oh! we shall have to tell Mrs. Adams before then," said Elsie.

"There's no time to settle anything to-night," I said. "We must have a committee meeting early to-morrow morning."

The next morning it was my turn to practise before breakfast, and when I got into the school-

SHE WAS TURNING
THE WHOLE PLACE
UPSIDE DOWN IN
SEARCH OF IT.



room I saw that 'Maddy' was not there and that there was not even a place laid for her.

The mistresses were all talking very excitedly to Mrs. Adams by the fireplace, and we began to wonder what could have happened. I thought the police must have found out the plot and arrested 'Maddy' in the middle of the night, and Elsie thought the same, for she kept looking at me and lifting her eyebrows. I felt dreadfully wretched about it.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Adams, instead of going straight back to her room, tapped on the table for silence.

"Girls," she said, "I have something to tell you. I daresay you have noticed that Mademoiselle is not

here. I have no doubt you will all be surprised to learn that she was to be married to M. Camonier at eight o'clock this morning. She is coming in at eleven o'clock to fetch her boxes and say good-bye to us all, as she starts for France to-night. I expect some of you will like to hear a little more of the story, and, to begin with, I must say that M. Camonier is one of the best men I have ever met. He is even good enough for our 'Maddy,' and that, as you know, is saying a great deal.

"He told me more than a year ago that he hoped to ask her to be his wife some day, but that he had two younger sisters who must be provided for first. 'Maddy' stayed with me last Christmas, and in the middle of the holidays M. Camonier arrived in a state of great excitement. He had been offered an excellent position in Algeria, and had to be there on March 25th. Would I allow him to ask 'Maddy' to marry him, and to take her to Algeria with him if she said 'Yes'? Of course I consented, but stipulated that they were to keep the matter absolutely secret, as I was aware that it would completely upset the term's work if you all knew that there was a wedding coming off in the middle of it. It was originally settled that it should take place on the 12th, but M. Camonier received sudden orders on Wednesday

to be in Paris by that date, so the wedding was altered to to-day, and his brother came over yesterday for it. In honour of 'Maddy's' wedding, you shall have a holiday this morning, but games and 'Prep.' will go on as usual this afternoon."

We all filed out to our various rooms in silence, but when we got to the fourth, Elsie simply threw herself on the hearthrug in shrieks of laughter. The others soon followed suit, and even I, though I felt so mad to think that, as Jim would say, I had made such an "unmitigated ass" of myself, could not help joining in.

"I suppose then," said Winny, "the 'revolver' was her engagement ring. They say if you mayn't wear it, you should always hang it on a ribbon over your heart."

"Oh, dear! Winny, please, please don't make me laugh any more," gasped Hermy.

"And all those little messages on the exercises were nothing but *billets doux*," said Alice.

"And of course she couldn't talk about her parcels. It was her trousseau, and she had promised Mrs. Adams she wouldn't say she was going to be married."

"The dynamite box must have been a nice piece of jewellery from Paris—a wedding present from her future brother-in-law," said Elsie, threatening to go off into another fit of laughter.

But we calmed down in time, and when 'Maddy' came, we made as much fuss of her as ever we could, for we felt we owed her an apology for the way we had suspected her. We even tried to be friendly to M. Camonier, and he was so affectionate and full of gratitude for our kindness to his "*chère Genevieve*" that I wonder he did not kiss us all. Mrs. Adams had to drive them away at last or they would have missed their train, and we sent them off in a perfect storm of rice and old shoes.



THERE WAS A GREAT
DEAL OF BOWING
AND SCRAPING.

* * No. 1 of "The Trevor Twins"—"The Party at the Poplars"—appeared in the October, 1902, number.



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-TEACHING AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

BY MRS.

WHILE so loud a cry is still raised for "more professions open to women," it is strange to hear of an opening neglected. While those which are available are overcrowded, it is strange indeed to hear of one which is understaffed, especially when that career offers work that is healthy, well-paid, and valuable to the community. On this last condition we may well lay a little stress, for certainly in the demand of educated women for work a touching note has been the desire that that work should be such as to satisfy heart and mind with a sense, if we may coin a word, of worthwhileness. Many girl who would gladly consecrate their lives to the Christian aim of raising the lives of the poor by raising their ideals, have had to turn to other occupations by which a living might be earned. It is certain therefore that a profession for which the abilities of the Average Girl are sufficient, in which earnest purpose finds real scope and a living wage may be earned, is just what many girls are looking for. It is not less certain that these advantages—and some others—are offered by the work of the Elementary School, Mistress.

"But surely," the reader replies, "if this were so we should have known of it sooner." That would be so, but that, first of all, this profession has been curiously self-contained. The pupils of the schools have become their teachers, and have lived and worked very much apart. Secondly, the conditions of the life have immensely improved of late years; it is only recently that it could be considered desirable, unless in very exceptional cases, for a girl, well bred and well educated.

An inquirer who visits for the first time one of the splendid modern schools built by a Board or by Voluntary managers in a town, is likely to be amazed by a good many things. All that architects can devise in the way of lofty rooms, well laid floors, vast sunny windows, glass partitions to close at pleasure, warming apparatus and cheerful colouring has first been done. Publishers have vied with each other to produce the most attractive books, manufacturers have sent the prettiest cases showing some process from the plant or mineral to the finished article, and these with beautiful prints and photographs and glass cupboards showing curios make gay the walls.



THE PANSY QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS.

E. M. FIELD.

On the desks are flowers and plants, and the children—*Are these "poor children"?* Rows of well groomed heads and rosy faces, pinafores daintily clean, hands irreproachable, strike the eye at first; it requires a closer examination to show that here and there the clean muslin hides a poor frock, and the curls frame a pinched little face. A talk with the teacher, who tells how *esprit de corps* alters the appearance of a grimy little new-comer in a fortnight, makes one realise what a missionary work the School is doing in this one particular of inducing that

cleanliness which certainly helps towards godliness.

Then the lessons. Quickly indeed does the idea of "dreary rudiments" vanish when one hears a sixth standard that has a skilful teacher run up and down scales and arpeggios and then take up the note from a little tuning fork and sing part songs unaccompanied. Or, again, when listening to a well-given lesson in history or geography from one who not only knows her subject but knows how to teach it to children who have no ready-made background such as those of educated homes naturally possess, a High School student is far more likely to question whether she is worthy of the work than whether it is worthy of her powers. Certainly she will feel, as she looks at the rows of upturned faces, bright and interested, that if she is cherishing the high ideal of leaving the world a little better than she found it, here is a great opportunity. Here are The People of to-morrow, in their most flexible years, submitting to instruction, susceptible to personal influence, responsive to sympathy and kindness.

Our illustrations give an example of life in a school in which the head-mistress and her staff have sought to awaken intelligence, sympathy, and enthusiasm among the children. The plan of forming a guild having been decided on, the Head had a talk with some of the elder girls on Flower Emblems, and finally the Pansy was chosen, with the purposes of the Guild fitted to its letters thus: **P**—Patience and Perseverance; **A**—Attentiveness; **N**—Neatness; **S**—Sincerity; **I**—Intelligence; **E**—Earnestness; **S**—Self-Sacrifice; all together making the beautiful character belonging fitly to the flower which, according to the legend, an Angel



FEATURES OF THE PANSY QUEEN CELEBRATIONS AS PERFORMED
BY THE CHILDREN OF A LARGE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

once pressed to her lips in delight at its loveliness, saying :—

“O Flower of Grace
Fresh from fields of Paradise
Thou shalt have an Angel's face ;”

and leaving there the imprint of her own.

The Pansy Guild has prospered, and now yearly the Pansy Queen is elected by votes, and her Court chosen for the proficiency of each in “Pansy virtues which make Hearts-ease.” A Maypole dance in costume, and a Greek drill, with cymbals and classical robes in which the girls looked particularly graceful, were features of last year's festival. The Pansy Queen and her Court, as shown here, were photographed after a delightful afternoon of prize-giving and entertainment. The second picture represents an idea from another school, which may be a useful suggestion for Tableaux Vivants. The reciter—whose red velvet robe should have been longer !—is reciting Tennyson's *The Victim*. In the background a circle of Druid priestesses are assisting the effect, the last verse being spoken by them in chorus.

Examples like this show something of the brightness and constantly fresh interest of work in a good Elementary School. Do they not justify the suggestion of it as a possible profession? When it is considered that a girl entering on the satisfactory footing of a Trained Teacher—that is with the Certificate of competence which opens a way for her to the best positions—need only have spent £15 to £20 for two years' board, lodging, and tuition at a Training College, and is then certain of immediate employment, starting with £65 to £85 as an Assistant and rising to perhaps £250 as a Head-mistress, with prospect of a pension, may not the opening appeal to girls who are fond of teaching? Many a daughter of a widowed mother may be very happy in a country school-house, earning an independent living, and able to make a home for her mother ! If it is asked, Have any “real ladies”—using the term for want of a better one—attempted this work? the answer is Yes, and with encouraging success. *Average* intellectual ability has here a chance, if coupled with perseverance, energy, and sympathy. Any girl who would like to have fuller information can obtain it by the kindness of Miss J. Merivale, University Hall, Bangor, who has already helped and advised a good number of inquirers, and is constantly receiving letters from those who have made Elementary School teaching a success. Good health is naturally a condition.

HUNTING for GIRLS

by M. V. WYNTER.



THE MISSES FLORENCE AND MARGARET CHESTER-MASTER

Hunt with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds; dressed in the smart uniform of the Berkely Hunt they are familiar figures at all the meets in the neighbourhood.

FOXHUNTING is a subject, I think, that will appeal to all sporting readers of the *THE GIRL'S REALM*, but before commencing this little article I should like to say that it is not intended for those fortunate young people who have been accustomed to hunting from childhood, and are consequently as much at home in the hunting field as they would be in their own drawing-rooms, but rather for the many girls who, though able to ride more or less well, yet perhaps from the fact of their not possessing hunting fathers or brothers, or because they do not belong to a "sporting" set, have never hitherto had much opportunity of hunting.

In this paper, therefore, we will start from the commencement and suppose that, having reached the mature age of sixteen or seventeen, you are to be allowed to embark on a hunting career.

The first requisite naturally will be a horse. If you are at a boarding-school, and only home in the holidays, the cheapest plan will be to hire from some reliable dealer for the time being; but if you are always at home and are to hunt regularly, I think you will find having a horse of your own much more satisfactory in every way. As you are a beginner, you

will want a really clever, confidential hunter for your first season or two, one that can teach you instead of your having to teach him; when you have had more experience, by all means change about, the oftener the better, and get horses that require some riding, but it is no use attempting this while you have so much to learn. Having got the horse, the next thing to see about is a good saddle, and I entreat you, whatever else you may have to economise in, not to do it in this. Of all fruitful sources of evil, a cheap bad saddle is the worst, and the result is inevitably a sore back to the horse and



MISS EFFIE MARCH PHILLIPPS,

Who has from her childhood hunted with the Tiverton fox-hounds, of which her uncle, Mr. Unwin, is Master. The portrait shows her on her hunter, "Mrs. Gammon," than whom there is no better banker in the county.

discomfort to the rider. A good second-hand saddle by a good maker is infinitely better than a cheap new one.

In buying a saddle the chief points to look out for are: that the tree is amply wide enough for the horse, and that it lies easily and smoothly on him without undue pressure anywhere; that the saddle is well cut back, and also that it is fully long enough for you, so that you are not sitting right on the end of it.

However good a saddle you may get, you will probably find that it requires fitting to the horse, and here again the outlay in having a good saddler to do this will be well repaid.

With regard to habits, I think long sac or semi-fitting coats are more serviceable and becoming to growing girls than tight-fitting ones, and my advice is to go to the best tailor you can afford and get a really good, well-cut habit to start with, even if you have to make it last you for three seasons.

Having got your hunting outfit, the question arises, whom you are to hunt with. As a young girl and a beginner you should

not go out alone, and very probably your father may not be able to spare a groom and horse all



MISS EVELYN TOTTENHAM,
Of Maisemore Park, near Gloucester, hunts with the Ledbury hounds, and on her grey horse is one of the best turned out ladies in an exceptionally smart field.



MISS MURIEL CANNING,
Whose father, Mr. W. Gordon Canning, was at one time Master of the Ledbury hounds. His daughter—a plucky and fearless rider—hunts with this pack still, and also with the Berkely.

day to look after you. I am afraid most hard-riding young people are not very willing to take charge of a beginner, but I think there is sure to be some older person living near you, who, having herself reached the “gates, grass and gossip” stage in hunting, will be good-natured enough to take you under her wing for your first season or two. I don’t mean to say that you need think it necessary to stay by your chaperone all day, or to adopt her style of going, but you will be nominally under her charge, and it will do away with the “stray cat” sort of feeling—of belonging to nobody.

Concerning your hunt subscription, there is, as doubtless you know, no fixed sum for this, the amount varying according to the pack you hunt with, number of days a week you hunt, etc.; in the case of a young girl like yourself much less is expected than with a man, but whatever sum your father feels he can afford to give, be sure and see that it is in the

secretary's hands by the beginning of November at the latest.

Some children commence hunting so young that they can hardly remember a "first day," but to older girls and boys, nay, even to some grown-ups, their first appearance in the hunting field is a red-letter day of no small importance, to be looked forward to for days beforehand and discussed for days afterwards. Most of us can remember a time when we could scarcely sleep from excitement the night before hunting, and when eating one's breakfast on the day itself was an absolute impossibility. Now, I have one little bit of counsel to give you concerning your first few days' hunting: Don't be too disheartened if they don't quite come up to your expectations. If, instead of performing prodigies of valour and "leading the field," as in your innermost heart you have pictured yourself doing, you find yourself hopelessly stuck at the first fence, and compelled therefore to be one of the "backward crowd" for the rest of the run, or worse



MISS MONICA ASTLEY-COOPER

From her home at Hambledon Hall, Rutlandshire, is fortunate enough to hunt with the Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's hounds.

still, perhaps lose hounds altogether, and either spend the rest of the day in company with

other unfortunates disconsolately wandering about the country in search of them, or return home "with your tail between your legs," metaphorically speaking—don't, I say, when these *contretemps* occur make yourself too miserable, and think you will never be any good, and "that it is no use your going on hunting," etc., etc., but try instead to find out the cause of your failure, if it was because you were not quite quick enough in getting away, or if (to be quite candid with yourself) it was because you didn't like the look of that stile, and thought you would wait a bit and see if there was a better place. Anyway, whatever it was, take the lesson to heart, and profit by the experience next time, remembering—

The game was never yet worth a rap,
For a rational man to play, [hap,
Into which some misfortune, some mis-
Could not possibly find its way.



MISS BETTY RENTON

Is another follower of whom the Tiverton Hunt are justly proud. She possesses a seat and hands that many an older person might envy. Whether with fox or staghounds, she can hold her own with the best. Miss Renton's smart bay cob, shown in the photograph, is a winner of several Point-to-Point races.

Supposing that you are only able to hunt one day a week, there are many points that you can practise and improve in even when out exercising. First amongst the "things needful" to learn comes opening a gate quickly and handily. Get your horse close up to the gate; then, taking your crop in whichever hand is nearest the fastening, pull or lift it as the case may be. When you have opened it, don't allow the horse to rush or squeeze through, but swing it firmly back until you have got quite through. Nothing so betrays the novice as carelessness and clumsiness in a gateway, and time spent in practising this useful art is well bestowed.

Another valuable accomplishment in hunting is being able to mount unaided. In a long day's hunting it is the greatest relief to a horse's back to be rid of his burden, even if it be only for three or four minutes; and as you cannot be constantly taxing someone to put you up, it is wise to learn to do it for yourself. It requires considerable agility, I own, to mount a big horse off the ground, unless one is possessed of very long legs, but almost any little mound of grass or bank is sufficient help to get up by, if you teach your horse to stand still while you are doing so.

The third accomplishment which you would do well assiduously to practise is jumping. If

you have a field it will be quite easy to put some jumps up in it (a bar and some gorse or hurdles will do very well for a beginning), and you will find that a few minutes spent at these every day, or as often as you can spare the time, will make a wonderful difference to both yourself and the horse.

In conclusion let me give you a few "Hunting Don'ts":—

Don't be so occupied in talking that you fail to get a good start.

Don't dash through a gateway, leaving it to slam in the next comer's face.

Don't cut in, *i.e.*, take someone else's place or cross them at a fence.

Don't bucket your horse over plough or up hill.

Don't ride in your pilot's or anyone else's pocket, but give them plenty of room at their fences.

Don't let a horse get in the habit of refusing with you, or you will never break him of the trick.

Don't, when anything goes wrong, lay all the blame on the horse.

Don't be too much afraid of falling.

Don't hammer a horse along to or from hunting; five or six miles an hour is quite fast enough.

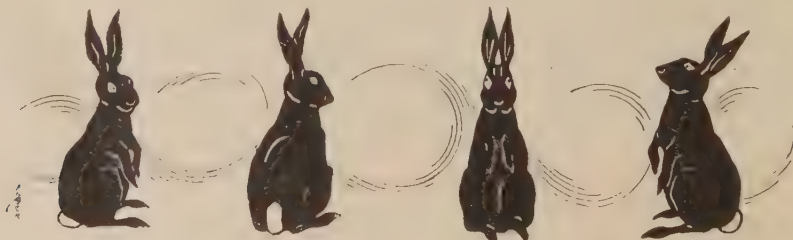
Don't be above taking advice.

Finally, don't blow your own trumpet, even if you have gone well; but leave it to someone else to do so for you.



MISS MADGE SILVERTHORNE

Is a regular follower of Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds. Small though pony and rider be, they usually contrive to be well forward, even when hounds are running hard. Miss Silverthorne rides cross saddle.



The Dandelion: Despised yet Pretty.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

It is well that we should sometimes minutely examine the world's outcasts. Whether it be one of God's creatures, a man, or a beast of the field, or a mere plant—the discarded and forlorn member of the world's life may possess some

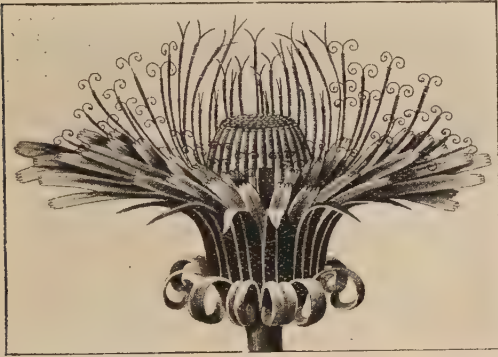


FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE PRETTY ARRANGEMENT OF THE DANDELION FLOWER.

attribute undreamt of by those who shun the discarded things. Dandelions! Like their compatriots, the thistles, they are apparently deserving of no better treatment than to be chopped down by the walking-stick of the wayfarer, who often deems them so far beneath contempt as not to soil even his boots in the crushing of them.

But let us pick up one of these humble little things and examine it. We shall find beauty which it is impossible to faithfully render in pictorial reproduction, especially since the flower is of a rich gold, in which green plays only a subdued and chastening part. Place the flower beneath a hand lens, and secret after secret lies unfolded.

The pictures given here have been drawn from nature on an enlarged scale, and merit some interest as showing what a "miserable weed" is.

The Dandelion relies on its own resources, except for occasional and trifling benefits. As an example of industry it would be hard to surpass. Magnify an expanded Dandelion, and the effect shown in Fig. 1 is secured. Its florets and pollen-dust posts stand erect or gracefully bowed. Cut one into halves, and the flower loses none of its beauty, for there we see the pure white immature seeds arranged in symmetrical rows beneath the stately florets, as furnished in Fig. 2. In Fig. 5 may be seen one of the golden petals and its attachments still more largely revealed, bearing a pendent and undeveloped seed. If we still further increase the dimensions of the scroll-top (as in Fig. 4) we see that it is prickly, and covered with the pretty pollen-dust grains, of which a single flower contains innumerable myriads.

But it is in connection with its seeds and its curious custom of liberating parachutes, that I wish to more particularly interest the reader.

A row of young seeds is plainly revealed in Fig. 2, the narrow waists above connecting them to a series of fairy and silken shuttlecocks, each tightly closed. In Fig. 5 a detached specimen is shown partly expanded. That the seeds are considered valuable property by the plant is

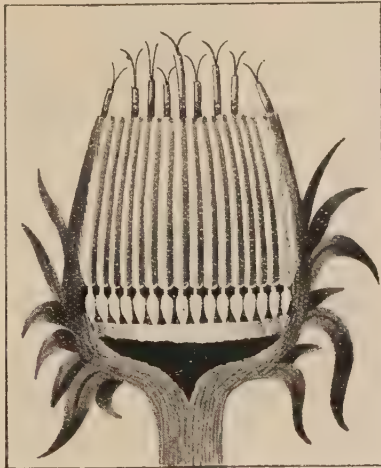


FIG. 2.—
DANDELION
SEEDS DURING
FORMATION.



FIG. 3.—DANDELION SEED AND PARACHUTE

manifest from the présence of the exterior and downward curved circlet of barriers, aided by the array which bends upwards and outwards. A creeping insect depredator might climb up to the topmost extremity of the stalk; but in endeavouring to climb round the insides of the arches it would assuredly fall headlong to the ground, whilst it would be impossible for it to pass through the fence, since the protections partly overlap each other. This is no accidental arrangement, but a deliberate and set purpose, for only a hard skin and a small amount of internal pulpy matter separate the nutritious seeds from the outer air.

During the ripening of the seeds the shuttlecocks extend upwards in a quiet crowd, until at last they are permitted to expand in the sunlight, when, as is well-known, the slightest puff of wind will carry the parachute and its burden off on its aerial journey. But the seed is not merely a floral balloon. Extreme care is taken that it shall find satisfactory soil for its



FIG. 4.—ONE OF THE DANDELION SCROLLS, ENLARGED, WITH SOME POLLEN-DUST SPECKS.

germination. At this point I must refer the reader to illustration 3, which, solely for convenience sake, shows the seed-shaft bent, for in Nature it remains fairly straight and stiff. The seed itself is furnished with numerous sharp

extensions pointing in the direction of the adjoining parachute, for the obvious reason that as soon as it meets with proper soil it may grip it firmly, when all subsequent wind-force would, by blowing upon the prostrate parachute, push the seed further and further into

the earth. But should the seed fall on stony or hard ground, no retaining process could follow, and away it would go with the next breeze. Perhaps the object would alight in a chink between the road stones, or upon some similar spot, where, without the assistance of the parachute, the very presence of the spikes in it would cause it to hold fast. In such a case, however, a miniature whirlwind would excite the air of the cavity, and carry the precious thing out of its misfortune. These facts will help to account for the numbers of Dandelions met with.



FIG. 5.—A MINIATURE DANDELION SEED, PARACHUTE AND ATTACHMENTS.



The Song of the Winds.

Wind from the North, with thy icy blast,
What dost thou bring to me?
"Winter I bring, for the Year is past,
A glad New Year to thee!"

Wind of the South, with bright flowers wed,
What dost thou bring to me?
"Dreams of sweet Clover and Poppies red,
Buzz of the Bumble Bee."

Wind from the East, so rough and so cold,
What dost thou bring to me?
"Sickness I bring on my pinions bold,
Sorrow and misery."

With sigh so soft, oh! Wind from the West,
What dost thou bring to me?
"From the golden sunset peace and rest,
Infinite bliss to thee."

IRENE RALLI.

THE REVELLEE

I heard a song one morning
So early in the Spring,
And from my window looked to see
Who thus did sweetly sing.

I saw three pretty maidens,
And thus to me they spake—
"We've brought you Spring's first blossoms,
And all for love's sweet sake—

"Come forth, and you shall be our King,
For you a crown we'll twine—
Come wander through the world with us,
And be our Valentine."

"Ah nay" said I, "that cannot be,
I have a love so true,
Her name I must not tell you—but
She is not one of you."

Ah no, 'tis she to whom I send
This Valentine to day,
Hoping that she will think of me
As I think of her alway

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀



Photo Elliott & Fry.

MISS EDNA LYALL.

GLIMPSES OF TWO GREAT WRITERS.

The Late EDNA LYALL.

By ALICE CORKRAN.

I REMEMBER, when at Eastbourne, going one day in November to call on Edna Lyall. She lived with her sister and brother-in-law, the Rev. Hampden Gurney Jameson, in a gabled picturesque house covered with Virginia creepers. I climbed up to her study and found her busy looking over a large book, with a small chorister boy by her side. She seemed frail and slight. Her face was full of the highest intelligence; the dark eyes, the abundant dark hair, gave to it a sense of character and of colour, and she struck me altogether as a woman of a very feminine and a very strong personality.

Her room was a student's room, she lived surrounded by books; they were in the book-cases and on the table; among the materials of her daily writing life late autumn flowers bloomed. She had written to me a little while before about *THE GIRL'S REALM*. A phrase occurs in that letter which I am sure will interest you. "Your wishes and aims appeal to me most strongly—life, for the young especially, is so hurried and restless that there seems great danger of the higher things being altogether crowded out. I do hope *THE GIRL'S REALM* will be a very great success." We sat by the fire and chatted together. We chatted of girls, and she spoke to me of her experiences among them. "I believe in girls," I remember she said: "I love to write for them. With them your appeal is strong just in proportion to the fineness of your theme." She spoke to me of her Sunday classes which were attended by the shop girls and working girls of Eastbourne and its environs. "My little room is quite filled with them," she said. "We talk of all sorts of subjects, social, political, religious. It is extraordinary how easy it is to touch their hearts with the story of the world's wrongs.

"My girls," she continued, "are interested in the Armenian question; they have helped the poor in the West of Ireland; they think a great deal of the right

and wrong of questions, I assure you," and there was a bright look in her eyes. "I speak to them also of the *Woman's Suffrage*." Edna Lyall was very strong in advocating the right of women to vote. "Some people say it is unfeminine," she remarked with a little laugh; "I cannot see where the want of femininity comes in, to record your sympathy, and what your conscience tells you is for the right." She was at one time secretary of the local "*Women's Liberal Association*" at Eastbourne.

"But tell me something of *THE GIRL'S REALM*," she said. Her eyes filled with tears as I told her of the Guild. Its motto, "*Service and Good Fellowship*" appealed to her. It stirred her inexhaustible sympathy to hear of a scheme by which girls who have, work for those who have not; whereby girls in health work for invalid girls, and girls who are accomplished teach girls who want knowledge, also of the great corresponding scheme; and the broad interest thus roused among girls for each other seemed to fascinate her.

I remember she told me much of her own girlish ambition. "I was quite a child when I began to write—nine years of age, I think I was, when I wrote my first tale." These childish stories were treasured by her mother. In an old desk "I came across a letter written by her to my father, in which she told him of little Eddie's gift. 'They are uncommonly good,' she said, and my father's answer was then, 'Do not make too much of Eddie's stories; teach her to be active and regular in her duties.'"

Her father, Mr. Robert Bayley, was a barrister of the Inner Temple, and Edna Lyall was born at Brighton. He seems to have had a great influence over his little daughter. She, one of the younger ones of a large family, was present at many of the conversations that he would have with his elder children. Friends also would

come, and Eddie would hear discussed the great subjects that interested the world, and she was imbued with the magnanimity of the spirit displayed. She remembered how her father went against the cheap craze that had set in. Pretty presents that cost next to nothing, cheap finery of every kind, he always waged war against. "Do not buy it," he would say severely; "the workers cannot be properly paid for their toil." From him the child doubtless inherited that unflinching sympathy with the working classes and with the oppressed, that grew with her growth, and often touched her lips as with fire. Her first literary impression, she has told us, came from sitting at her father's feet as he read aloud Walter Scott. He was a beautiful reader, and these great romances kindled his daughter's imagination. The child wrote, unconsciously preparing herself for her destiny. She wove plots, the ideas for which sprang out of all that she had heard, and which later on became the germ of her future romances. She grew to love her characters, and that affection for the children of her fancy she kept to the end. "The characters I write about," she said to my niece, "are so dear to me that I really cannot part with them until from sheer necessity I must. That is why so many of them appear again and again in my books. They have been for so long the friends and companions of my daily life."

"In the Golden Days" was dreamt of in her childhood. She used to visit at a Suffolk mansion, Mondesfield, which belonged to some of her kinsfolk. "I remember," she said, "I used to play in the musician's gallery the story of a younger brother persecuted by an elder one." The idea evolved, but it was the same story with the characters clothed with flesh and blood, that she had imagined in the old home. She was a child when she wrote a story called "Mervyn's Ordeal," in which a boy was falsely suspected by his employer. "The wicked uncle hounds him on almost to despair, and I remember," she went on, with a laugh, "that I made him support himself and his sisters by tuning pianos." This was the germ of "A Hardy Norseman," perhaps the most charming of her novels.

She was quite a child, still in her early teens, when her father and her mother died. She told me something of what she has recorded about herself, of the great uplifting comfort she received from listening to the singer Edith Wynne. It was a sense of the hallowing influence of music and of that of a beautiful voice that gave her the idea of "Doreen."

Edna Lyall was much interested in the stage. The adventure of a life full of surprises attracted her. "Wayfaring Men" is very much the outcome of the spell thrown over Edna Lyall by her thoughts of stage life. She came across a company of players going North. She knew its manager, and she was able to follow the life of the little society. The manager gave a party to his company, inviting all to meet her. A member of it is a friend of mine, and she has told me how passing sweet and kind was the authoress. She talked to each member; she took, I think, a particular fancy to my friend, and invited her to come to see her when she passed through Eastbourne. She spoke with such enthusiasm of the possibilities of the theatrical career, that she fired the heart of the girl with a new delight in

it. My friend's name is "Irene," and she sent her autograph album to Edna Lyall, who wrote in it a long poem "To Irene," copied from Lowell's works. The manager corrected the proofs of "Wayfaring Men," ensuring thereby the accuracy of every professional detail. The illustrious novelist once tried her fortunes in the drama. A version of "In Spite of All," a Puritan story, was experimentally placed upon the stage. But the tender and elusive qualities of conception and style were not suited for the footlights, and it was withdrawn after a few representations.

Edna Lyall, in the introduction to Mr. G. Holmes' "Farnham and its Surroundings," has told us of her love for trees, and of her love especially for the noble trees in Farnham Park. Her great-grandfather's home was there. She delighted in climbing these trees, in ensconcing herself in their greenwood shade, among the birds and the insects who dwelt therein. One big tree especially, whose spreading branches were wide enough to accommodate the whole tribe of cousins—"five Brightonians and seven Farnham cousins"—was her favourite resort. There, one sunny August morning, she wrote the first chapter of "We Two." It was the sequel of "Donovan." The courage and magnanimity of a woman so Christian as she was in making an atheist one of the finest heroes that she has depicted must ever be remembered. It is well known that Mr. Bradlaugh was the origin of the atheist, Luke Raeburn.

Her early literary beginnings were beset with difficulty. Any girl who feels drawn to writing should study the history of this author's experiences, and find encouragement therein. She has told us how suddenly she passed from obscurity to fame. She had already written "Won by Waiting" and "Donovan"; both had had good reviews, but neither had had any sale to speak of. When she had finished "We Two" she presented it to many publishers, who all refused it. Still she was determined, for she felt the call within her; but a lassitude was beginning to overcome her. One day she called at a publisher's house in Paternoster Row to get back her rejected manuscript. She has told us how she went into St. Paul's, miserably wondering whether she must give up her ambition. "I made up my mind," she says, "to go on until the list of publishers was exhausted, and as I walked down the south aisle a little thing gave me fresh courage. I caught sight of a monument to one of our kinsfolk who was killed at Camperdown, and I thought 'He died fighting; I will die fighting, too.'"

The manuscript was shortly afterwards accepted, and Edna Lyall went on a yachting cruise with some cousins. On their way home they stopped at Gibraltar, and asked for letters. The cholera was raging then, and no ships were admitted into the harbour. The letters and parcels were handed to them by tongs, and Edna Lyall received a bundle of reviews that told her that "We Two" was a great success, and that fame awaited her. The fame of "We Two" reflected on "Donovan," and a new popularity was awarded to the book that had failed in attracting attention a year or two before.

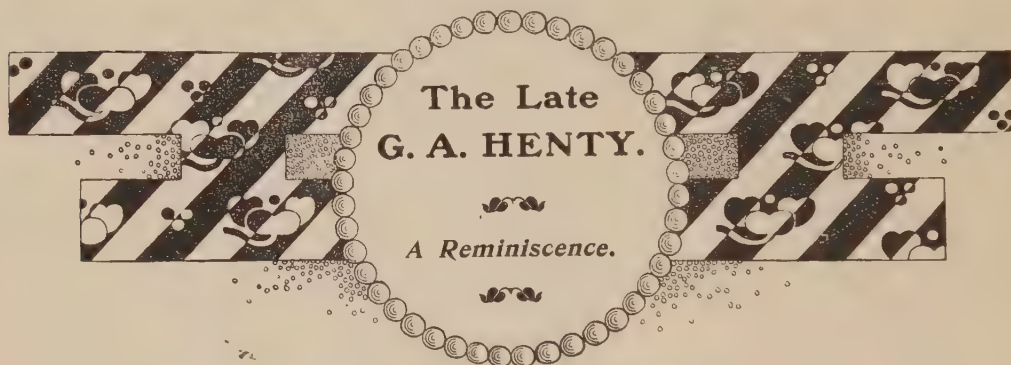
Edna Lyall's books are very womanly, in the best sense; they are full of charm; above all they are full of sincerity. Her feminine characters are altogether con-

vincing, in their tenderness, their heroism, their devotion. Erica, the loving daughter; Francesca Britton, impulsive and untidy; warm-hearted Doreen, sweet and strong; the simple and tender Gwanhild, all live in our memory. With the proceeds of some of her novels she gave to her brother-in-law's church in Eastbourne three bells, which bear the names of three of her characters, Donovan, Erica, and Hugo.

She also wrote for children delightful tales, which had

always a lesson to teach, a lesson of charity, of sympathy, of duty, and which were full of the gentle gaiety and domesticity which children love. The most popular of these are, "How Children Raised the Wind," "Their Happiest Christmas," "The Burges Letters: The Record of a Child's Life in the Sixties."

Edna Lyall died on the night of February 8th, and her death will be mourned by all the girls and women who found in her a guide and a friend.



By GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As the last serial story written by Mr. G. A. Henty before his death, at the end of 1902, will begin in *THE GIRL'S REALM* next month, the Editor thought his readers would be interested in a short account of the great writer's life. He therefore asked another famous author, Mr. Geo. Manville Fenn, to write a sketch of his friend.

THE worst of boys is that they will be so ribald, and twist words anyhow so as to make a joke. One was talking to me about the tale of a dashing young chevalier who came up to London fortune-hunting in the days of Queen Anne. He said the story was called "The Cornet of Horse," and then added, on the strength of the hero being a soldier who carried a sting in the shape of a long thin sword, that "the Cornet of Horse was a hornet of course."

I forgave him, for he went on to tell me how vividly the dashing narrative, with its brave young hero "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," had impressed him. I forgave him, for I felt that the story had gone well home and done something towards the historical education of a boy in his country's past. What was more, it was the work of a good old fellow-labourer and friend who had once been a soldier himself, known a soldier's discipline and a soldier's troubles and dangers, in the days of the great war with Russia, when the word "Crimea" made men look solemn and women shiver, with the tears rising to their eyes as they thought of those they loved, fallen in the great fight with the Colossus of the North. Even to this day men are spoken of as Crimean heroes, and their very names call up such fights as those of Alma, Inkermann, the great charge of Balaklava, and the deadly struggles in the trenches as our men fought their way step by step nearer and nearer to their attacks upon the Mamelon, the Malakoff, and the deadly Redan.

There—as but yesterday at Ladysmith—soldier and

sailor joined hand in hand and fought shoulder to shoulder, or formed some battery and worked the guns brought up from shipboard to assist in the terrible siege, one long awful struggle, till ships were sunk and guns silenced. Then the day came, after months of waiting, when, amidst the blazing of the city, the news spread from man to man, from post to post, and from army to army, that the Russians were in full retreat, evacuating the city, for the desperate struggle was at an end—Sebastopol had fallen.

Though invalided, Henty was more fortunate than many friends, for he returned to be promoted to become purveyor and organiser and pass through a busy time; but Nature never meant him for a soldier, and he resigned his commission to turn journalist, though, even then, his great affection was the sea.

An amateur sailor, perhaps, a yachtsman, but, all the same, as genuine a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was only a small vessel he commanded, but his own, and directly he was on board he seemed to discard the land and its ways, even to the wearing of a cap, for he liked nothing better than to stand at the helm and let the rain beat upon his face, while the wind spread his hair and beard, making him look like some old Norseman bent upon a predatory expedition, as he skimmed the waters round about our coast, or faced some storm raging in the German Ocean. The wonder to me has always been that he did not devote himself entirely to stories of the sea instead of working up his military adventures as he did.

But it is not given to every man to mark out exactly his own course of life. Though in his later days he managed to spend nearly half his time at sea, earlier in life, notwithstanding that he had resigned his commission and turned journalist, his connection with soldiering did not cease, for one time he was correspondent for his journal in the war between Austria and Italy; another time with Garibaldi, famous for his patriotic struggle; then he followed Lord Napier to Magdala; and, again, he went through the Franco-German War; and later on was along with the Turks. A wonderful experience for one man, a writer who could use his pen. No grander preparation could he have had for inditing later on those many works beloved of boys—and girls.

Where's my thinking cap? When did I first meet George Henty?—Where was it? Ah, I remember that. It was where Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street," and what is more it was very close to the spot where the court turns out which is called after the famous old scholar's name.

How long ago? Look back in some almanac and see when Sir Garnet Wolseley led his men to bring the black monarch of Ashanti and his bloodthirsty priests of a horrible, human-sacrificing religion to the knowledge that there was a stronger nation than theirs—a nation of gentle Christianity which could bring them to their knees.

It was after our troops and the accompanying war correspondents had marched through the dank, dark, and sultry forests in the midst of a steamy heat which had sent officers and men back so changed externally that they seemed to belong to another race. It was just after their return that I first met George Henty and was introduced, and the bluff, outspoken author became the friend of a quarter of a century.

You know his face now, you girls who have read and liked his books, but you do not know what he was like then. Let me tell you in an extremely plain way how he impressed me. He looked as though he needed "sending to the wash." For after her fashion in suiting her children, biped and quadruped, to the region in which they live, Dame Nature had seized upon the white Englishman and begun to place beneath his skin that peculiar layer of pigment which turns folk black and acts as a protecting shield from the terrible rays of the Central Afric sun. George Henty's countenance then and for long after was, to use a homely term, "grimed in" with the black that no soap and water would remove. In fact, his complexion was wonderfully like that of the hard-working domestic servant of civilisation whose profession is that of a *ramoneur*, or, as we used to call it when fine words were not so plentiful, a chimney sweep.

Now, it is very curious but very true—and you have found it out for yourselves—that likes and dislikes are often instantaneous of formation. Now, we two men ought to have been rivals in the race for a reputation as writers of stories for the young, but many things besides games go by the rules of contrary, and somehow Henty made me like him, and I know he liked me, for he as

good as told me so by his ways, his looks, the grip of his honest hand, and the way he sought me out.

What is more—for he was one of the most truthful writers I ever knew—he set it down often in plain black and white print, giving me endless praise of my stories, and more than once, both verbally and in strong book language, a hearty scolding if he thought my characters did not come up to the standard of what he thought a boy should be. I say "a hearty scolding," for it was like the man, everything he did being thorough, outspoken, and true. No more bluff, straightforward fellow than Henty lived in nineteen hundred as far as I can tell.

Do you know what happens when a lame dog cannot get over the stile? You will say, Yes—because the girls of the realm, our British realm, are naturally gentle, charitable, and full of loving-kindness—in fact, womanly, in its rosebud stage. And you will begin thinking of what you would do. But suppose, instead of a girl coming upon the crippled, helpless animal, a man steps up to the stile. Well, all men are not good Samaritans, and many of us are so busy, so much occupied with our own affairs, that we become thoughtless, indifferent, and too hard to trouble ourselves about lame dogs, and in the majority of cases we tell the sufferer to "Get out," metaphorically push it aside, or more probably say, "Poor beggar!" and never give it another thought.

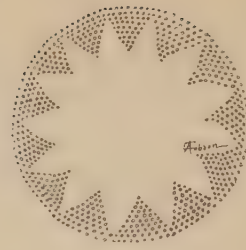
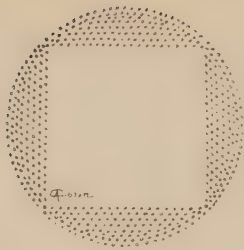
Let me tell you how the subject of this sketch, he who has passed away, regretted by his many friends—how he once behaved to a lame dog who could not get over a stile. How do I know? Why, the lame dog told me; for this was a two-legged, very good-hearted dog, who could talk. So you see I have now to leave off saying "it" and "which," and between ourselves, I think I ought to drop out metaphor and call a spade a spade, while at the same time I add that the stile was one of those of the steep and awkward kind which beset all men's lives, especially those of poor authors.

The lame dog was in this case a poor author, and he was sick as well as poor, but he had many friends who were ready with a gold Queen's head here and another there, according to their means. And knowing something of the trouble, I felt that George Henty would not be backward, but would in his quiet, unobtrusive way perhaps add his sovereign, with a brotherly "Cheer up, old fellow! Better times will come"; for that was just his way.

But I was very far from right, for I ought to have multiplied that little sum by twenty, that being the friendly lift over the stile that Henty gave; and, so to speak, measuring by people's circumstances, it was just as if that millionaire who is sowing libraries broadcast through the land had slipped into the sufferer's hand a cheque for twenty thousand pounds.

Have I been letting my pen run too fast, intrenching upon private matters, breaking confidential seals belonging to the dead, the secrets of those who are no longer here? I hope not. Good men's deeds should live for the many, not only for the few. I think I am right.





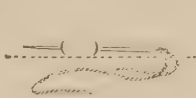
FAGOTING AS AN OLD-NEW CRAZE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE GIBSON.

THE elaborate trimmings and infinite amount of fine hand-work which seem necessary to the happiness of the average woman nowadays must be made by someone not only skilled in the use of the needle but possessing much patience and unusually good eyesight. The hemstitching and drawn-work which are used on our shirts and the collars, etc., of our gowns, and on our table-linen, cannot be obtained for nothing; but, since we must have the open-work lace effect, we can procure it at a trifling cost, and in a much more interesting

the eye, the better. The large needle is a straight one, such as upholsterers use, and must only be used on heavy linen or cambric. The holes which it makes are very large, and must be overcast on the outer edges. This is not necessary when the small needle is used.

Take a piece of fine lawn, and draw with a hard pencil a straight line about three inches long. Thread the small needle with fine linen thread, tying it in with a knot through the eye; put the needle in directly above the line, and bring it



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.

DIAGRAM SKETCHES.

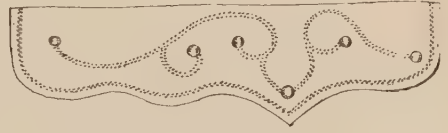
manner, if we are fortunate enough to know how to fagot. The Sisters in the French convents understand and teach it perfectly, and it is a wonder that so few of us "in the world" have been taught how to do this useful, and at the present time necessary, work. Our grandmothers used it on their babies' dresses, and though, after these years, we have learned to elaborate the simple lines they used, it is the same old fagoting.

No threads are to be drawn, and almost any cotton or linen material can be used. The small needle which is used on the fine lawns can be bought at any fancy-shop, and is merely a large-sized crewel-needle with a sharp point—the larger

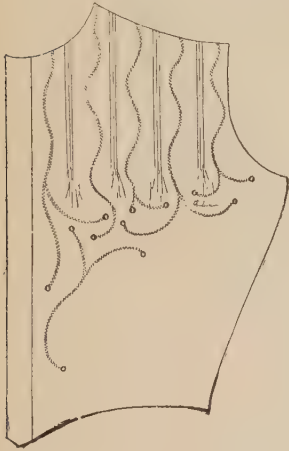
out also above the line, making the stitch one-eighth of an inch long. Tie the thread in, and work over and over three times through the same two holes, drawing them close together. Next put the needle through the first hole made, and bring it out below the line, exactly between the first two holes made, working over and over three times, as before. Now work from this lower hole to the second upper one. Having thus three finished holes, from the lower one take another stitch below the line, bringing the needle out just beyond the last upper stitch, over and over again, then once more above the line. Always remember to make the new hole a little beyond the last one, whether above or

below. Always alternate the stitches above and below the line, and never leave the space between any two holes in any direction unworked. Each line when worked will make a double line of holes, and the work when finished should be perfectly even, following any given line, and look like the drawnwork stitch, "rat's back-bone"—that is, a cord following a notched outline.

In working around a curve make the stitches on the inside closer together than on the outside of the curve. In turning a corner be sure to have one hole come at the outside directly at the corner, so that it can be the last hole on the one line and the first hole on the other line.



A CUFF DESIGN.



DESIGN FOR A BLOUSE.

A good plan is to bisect the right angle (or mitre the corner) with a pencil-line, placing one hole on this line without the angle, the other within. This will insure a sharp, clean corner.

The blouse design is so simple it can be easily followed. Finish the end of each line with a small stuffed dot worked in satin-stitch with a fine French working-cotton. The collar and cuffs match the waist, and are done in the same way; one half inch from the edge a line of fagoting is worked, following the curved line, and a narrow hem is turned up and hemmed into the lower line of holes. These dots are also stuffed.

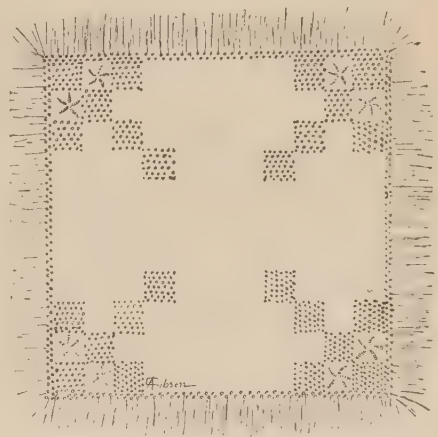
A pretty doily is after the Mexican work, which is so popular. Mark off a five-and-one-half inch square of paper into one-half inch squares, and mark heavily the outline of the pattern to be worked. Trace this outline with a hard pencil on a piece of linen lawn seven and three-fourths inches square, with a line all round the doily, making five and three-fourth inches to be worked, which will leave one inch all round for fringe.

Work a line of fagoting all round the edge, keeping as nearly with the thread as possible. Then begin six holes from one corner, and, tying the thread in, work backwards and forwards on this line at the edge, using the holes on the inner side of the border already made for the upper line in the fagoting. The first line made in this way will have only five holes. Turn the work round and work back, this time making six holes, and so on until the half-inch block is filled in solid. The two plain blocks in each corner are to have a small five-pointed star of bird's-eye stitch. Overcast the outside edge close to the holes and fringe.

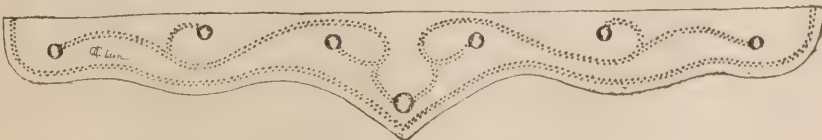
In the smaller doilies the outlines of inner and outer circles must be worked first, then the designs. Turn up a narrow hem, or fringe after outcasting the edges. Trace the designs first on paper.

Any number of these doilies can be made by following the outline of a flower, butterfly or other design, and filling in the space to the edge. But always make the outer edge of the doily clear and distinct, irrespective of any filling in.

Girls who are clever in the use of the needle will find infinite resources in fagoting, whether in beautifying the house or in the more attractive matter of beautifying themselves.



MEXICAN PATTERN.



COLLAR DESIGN.

The Literary Page.

Conducted by ALICE CORKRAN.

CARLYLE'S "HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP."

It was in his house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, that Carlyle wrote "Heroes." The essays were first given in the form of lectures at the Portman Rooms. Those of you who are familiar with London have doubtless made your way to the modest residence, standing in a side street off the Thames. Over its portal stands a medallion in marble of the sage of Chelsea. At the end of the street is the Embankment, upon which stands Boehm's statue of Carlyle. He lived in the house for over forty-seven years, and from thence, in 1840, he went forth, roughly clad, to move audiences by the volcanic strength of his utterances. When "Heroes" were published in volume form they began to run "like wildfire through London."

In style Carlyle is violent, picturesque, excessive, turbulent; he is a prophet crying out his denunciations. He seems to be uttering a prolonged wail. His artistic method was to make everything subservient to his central figure. He has passages of the wildest, most rugged eloquence, and he has others that are simple blanks; yet when all is said his work remains unique, forcible, and effective. His style is always a perfect mirror of his mind. His vocabulary is enormous. His epithets are complete, characterisations glowing and vivid. To understand Carlyle we must ever bear in mind that he did not care for "the people of any epoch." He had no sentiment for the dignity of human nature as human nature; it was the divine in it that attracted him. His view of history is the biography of great men; the personality alone holds him. We think of history now as the history of peoples, and our heroes are explained to us as the expression of popular forces, they are not "men sent by God." His heroes are exhibited to us in the strongest relief from their surroundings; the darker the time the greater the hero, and we often feel that he is admirable in proportion as his environment is not. Carlyle has an instinctive preference to energy over every other quality, and what really interests him is character, and character in proportion to its energy. Perhaps nowhere is this vivid sentiment stronger than in "Heroes and Hero Worship."

I have said that his tendency was to make history a series of biographies. "The history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here," he says in the discourse on "The Hero as Divinity." The god Odin is the subject of this paper; the dark, tormented, blind age of paganism has produced the greatest conception of the hero, who appears in the eyes of his fellow-men as an expression of Divinity. "From North Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the divine founder of Christianity to the withered pontiff of encyclopædianism, in all times and places the hero has been worshipped and will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate, and bow down submissive before great men; nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else?"

The next lecture is "The Hero as Prophet." Mahomet is the central figure of the essay, and Carlyle shows what a change had taken place in the universal condition and thoughts of men. "The hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow-men, but as one God-inspired, as a prophet." It is the second phase of hero worship. Carlyle has chosen Mahomet, not as the most eminent prophet, but as the one he is freest to speak about. He does not look upon him by any means as the truest of prophets, but he esteems him as a true one. With all the limitations and with all the sensuousness of his creed, Mahomet yet gives to his disciples the hope "of a heaven symbolical of sacred duty and to be earned by faith and well-doing, by valiant action and a divine patience that is still more valiant."

The next development of the hero is that of "The Hero as Poet." "The hero as divinity, the hero as prophet, are productions of old ages, not to be repeated in the new." Divinity and prophets have passed, and we are now to see him in the character of the maker of verses. Dante and Shakespeare, these are the two heroes Carlyle chooses: Dante the singer "of the world of souls," Shakespeare that "of the world of men." The Christian faith was the theme of Dante's lay. "It produced the practical life which Shakespeare was to sing."

Carlyle next treats of the "Great man as priest," and his choice of the two central figures is Luther and Knox, considering them rather "as reformers than as priests."

The hero as man of letters comes next, altogether a product of this new age. "In the true literary man there is ever acknowledged or not by the world his sacredness. He is the light of the world, the world's priest, guiding it like a sacred pillar of fire in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time." Johnson, who preached the gospel of "moral prudence"; Rousseau, who taught us that "life was true"; Burns, standing out the most "gifted British soul of the eighteenth century"—these are the three distinctive literary men whom Carlyle chooses.

Then, lastly, there is the hero as king, and Cromwell and Napoleon are contrasted—Cromwell, with "the character of a prophetic man: a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see"; Napoleon "a great *ébauche*, a rude draught never completed."

I want my girls of the first-class (16 to 25) to write me an essay, not exceeding 750 words, on these heroes of Carlyle, showing the evolution of the idea, and drawing for me their type of the true hero.

I want my girls of the second-class (under 16) to write an essay, not exceeding 500 words, on "The Hero as Poet," telling me what the essay conveys to them.

A prize of 10s. 6d. will be offered to the first-class and 5s. to the second. Essays should be addressed "Literary Page," The Editor, THE GIRL'S REALM, 29, Norfolk Street, London, W.C., and should reach the office not later than April 30th.

MY CHAT WITH THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

By
ALICE
CORKRAN.

"FAMILY QUARRELS."



MY DEAR GIRLS—

Three of you had a heated argument the other day about "family quarrels." The girls came in to see me at tea time, and continued the discussion they had begun outside. Caroline maintained that quarrelling in the family circle is a normal state of things, that it does not in the least diminish love, that it is simply a part of the frankness that belongs to family life. Ruth resented this and said that home was a place of peace, that in the true home quarrelling never occurred, that those who love each other NEVER quarrel.

"My dear," said Caroline, with some asperity, "I

agree with the Frenchman who defined "*le home*" as the place where you feel at liberty to be as disagreeable as you like, and the home-people as those on whom you have a right to lavish all your ill humours."

"That is a horrible description of home," said Ruth, her eyes alight with indignation. "I am glad I have no brother and sister if it is so."

"It is quite clear you have no brother and sister," said Caroline, "whose heads you can snap off, and feel the comfort of so doing."

"Oh," said Edith, "I think home should be a place of truth. You are not called upon to wear a perpetual smile or a perpetual frown; you can be yourself without effort and without show."

I like Edith's definition of home the best. Still there is much bitter truth in what Caroline said. We all know that home is often a place wherein we sulk and quarrel more than in any other. Imagine the behaviour of some of us in any place but in our home. How firmly and courteously we should be conducted to the door. I have often asked myself as I have witnessed the bickerings and the squabbles in homes, how it is that people who love each other—and I know that many of them do love each other—can be so ready to lavish dark looks and rude speeches thus easily. What is the evil at the root of all this want of harmony in families that makes life at home so often a quarrelsome and meddlesome existence?

"I do not know how it is that families quarrel," said Edith, pathetically, "but they do. I love my brother truly, and my sister also, and still we quarrel. They say it is my fault, I say it is their's. Sometimes I think we would be much better apart, but when I try to live alone I am miserable. Oh! it is a topsy-turvy world."

"It *is* a topsy-turvy world," said Caroline, airily. "I agree with you there. Nevertheless we too often forget the fact that there is one thing we love better than we love anything or anybody else, and that is our own sweet self."

"Oh!" said her auditors.

But Caroline went on perfectly unabashed. "If you watch it, you will see that most things we claim, we do not care in the least about. But we work ourselves up into the belief that it would be a lack of principle to give in, and so we make a fuss in insisting upon it; we wrangle and bicker among ourselves, none of us in the least caring for what we are quarrelling about, but each insisting upon being in the right, each taking an obstinate attitude towards it, and being very much pleased with herself for so doing. My belief is that if we could live apart after a certain age we should be far better friends."

"I do not think so," said Ruth. "Brothers and sisters should live together even if they do quarrel, even if it is egoism that is at the root of their quarrels."

"I admit," said Caroline, with a laugh, "that this is the ideal state. But, first of all, tell me how I am to

escape from egoism—how are we all to escape from our jarring selves? So long as I am on earth I must be I. It is through I, and by I, that I feel, that I love, that I hate—in short, that I exist. My belief is that everyone must be selfish, and, as all the selfish people cannot live together without coming into collision, I believe that the farther apart we all are “so much the better.”

There was a general cry of disapprobation at this somewhat sweeping statement.

“Oh, no! no! no!” cried Ruth and Edith in one breath.

But Caroline went on, not in the least put out by those signs of disapproval. “My point is that quarrelling does not in the least prevent our loving each other; your point is that ‘those who love do not quarrel.’ Well, my dears, if you can work out this ideal, so much the better for you. I hold that I, as an individual, cannot have my loves and my hates and all my little peculiarities without interfering with those of others, and as I hold this liking to be implanted in me, I must quarrel.”

Thinking over what these girls had been talking about, I felt how disastrously true was a great deal of what Caroline had said. There are families, the ordinary attitude of whose members towards each other is that of fault-finding. They criticise each other continually. Each takes a quite divergent view from the others, as Caroline said, for no particular reason except that each makes a principle of so doing. I once knew a family sulk and quarrel bitterly over so simple a matter as going out of town. One girl, who was of a serious mind, desired a visit to a cathedral town, where she could examine the antiquities. Another, I believe from sheer opposition, declared for a fashionable sea-side place. “She wanted a holiday,” she said; in truth, she wanted to parade up and down the pier in her pretty dresses. A third wanted the moors, a fourth wanted the mountains. To what a pitch the quarrelling reached it is impossible to describe. The poor father was distracted. Finally, I believe it was decided that the cathedral-town young lady should go alone, and the rest were marched off to the moors. We would think this family did not care for each other, that there was no tie of sympathy between the brothers and sisters; and yet, as a fact, I know that there was a good deal of true affection. Perhaps, if we had reproached them with this incident they would simply have answered that it was “their way.” Their way—to quarrel! What a humiliating and almost barbarous way it is.

One very serious rupture that I heard of occurred between a brother and a sister. The poor mother did not know on which side to lean. She was a widow and she had no one to ask advice from. Indeed, it was no matter for advice—it was a matter for insisting upon each respecting the other's individuality. Here were two young people angry, flustered, hurling unkind phrases at each other, and all about a decision the girl had taken—she wanted to do something with her life, she wished to be a nurse. The brother had a horror of girls doing anything; their duties in life, he held, were home duties; they were to look nice, to pay calls, wearing their best hats and carrying their card cases in their hands; do pretty fancy work; a little music was also in the programme. What more did girls want? He expected to be well off and he

would look after his sister in case she did not marry. How they quarrelled, these two! The girl had every right to ask what business it was of her brother to interfere with her life. The boy said he was ready to take on himself the support of his sister. The poor mother was made miserable. She sided with the boy, and the girl had wretchedly to acquiesce. All this sorrow, it seems to me, comes from the lack of respect for each other's liberty, which is often the key-note of much of the home education.

I knew a family that prided itself on every member reading the others' letters; on the sisters wearing each other's clothes without asking permission. What happened to one was a subject of talk and of criticism to all. They were terribly frank in their speech towards each other. They noticed each other's looks, they openly pronounced their verdict upon each other's dresses. They had no respect for each other, but they loved each other. They would be wretched if anything sorrowful happened to any of the family group. They resented the slightest censure upon any one of them by a stranger. I believe truly that each would have died for the other. They lived in the country, they had not many distractions, and thus they nursed that sense of property in each other, which is at the root of the mischief. It is the egoism of the lower self that is a source of indescribable bitterness. If each of us could find out what our best self is and be loyal to it, our egoism would be transfigured. In all those cases that I have told you of, one only I think deserves our sympathy. It is that of the girl who wished to do something with her life, and who resented her brother's foolish tyranny and inadequate arguments against her wish. It was a pity that she mingled so much harshness with her fight. If she had determined that her better self wished for expansion she should, I think, have used every method to ensure it but that of angry recriminations. She would surely thus have won her mother's consent; she might, I think, have brought her brother over. With a clear and unruffled will she would have had her own way, and carried her own point.

I have left myself but a short space to notice your letters. Two of them come from France. One, “Vive la France,” writes on ideals. She tells me of the ideal friend that she is always looking for. “I know I have often been looking for such a friend, but have not yet found one. Perhaps I am over particular,” she goes on to say. “I think so myself sometimes, as I have never come across my ideal.” I think “Vive la France” will come across the ideal she is looking for. Sympathy, she must remember, is a rare gift. She is more likely to find it in one older than herself, one who has known the troubles and the difficulties of life, and who will be able to guide the girl over its rough places. In youth we are apt to give our affections too easily and too quickly, and then we meet with the inevitable disappointment. When “Vive la France” finds “her ideal lady,” she will, I am sure, find one in whom she can rest, all the more because she has been long in seeking her.

“Marianne” writes about marriages in France. Her letter is interesting, and I hope to quote from it in my next chat. The letter from “Iris” and other letters must remain over till then.

